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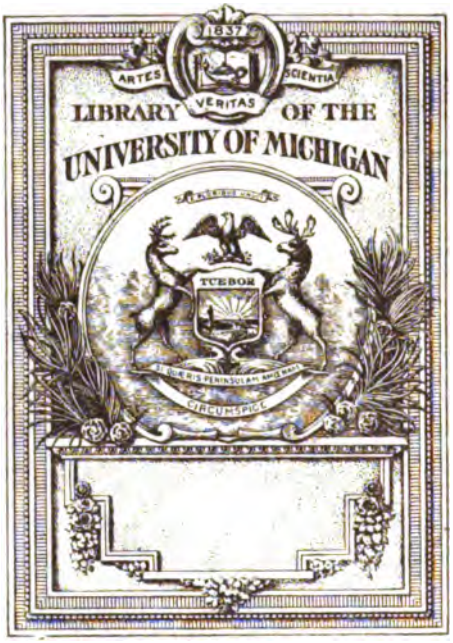
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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS TO THE PRECEDING NUMBER

Professor Johnson is still on leave and helping edit *The New Republic*.

Mr. Brooks is the author of *The Quest of the Lost Digamma* in No. 17, and of two or three volumes published by the Yale University Press.

Mr. Smith confesses himself by telegraph as: "Graduate University of Michigan, A. B., 1910; President Standard Gas Company of Ohio until 1917; now living in Santa Fe; contributes occasional fiction and essays to magazines, most of which survive the strain."

Mr. Means is the author of *The Disfranchisement of Property* in No. 3 and of *The Old Parties and the New Power* in No. 7. He was formerly Professor of Economics at Middlebury, and later practiced law in New York.

Mr. Lane was appointed American Consul at Smyrna, Turkey, in 1898, and served into 1905, but continued to live in Smyrna until late in 1917. He was continually in the midst of things political and military.

Mr. Hayward is the author of *Popularity, Unpopularity, Impopularity* in No. 12. He is a Unitarian clergyman living in Chicopee, Mass., author of several volumes in prose and verse, and contributor to the leading periodicals.

Miss Clippinger writes: "For three years I was steeped in psychology — my whole college course was absorbed by that science. I fitted myself to be a vocational guidance expert: my school hours were spent in laboratories; during vacations I visited departments of other institutions and well-known vocational guidance bureaus, and made myself a burden to all my friends and relatives with innumerable tests and experiments. And then, last summer, while assisting at some vocational guidance tests, my sense of humor, drugged by my enthusiasm, suddenly awoke. 'Arbiters of Fate' was the result."

Mrs. Austin is the well-known author of *The Land of Little Rain*, *Isidro*, *The Arrow-Maker* (play), *The Lovely Lady*, *Love and the Soul-Maker*, *The Man Jesus*, and other highly-esteemed work.

Mr. Stoddard is a frequent writer on world-affairs. He is a Harvard A. B., A. M., and Ph. D. Besides a considerable number of articles in various periodicals, he has published two books: *The French Revolution in San Domingo*, Houghton Mifflin Co., and *Present-Day Europe: Its National States of Mind*, The Century Company. A new book by him dealing with the ultimate war-settlement will shortly be brought out by the Century Company.

Mr. Boynton was for some time head of the department of English Literature at Phillips Academy, Mass., but has for a number of years devoted himself to writing. He is the author of *The Life of Washington Irving*, *A Reader's History of American Literature*, and other well-known books, and of several plays; and is a contributor to many periodicals. He is now on the regular staff of *The Nation*.

Professor Kellogg, author of articles in Nos. 1, 2, & 7, of THE UNPOPULAR, is temporarily absent from Stanford University, to assist in the work of the United States Food Administration. He has contributed several valuable articles to the *Atlantic* from knowledge acquired while helping Mr. Hoover in Belgium. He still holds an important office in the Food Administration, and is also acting as Chairman of one of the Divisions of the National Research Council.

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The Unpopular Review

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NATURALIZATION IN THE SPOTLIGHT OF WAR

AMID the manifold uncertainties into which the war has plunged us, one fact stands out with increased definiteness — that in our midst, and even voting on our policies, of life or death, — we have had for many years large numbers of people who at best give only a divided allegiance to this country, and at worst are devoted and violent partisans of some foreign state. The evidence of this truth has been of the most diversified character, including the destruction of warehouses, docks, and munitions factories, the burning of immense quantities of food, the manufacture of ineffective torpedoes, the attempted blowing up of war ships, and the dissemination of disease germs among children, soldiers, and cattle. The uniform object of all these activities has been the decrease of the war efficiency of the United States. The indications seem conclusive that the perpetrators have been, not special German spies or agents sent over here after our entry into the war or in anticipation of it, but among the candidates for Mr. Gerard's five thousand lamp-posts — persons who have lived in our midst for long periods, and have been accepted as belonging to us.

So suddenly overwhelming has been the demonstration since the war began, and particularly since the United States entered the war, that there is great danger that the impression will become established that the war created the situation, that the danger is a war danger, and that the problem will automatically solve itself when the war is over. Nothing could be more prejudicial to a

correct understanding of the situation, and to a sound solution of the national problems which will confront us when the war is over. The war has not created the danger from alien-hearted members of the body politic, it has merely revealed it. The situation is the creation of our traditional policy toward foreigners, and the menace inherent in the situation existed, and was discerned by many close students of political affairs, long before the war was dreamed of. Although then the manifestations of this danger were less spectacular, the danger itself was no less persistent, pervasive, and insidious. When Carl Petersen is triumphantly inducted into municipal office, not because he is a Republican or a Democrat, not because he stands thus and so on important public questions, but because he is a Swede; when Patrick O'Donnell is made detective sergeant, not because he has the highest qualifications of all the men available, but because he belongs to the same Irish lodge as the chief of police; when Salvini, and Goldberg, and Trcka receive political preferment or judicial favor because of the race from which they spring or the nation from which they come, the essence of the peril is exactly the same as when Hans Ahlberg tries to sink an American merchantman because its cargo of wheat is destined for England instead of Germany.

The peril in question is the peril of having in a democracy large groups of voters actuated by racial and national affiliations other than those of the country in which they live: in other words, large elements of unassimilated foreigners. The assertion of this danger does not necessarily carry the implication of any inferiority, mental, physical, or moral, on the part of the foreigners. Difference without inferiority is dangerous, difference coupled with inferiority is definitely injurious. There is no need to reiterate the manifold evils which have already developed, and which threaten to develop, from immigration of the poor quality which our selective tests have

not sufficed to prevent. Undoubtedly the physical and mental average of our people, possibly also the moral average, has already been definitely reduced, and the progress of the working classes toward a reasonably high standard of living has been checked, but the point which needs emphasis here is that difference in itself is dangerous. The immigrant who is still a foreigner in sympathy and character exerts a prejudicial influence upon the life of the nation at every point of contact. It is impossible for him to function as a normal unit in the social complex. If by naturalization he acquires the right to participate in political affairs, the opportunity for injury is multiplied. He cannot possibly approach public questions as if his allegiance were wholly with the country of his residence. These facts are particularly illustrated with us by the very large element known as "birds of passage." The only way these evils can be overcome is through genuine assimilation.

Assimilation is a spiritual metamorphosis. It manifests itself in many changes of dress, of language, of manners, and of conduct. But these outward semblances are not assimilation. An alien is thoroughly assimilated into a new society only when he becomes completely imbued with its spiritual heritage. He must cease to think and feel and imagine in ways determined by his old social environment, and must respond to the stimuli of social contact in all ways exactly as if from the very beginning he had developed under the influence of his adopted society. And this involves, of course, the entire abandonment of any sympathy, affection, or loyalty different from that which might be felt by any native of his new home for the country of his origin or the people of that country. Complete assimilation so defined may seem impossible to the adult immigrant. This is almost universally the truth. The spiritual impress of the environment of one's infancy, childhood, and youth, can seldom be eradicated during the later years of life. Realiz-

ing this, those who hate to admit that our immigrants are not being assimilated, hasten to modify the definition. But this does not help the case, because it does not alter the situation.

In this respect, the war has already rendered a distinct service to this country. No longer can we blind ourselves to the fact that national unity does not exist. Professor William Graham Sumner used often to remark that the United States had no just claim to the name of nation, because of the presence of the negroes within its borders. Whether that particular definition of "nation" is adopted or not, there can be no doubt that real national homogeneity is wholly lacking, and that the negro is by no means the only discordant element. In fact, in many ways the immigration problem is more imminent and menacing than the negro problem: for the negro problem is in a sense static, since it is not aggravated by continuous accessions from without. We know what the negro problem is, and can state it in terms which will be relatively permanent. But the immigration problem presents constantly changing aspects, not only because of its growing numerical proportions, but because of the diversity of its elements, and the uncertainty as to its future developments.

One of the striking manifestations of this new recognition of our dangerous situation is the change of front of those who are opposed to the restriction of immigration. The stock answer to the warnings of the restrictionists used to be the assertion that assimilation was taking place with perfectly satisfactory rapidity and completeness. America was the great "melting-pot" of the nations, out of which was to flow — was, in fact, actually flowing — a new and better type of man, purged of all slag and dross. As conclusive proofs of this claim, were advanced all those superficial adaptations to new surroundings which the immigrant and his children make with so much display and gusto. The assimilating power of the American

People was asserted to be unlimited, and if there were any hitches in the process, they could all be remedied by distribution. How suddenly has this elaborate erection of analogies, metaphors, and pseudo-arguments been shown up for the flimsy camouflage that it really was! Miss Grace Abbott, the avowed champion of the immigrant, is forced to admit that "unity of religion, unity of race, unity of ideals, do not exist in the United States. We are many nationalities scattered across a continent." Miss Frances Kellor writes a book on *Straight America*, in which she confesses the failure of assimilation in the past, and turns to universal military service as a last resort. Mrs. Mary Antin remains discreetly silent, and Mr. Isaac A. Hourwich is less in the public eye than formerly.

But even yet the opponents of restriction are not willing to submit to the logic of the situation, and instead of admitting the present need of true restriction, come forward with a new substitute. This substitute goes by the general name of "Americanization," and is urged upon us as the appropriate and adequate remedy for the ills which none can longer deny. The essence of this movement is that those who embody the true American ideas and ideals — a group seldom named or definitely described, but usually vaguely referred to as "we" — should bend all their energies toward the assimilation of our foreign population, and should seek by artificial and purposive expedients to accomplish that cultural transmutation for which the natural and unconscious relationships of the immigrant have proved wholly inadequate. And it must be freely granted that many of the specific proposals of the "Americanizers" are intrinsically meritorious and worthy of adoption. When it is suggested that our foreign populations ought to be better housed, fed, clothed, educated and amused, we all rise in assent — provided he will do his share toward it; yet in self-defence we must do more than ours. When we

are urged to assist the immigrant to learn the English language and familiarize himself with the political history and government of this nation, our common sense gives ready response. The gross absurdity of the movement lies in the assumption that any or all of these things, good as they are, constitute assimilation, or will, in the natural course of their accomplishment, produce assimilation. Who will undertake to show that those persons of foreign birth who, in the last three and a half years, have most flagrantly violated their obligations to the country of their adoption, are on the whole less well educated, less familiar with the English language, less prosperous, or even less versed in American institutions, than those who have remained loyal at heart, or at least in conduct? By all means let us have as small a proportion of our people as possible who cannot read and write, who do not understand the English language, who treat their women according to the code of mediaeval semi-barbarism, and who are content with living conditions something lower than what we consider proper for domestic animals. But let us not imagine that those who have freed themselves from these anomalies are therefore true Americans.

However, the crowning insult offered to the intelligence of the American people by the Americanization movement is the soberly uttered and persistently reiterated proposition that the best way to cure the evils of a heterogeneous population is to naturalize the foreigners! In the voluminous literature issued by the group of organizations directly connected with this movement, the three injunctions to the foreigner which appear with the greatest frequency and emphasis are: "Attend night school," "Learn the English language," "Become an American citizen." As already stated, no fault can be found with the first two admonitions in themselves. But the third calls for close scrutiny, particularly as it involves a fundamental question which is sure to rise to prominence when

the war is over. What benefits can be expected from our hasty naturalization of aliens? What is the effect upon the aliens and upon the country, of this urgent invitation to become citizens? Ought it to be made easier or harder to acquire citizenship?

The first step in the answer to the foregoing questions is the examination of the real meaning of naturalization, and the process by which it is achieved in the United States. Naturalization is the act of conferring citizenship by a certain state upon a certain individual who hitherto has been a citizen or subject of another state. Citizenship implies rights and privileges, allegiance and obligations. The only difference that may be looked for in an individual after naturalization is that he now enjoys such rights and privileges, and owes such duties and obligations as appertain to State B instead of State A. The act of naturalization is not a developmental experience or process, but merely the registry of a change of status. Any transformations in the character of the individual which are regarded as essential to fitness for citizenship in State B should have taken place before naturalization. The act of naturalization will not produce them, nor is there adequate ground for assuming that they will generally follow that act. The only question which concerns the naturalizing official is whether the candidate is already affiliated at heart with the new country instead of the old, and the tests imposed upon the candidate are theoretically designed to determine or guarantee that affiliation. If, therefore, the foreigner was in any degree dangerous to his adopted country while an alien, there is no reason to suppose that he will be materially less so as a naturalized citizen. On the contrary, he is in a position to do much greater harm, because of the new powers and opportunities which naturalization confers, and because of the new confidence and trust which he enjoys through his citizenship.

The harm thus done by naturalized but unassimilated

citizens may be malicious and intentional or incidental. Many of the notorious election scandals of the past have been made possible by large numbers of foreigners who, having sought citizenship for narrowly selfish reasons, have used it in unscrupulous ways. It is true that they have frequently been abetted by native-born politicians; but the foreigners furnished the material. The injury done involuntarily, however, by well-intentioned voters who simply are not Americans, is even more serious because more extensive and more insidious. These are the men who have taken the oath of allegiance in all sincerity, supposing themselves to be as much in tune with the spirit of American life as the occasion called for. They have lived up to their lights as consistently, perhaps, as the majority of native-born voters of the same class. But their participation in public affairs has constantly been colored by racial or national affiliations, by a foreign outlook on life, and by incapacity to appreciate the true genius of the American nation. Their influence has therefore been to neutralize or thwart the efforts of conscientious intelligent Americans to grapple with national problems. An interesting case in point is the naturalized German referred to in "A Family Letter" in the December *Atlantic Monthly*, who refused to buy an inch of land in this country, in order that he might be free at any time to return to Germany. It has taken the emergency of a war to reveal to many naturalized citizens how mistaken they were (this at least is the most charitable interpretation) when they supposed that the old allegiance had been thoroughly subordinated.

It is a most extraordinary inversion of logic, this mental process by which people persuade themselves that rushing our aliens through the naturalization courts will better our national situation. The line of argument seems to be something like this: A foreign resident of the United States who desires to participate fully in the life of the nation, and who is sincerely devoted to the best inter-

ests of the country, will wish to become a citizen; therefore, every naturalized citizen desires to participate fully in the life of the nation and is sincerely devoted to its best interests. Or perhaps a slightly less fantastic process of cerebration might be this: Naturalization is conferred upon foreigners who have fitted themselves to be received into citizenship; therefore, to accelerate the process of naturalization is to reduce the number of foreigners unfitted for citizenship.

If our naturalization laws were so strict, and the courts which administer them so scrupulous, that no alien could acquire citizenship except upon a convincing demonstration of his assimilation, it would do less positive harm to urge aliens to become citizens, because they would know, or would in time learn, that to do so they must bring themselves into complete harmony with the spirit of the nation. It is therefore essential to examine the prescribed qualifications for naturalization, and see exactly what citizenship papers stand for.

The requirements are simply stated. The candidate must be a free white person, or a person of African nativity or African descent. He must be twenty-one years of age. He must have resided continuously five years in the United States, and one year in the State in which he makes application. He must have had his "first paper" at least two years, but not more than seven years. He must be of good moral character, must be attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and must be able to speak English (unless registered under the Homestead Laws) and to sign his name. He must not be an anarchist or a polygamist. He must renounce any hereditary title or order of nobility, and all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign potentate, prince, city, or state of which he is a subject. He must affirm his intention to reside permanently in the United States, and must declare on oath that he will "support and de-

fend the Constitution and laws of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic, and bear true faith and allegiance to the same." He must have as witnesses two citizens of the United States who testify as to his residence in the United States, his moral character, his attachment to the Constitution, and his general fitness (in their opinion) to be admitted to citizenship.

Now, assuming for the time being that the court officials apply the law with the utmost possible rigor, what is there in the foregoing list of requirements that guarantees that the newly made citizen is free from any lingering attachment to any other country, and ready to enter single-heartedly into the life of the nation, ready to share its burdens and the responsibility of grappling with its problems, in a way at all comparable to the native-born citizen?

The qualifications in question fall into two groups: first, those which are matters of demonstrable fact, and second those which are mere asseverations of the candidate himself, or of his witnesses. Most important in the first category is the period of residence. With the aid of the records of the immigration bureau this fact can be definitely established. But what of it? What does a residence of five years mean as to assimilation? Under modern conditions almost nothing. This provision was written into the law over a century ago, after heated debate, and has never been changed, though in the middle of the nineteenth century it was subjected to vigorous attacks by powerful parties who wished the period raised to twenty-one years. In a simpler organization of society, there was some meaning in the five-year requirement. When communities were small, when foreigners were few, when the United States still preserved some of the character of mediæval society, of which it has been said, "the essence . . . was that, in every manor, every one knew everything about his neighbor," it was scarcely possible for an alien to reside five years in the country without

becoming well known to a number of native citizens in his community, and establishing many points of contact with Americanizing influences. But in twentieth century America conditions are completely reversed. It is not only possible, but in innumerable cases the fact, that an alien may live, not only five nor twenty-one, but forty or fifty years in the midst of an American community without experiencing more than the most infinitesimal molding from a definitely American environment. In fact, the majority of recent immigrants do not really live in America at all, in anything more than a strictly geographical sense, but in communities almost as foreign as those from which they came. The mere physical fact of five years residence of itself signifies absolutely nothing as to the fitness of the alien to share in controlling the destiny of the nation. Let us therefore examine the other requirements in this group.

The candidate must be twenty-one years of age. This is reasonable and desirable, but tells us nothing of the alien's fitness for citizenship. The period of at least two years intervening between the issue of the first and second papers was presumably designed to give opportunity for investigation of the candidate's fitness, but rarely serves that purpose now. There remain, then, three positive requirements of fact — race, and ability to speak English and to sign one's name. The general question of the greater desirability of one race over another, as material for American citizenship, is too involved to be adequately treated in this connection; clearly there is nothing here to indicate the fitness of the individual. This leaves just two tests of real assimilation, viz., ability to speak English and to sign one's name. These are assuredly among the minimum requirements for citizenship, but they do not go very far.

Turning then to the qualifications which rest upon the statements of the candidate and his witnesses, we find that he must be of good moral character, and not a polyga-

mist nor an anarchist. Assuming that the truth is told, these requisites are beyond objection, but what do they tell us of the fitness of the alien for American citizenship? To renounce hereditary titles is a proper enough requirement, but one that throws no light upon the candidacy of the majority of modern immigrants. The statement of intention of permanent residence in this country is meant as a guarantee of the good purposes of the alien in becoming a citizen. But naturally this will be treated most lightly by those who need it most, and it is a question whether a foreigner whose motives are questionable is any more desirable in the country than out of it. Anyway, the destination of good intentions is proverbial. Finally, then, the alien must renounce all foreign allegiance and fidelity, and swear to his attachment to the principles of the Constitution of this country, and engage to support and defend it and the laws against all enemies.

Remembering that, whatever may have been the efficacy of the provision about witnesses in the early stages of our history, it has degenerated into a sorry farce in modern times, when professional witnesses hang about the courts, ready to swear to anything for anybody, what does the whole naturalization procedure, as stipulated by law, amount to? Practically to nothing more than the statement by the alien himself that he wishes to transfer his allegiance from a foreign state to this, and the swearing of fidelity. We virtually offer citizenship freely to any alien who can meet certain arbitrary requirements as to residence, race, etc., and is willing to take the oath of allegiance. The one tangible thing is the oath, and the unreliability of the oath as a guarantee of undivided allegiance has been demonstrated over and over again in past decades, and most emphatically by the traitorous behavior of some of our naturalized citizens since 1914.

In practice, officials may or may not add to the requirements of the law a brief examination designed to reveal the candidate's knowledge of the workings of the

federal and state governments. But even at best, these questions and their appropriate answers occupy only half a dozen pages or so in a convenient little textbook, which assures the alien that if he "thoroughly familiarizes himself with the meaning of the questions and with the answers thereto, he will be sufficiently qualified to be admitted to citizenship," even though the order in which the questions are asked should be varied a little. To cram up on this examination could hardly occupy an intelligent high school boy a couple of hours.

Since we thus offer citizenship almost for the asking to any white or African alien who has resided here five years, it follows that the issuance of naturalization papers does not guarantee any degree of assimilation, and to urge aliens to become naturalized is in no sense equivalent to urging them to fit themselves for the responsibilities of citizenship. There is accordingly absolutely nothing to be said in defense of the notion that urging naturalization upon our aliens will improve our domestic situation.

But what of the opposite side of the case? Are there any positive objections to the propaganda in question? The answer involves an analysis of the probable effects upon the alien of such vigorous encouragement, and the probable effects upon the United States of a large increase of naturalized citizens. The latter problem practically resolves itself into the query whether an unassimilated foreigner is less dangerous as citizen than as an alien. This has already been answered. Because of the added power, opportunity, and protection which the naturalized citizen enjoys, and because of the greater demands he may make upon the government, he is in a position to do much more harm, maliciously or otherwise, as a citizen than as an alien. It is true that federal naturalization does not give him the right to vote. The suffrage is a matter of states' rights. Most states require federal naturalization; some require additional qualifications,

such as literacy, while about fifteen allow even unnaturalized aliens to vote.

In the absence of guarantees to the contrary, it is quite possible, not only that the alien may not be fitted for citizenship, but that he may desire citizenship for unworthy or ulterior purposes. Until stopped by a recent law, it was a common practice for subjects of backward or despotic foreign countries to come to the United States, remain five years and take out their citizenship papers, with no intention of even remaining longer, but with the definite purpose of returning to their native land and there carrying on their various businesses in the enjoyment of the greater facilities and protection given by the American flag.

Another common motive is to qualify for a better municipal or state job. Among the documents issued by the Americanizing agencies is a poster, bordered in red, white, and blue, and illustrated by a representation of Uncle Sam, his right hand clasping that of a sturdy immigrant, while his left points invitingly to the judge who is issuing naturalization papers. After the customary plea to become a citizen, the legend continues: "It means a better opportunity and a better home in America. It means a better job. It means a better chance for your children. It means a better America." (Why not add, "It means a chance to turn a few honest dollars on election day?") If these statements were true, the case would be bad enough, as, with the exception of the last, they appeal to a decidedly low motive for seeking citizenship. But they are not true. The newly made citizen in time finds out that they are not true, and then he feels cheated. When the better home and better job fail to materialize, any budding sense of obligation to his new country receives a sad shock.

Urging citizenship upon the alien must inevitably produce an attitude of mind exactly the opposite from that which would make him a useful citizen. That which

comes easily is lightly regarded, and that which is presented in such a way that the taking of it appears a favor, is not looked upon with great reverence or respect. In this respect much of the literature of the Americanization movement is most pernicious. Moreover the emphasis is all on the personal advantages of citizenship, not at all on its duties or responsibilities.

In this particular our forefathers were much wiser than we. They recognized that American citizenship was a thing of great value, to be regarded as a boon, procurable only by earnest endeavor and true merit. They could not have comprehended how the liberties for which the Revolutionary heroes fought and bled could ever be so degraded as to be hawked about the market place. We would do well to follow their example. We esteem the United States most highly of all nations. We believe that it owes a peculiar debt to posterity, that those entrusted with its career should be imbued with the most profound respect for it, the deepest sense of their responsibility to it, and the most thorough equipment for the adequate performance of their duties with respect to it. To participate in the control of the destiny of this great democracy is an undertaking of the gravest sort; and five years residence and the other requirements of the naturalization law are no more a fit preparation for it than five years of service in the office of a corporation and familiarity with the office routine fit the office boy to become a director.

Any propaganda directed toward our aliens should therefore take the form of urging, even to the point of insistence, that they *fit themselves* for citizenship. This will make them more useful and less troublesome residents, whether they are eventually naturalized or not. But citizenship itself should be held aloft, portrayed to them as a priceless boon, to be won only as a reward of long and patient effort, and a complete demonstration of their fitness. If this results in discouraging some foreigners

from coming to this country, no harm will be done. If it results in increasing the proportion of residents who do not share in the government, and if this is in itself an evil, the remedy is to be applied at the ports of entry, and not in the naturalization courts.

It is emphatically true that changes in our naturalization procedure are needed. But they should be in the direction of greater strictness, not of greater laxity. It is not the purpose of this paper to discuss in detail what these changes should be, but to emphasize the necessity that in general the requirements should be more inclusive, more positive, more significant of the assimilation and fitness of the candidate, more determinative of his good intentions in presenting his petition. One change that is certainly called for is the modification of state laws, by federal coercion if necessary, so as to make it impossible for aliens to vote. As social organization becomes more complex, the influence of government upon the life of the individual becomes more extensive, more intimate, and more vital; and as the sphere of government expands, the responsibilities of the electorate become heavier and more intricate. When peace is restored, and the period of reconstruction commences, the demands upon the intelligence, fidelity, and conscience of the voter will be vastly greater than ever before in the world's history. It is essential to the maintenance of democracy and the progress of humanity that the United States face this critical period with the most efficient and harmonious electorate possible.

Does emphasis upon national homogeneity and solidarity seem too reactionary in this crisis of the world's history? Does it appear that laying stress on the differentiation of nationalities within our borders will prevent the United States from playing its appropriate part in the coming period of reconstruction, which, we are told, must involve recognition of the principle of internationality? A moment's thought will make it clear that this position

is a mistaken one when the war is over. Nations will still exist, nor will they pass out of existence with the progress of any revolutionary international adjustments that may be made. Whatever action is taken in the direction of a world federation must be made by self-conscious units, and must rest upon the basis of well-knit nations. The recent unusually sound and suggestive piece of sociological thinking, *Community*, by Mr. R. M. Maciver, contains a most timely chapter on "Co-ordination of Community." In the course of his study of the way the principle of association and common action is extended, the author observes:

> Whether the ideal of nationality grows stronger or weaker in the future, the fact of nationality . . . will always remain . . . Understanding the service and limits of nationality, we are now in a position to consider how nations both are and can be co-ordinated within the wider community which they build. Such co-ordination can be directly achieved only through the State, which is the primary association corresponding to the nation. . . . It is true that the limits of nations and States are still far from being coincident, but the great historical movements have been leading towards that ideal. In any case it must be the co-operation of States, whether they do or do not coincide with nations, which will bring order into the still existing chaos of the nations.

In the period following the war, the necessity will be greater than ever before that the government of the United States shall be able to deal with intricate and far reaching problems with intelligence, unity, harmony, and force. This can be done only through an electorate that is intelligent, homogeneous, sympathetic, and free from divisions into antagonistic or incongruous groups.

An extreme but significant illustration of this principle is furnished by the present situation in Russia. If a general truce were declared tomorrow, and the nations sought to get together to discuss a permanent basis of settlement, one of the greatest obstacles in the way of

success would be Russia, simply for the reason that at present there is no Russia in the sense that a nation must exist to participate in such a council as that supposed. There is no danger that the United States will fall into any such state of disruption as Russia. But there is a distinct danger that it may suffer from a lesser degree of the same malady, the existence of discordant elements in the body politic, and consequent inability to exert her maximum force in attacking the problems of reconstruction.

The period following the war will be a time for new things. Easier than ever before will it be to shake off the trammels of tradition and precedent, and inaugurate approved though novel political policies. Foremost among the matters which the United States will be called upon to see to will be the reconsideration of our entire attitude toward aliens, and their naturalization. The time to prepare for that reconsideration is now.

WAR PROPHETS

THE war is generating prophets as the Nile generated frogs under the mandate of Moses, and there is a similarity in the speech of both products. The prophets are too cautious to risk their reputation in predicting the events of the war; their forecasts relate to the sort of a world we shall find ourselves in after peace returns. But even this measure of prediction is a by-product of the soothsayers who, whether their lips have been touched with a coal from off the altar, or not, certainly wield the pen of the ready writer. The main industry of the busy prophets is to expound to us the meaning of the war, and to disclose to us those causes of the war which we should never have discovered for ourselves.

The ordinary uninspired man feels when he has read the diplomatic correspondence of a couple of weeks at the end of July and the beginning of August, 1914, that he knows fairly well what were the immediate causes of the war, and where the responsibility lies. If he carries his reading back as far as the annexation of Bosnia in 1908, he is satisfied that he has a pretty comprehensive view of the forces that precipitated the war. And if he has read pretty abundant selections from the Pan-German literature and the panegyrics on war — such a literature as no branch of the human race, Christian or pagan, ever produced before — he thinks he understands how it was possible to plunge the German nation into this attack on the world.

But all this is merely a matter of reading and reflection. Any one can reach such conclusions. The prophet must reach some different conclusion in order to sustain his claim to inspiration:

> If this young man expresses himself in terms too deep for me,
> Why, what a very singularly deep young man this deep young-man must be.

The prophet has got to attribute the war to causes that would not have occurred to the common mortal, and see in it meanings that ordinary eyes cannot trace, or abdicate his tripod.

It is equally unreasonable and equally immoral to say that the war proves that Christianity is a failure, and to say that it proves Christianity has never been tried. Because if either of these hypotheses be correct, one set of belligerents is as deep in the mud as the other is in the mire, and there is no personal culpability for this war, and no national culpability either. We are all guilty of not being Christians, or all unfortunate in having grown up in ignorance of revelation, and beyond that there is no blame for the war.

If this war is not the result of certain perfectly well known individuals using their own nations for an attack on others, but is the result of impersonal enmity between Teuton and Slav, then no person or persons are responsible for the war, there is no more blame on one side than there is on the other, and the moral element is as lacking as it is in an encounter between the inhabitants of the jungle. It is a curious thing that the prophet assumes the rôle of a moral censor, and devotes much the greater part of his energies to confusing the moral issues, to obliterating moral distinctions, and to blunting the ethical sense.

To condemn all war, which is a congenial theme for a moralist, is rank immorality; for it puts the nation that attacks, and the nation that repels the invader, in the same category, and refuses to make any distinction between the burglar, the householder who resists him, and the policeman who overpowers him and drags him away to jail.

The prophet readily drops his eye on armies, and at once announces that it is their existence that accounts for the war. If there were no armies there would possibly be no wars, but we have shown more than once that armies can be pretty rapidly extemporized. Besides, this, too, confuses the moral issues. All nations have armies, and

if America and England had relatively small armies before this war, they had the largest navy in the world and the navy which ranked second or third. The highwayman carries a pistol, and so does the paymaster who is obliged to transport a treasure chest. If the possession of a revolver was the cause of the homicide that occurred, the guilt lies equally on the souls of both.

We are told that no truth is more certain than that "if you create a vast fighting machine it will sooner or later compel you to fight, whether you want to fight or not" — which is about as dubious a truth as was ever paraded as an axiom — that "these vast machines, whether armies or engines of war, are made to be used," and that "the military machine will overpower the minds which have called it into being." Then their responsibility is not for the ensuing war, but for carelessness in leaving a war weapon around. But if these vast military machines were made to be used, then why complicate the question of responsibility by representing the machine as overpowering its careless but really peaceful creator, and compelling him to fight whether he wants to fight or not?

If the Kaiser and the Crown Prince and the General Staff and the military caste and the Pan-German element created the army to use against other nations, in accordance with Bernhardi's alternative of "world domination or decline," and if all the professors and preachers and pamphleteers had taught the people that war was a high, holy, and beautiful thing, and — more particularly — that Germany could beat any other nation in a few weeks, and the armies would return loaded down with spoils and indemnities and title deeds to new provinces, and that "our good old German God" had specially deputized the German nation to overpower all the rest of the world, make German the universal tongue, and the primitive moral code of Germany the ethical law of the world, then we know precisely who is guilty of this war. But if the German army compelled the German Government to back

Austria in an attack on Servia, and on its own account to invade Russia, Belgium and France, we are very much at sea about the place where the moral burden is to be laid.

The prophet is particularly prone to find the causes of the war in a material civilization, in our existing industrial system, and especially in greed. The prophet and the political orator are equally stern in their denunciation of greed. At a time when prophets were so accustomed to physical exercise that they could run ahead of Ahab's chariot, and in the absence of normal sources of supply, were fed by the ravens, their indignation at greed, their contempt for commerce, and their superiority to a material civilization, was free from incongruity. The modern prophet does not live on locusts and wild honey, nor is his wardrobe limited to a belt of camel's hair. His uncompromising denunciation of his age is somewhat impaired by the obvious fact that he has "some of the pork."

The deliverances of the prophet on this class of themes are rather tiresome in their iteration, and distinctly irritating in their oblivion to history. There is no civilization that does not rest upon the possession and acquisition of property; there is no clime or time in which men have not worked for their living, and sought the means of buying the things which their tastes, coarse or refined, craved, in which there have not been rich and poor, and in which it has not been much pleasanter to be the former than the latter. The earliest social satirist, like the latest, berated the accursed greed for gold, and castigated his contemporaries for their love of luxury and their eager pursuit of money. It would seem as if the prophet might recognize that it is a very old sermon he is preaching, and familiarize himself with the extraordinary age of those evils of his own day which he feels it his mission to chastise.

What distinguishes this age from others, and our own country from others is that here and now wealth is ac-

quired more easily and more rapidly than at other times and places. This being the very obvious fact, it shakes our confidence in the whole fraternity of prophets that they should, one and all, attribute the larger fortunes made here and now to the greater love of money, or its more assiduous pursuit. The rich man is more successful in amassing wealth than the poor man, but he is not more mercenary. Two men try equally hard to get rich; one succeeds, and the other fails; the man who failed is quite likely to be more eager for money than the man who succeeded.

The industrial system never meets the approval of the prophet. An occasional prediction is that the war will destroy our deplorable economic life, in which every man is trying to get as high wages or as large a salary or as ample profits as possible, and will usher in the golden age, in which such base considerations as pecuniary compensation will have a very secondary place in every man's mind. Before this war came, the most eminent educator in America assured the workingman that he ought to work for the pleasure of it, and not for the contents of his Saturday night envelope. Such admonitions have occurred, in one form or another, in the literature of the sages, for centuries and millenniums. But it was never evolved by a man who was digging postholes, and a noble ambition to mine the very best coal cannot carry a miner far when he is obliged to cut such coal as there is in front of him.

It is barely possible that by devoting some weeks to the task, a man could produce a pair of shoes notably superior to the ordinary run of shoes, and his professional pride as a devout follower of St. Crispin might take keen delight in the work of his hands; in the fact that he had made the very finest pair of shoes in the world. But, after all, he needs food, and possibly he is obliged to pay rent, and he ought to have a wife to make comfortable, and children to send to school in presentable form: so something be-

sides pride in his work is necessary. If he is to be adequately compensated for his labor on that pair of shoes, their price will be such that only the rich — if the rich are to be permitted to survive — can buy them; and if such shoemakers prevail, the greater part of mankind will go barefoot. For does not the prophet who has poured out the phials of his wrath upon an economic system that makes quantity and cheapness, instead of real excellence, its ideals, recognize that the purpose of quantity is to supply the wants of a greater number of human beings, and the purpose of cheapness is to enable human beings to supply more of their needs? For certainly if the shoes which are the very best shoes in the whole world, and whose excellence affords the keenest satisfaction to the soul of the shoemaker, cost $50, then it is quite certain that the customer who carries them home will go without many other things that he ought to have. If the shoes are made by machinery and sold for $3, they may not be quite so beautiful or durable as the artistic product of hand labor, regardless of time, and yet be in the interest of the customer and the community.

After the prophet has got through with his ravings at the present industrial system, the fact will remain that there are a good many millions of us on this earth, and that we have got to earn our livings, and that the agriculture and industries of the Middle Ages would not keep all of us alive. In addition to which, we may also venture to suggest that the people of the Middle Ages were not quite as honest as we are, and were not less particular about getting a financial return for their exertions. The modern industrial system was not created by capital for capitalists; it is the result of the efforts of the community as a whole to supply the needs of all of its members, and to afford employment to all of them. Hunting and fishing are pleasanter than most of the industries, but 100,000,000 of civilized people are living and are equipped with intellectual and moral accessories, where a quarter of a

million Indians once roamed. And although they toiled not (systematically), neither did they spin (much), they were not happier or better than we are.

One prophet of more discrimination than most of his clan admits that the industry and thrift which produce capital are valuable qualities morally, but he is still confident that the great wealth of the modern world is thoroughly demoralizing. Whence it appears that the safe course for the world to pursue is to work hard and save carefully and burn up its accumulations every year in order to keep itself poor but pious, like the parents of the subjects of a style of religious biography now quite out of date. Of course this prophet would prefer the wiser course of not earning enough to afford wealth to accumulate. If we would only adopt his system and work for the pleasure of working, and for the satisfaction of producing absolutely perfect products of our own skill, there would be no danger of our sinking our souls into perdition with a load of gold. Noah and his sons appear to have built the Ark by the processes of domestic industry, in distinction from the accursed factory or capitalist system. How their support was provided for during the 120 years has not been recorded, but if one man undertook to build a locomotive, instead of merely making repetitions of a single part, it would be necessary to make arrangement for this. And when we are trying to replace the vessels destroyed by German submarines, it seems necessary to use more rapid methods of construction than sufficed before the Deluge.

Will some prophet please tell us how poor we must be in order to be virtuous and pacific, and how virtuous and pacific the world was before it became prosperous? Were there no wars before the Twentieth Century? The extent of this war is scarcely a result of the world's opulence, when Sir Edward, now Viscount, Grey, offered to keep England out of it if Germany would limit the war to the Balkans or to Russia. The war has involved most of the world because Germany began it by attacking France and

Belgium, and followed that up by attacking Americans on the high seas, where they had as much right to be as at home.

This argument that the war is the result of wealth is immoral, because it makes the guilt of America and England even greater than that of Germany (for they are richer); and because it is the argument of the communist — that theft is not wrong, because it is the inevitable consequence of private property: if no one has any right to anything, then no one will steal anything.

Nothing holds the attention of the prophet better than the idea that the war is the result of commercial competition. This also is an invention of the devil to exculpate Germany. All of us are in business for gain; we are actuated by greed; we are making cotton cloth to cover Africans for the profit that we can get out of it; we ought to think only of clothing the naked, and if we would only give the cotton cloth to the Hottentots without material return, we should have the proud satisfaction of seeing them draped in chintzes, and we should be safe from that wealth which is so certain to make us wicked. On those terms there would be very little competition in supplying the Hottentots, and no danger whatever that any nation would fight us to gain that portion of the export trade.

But the "peaceful penetration" of all other countries by German industry and commerce had been going on for thirty years before the war. England had stamped "Made in Germany" upon the imports from that country under the delusion that people would not buy them if they knew they were not made by domestic industry, but the only result was to advertise German business. Shipping interests at Antwerp, factories in France, hotels in Switzerland, iron works in Italy, commercial establishments in China and South America, the trade and transportation of Turkey, passed into German hands, and no nation offered

armed resistance. No less a witness than Prince von Buelow testifies that England could easily have stopped German naval expansion, but did not do so. German commercial expansion did not cause the war, unless Great Britain, the principal sufferer from German business success, attacked Germany in 1914. And this is the German official explanation of the war supplied for domestic consumption. And yet it is repudiated by the highest witness who could be put upon the stand. No less a person that Prince Lichnowsky, who was German Ambassador in London at the outbreak of the war, traces the war to Austrian projects in the Balkans, with the "blank check" of Germany, together with irritation in Russia caused by Germany's own efforts to establish a dominating influence in Constantinople. This leaves nothing of the story invented for the German people, and propagated by the university professors, that England attacked Germany because the latter was getting its trade away from it. And this falsehood, invented to shield the guilty nation, has a special fascination for the prophets. It looks so much like taking a broad and general and impartial view of the world. Satan is very liberal; it pains him to have guilt attached to any individual. It is more in accord with his philosophic and humane ideas to regard crime as a product of social conditions, and war as the result of trade competition.

But the guilt of Germany is betrayed by the selection by Germans of Sir Edward Grey as the especial subject of hatred among all the hated British race. Nothing but the consciousness of guilt can explain the extraordinary vituperation of the British Minister who did in 1914 precisely what he was highly praised for doing in 1913 in a speech in the Reichstag by Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg. That was the speech calling on the Reichstag for an increase of about 136,000 men in the German army, an addition of $50,000,000 a year to the military budget,

and a non-recurring capital tax for military purposes of $250,000,000. The difference between 1913 and 1914 was not in anything that Sir Edward did, but in the fact that before the army increase of 1913 Germany was not prepared for war and supported Sir Edward's efforts for peace. After that increase Germany was prepared for war, and would do nothing to support Sir Edward's efforts to avert war, and the coarse abuse of Sir Edward is a "smoke box" designed to conceal the changed position of Germany.

Dr. von Jagow, Foreign Minister from 1913 to 1916, has been put forward to reply to Prince Lichnowsky, but agrees with the Prince that England did not desire war, and that Sir Edward Grey, who is described by a German divine as having "a cancerous tumor in place of a heart," acted in good faith in his efforts to find a peaceful solution for the difficulty. One American writer finds the origin of the war in the rival interests of Germany and England in the Bagdad Railway, but Dr. Paul Rohrbach, now or recently of the German Colonial Office, has admitted that just before the war opened the interests of the two nations were settled by a treaty, in which England made surprisingly large concessions. This is also stated by Prince Lichnowsky. So that the testimony of three particularly eminent Germans destroys the fiction that England attacked Germany because it was jealous of German commercial expansion.

The fundamental trouble with the whole race of war prophets is that they think the war is a new thing, and they feel called upon to tell the rest of us what to make of it. War is about the oldest human industry. This is the greatest of all wars, but that does not alter the meaning of war. Nor does it necessarily alter the results of war. While it is the greatest of all wars, it is not yet a long war, and in proportion to the population it is not certain that it is greater than other wars. It is not even certain that in proportion to the men involved, it is more bloody than other wars. We have no means of getting at the figures

except in the loosest way, because the several Governments do not tell how many men they have at any given time or place, or the casualties in any individual engagements. But some approximations have been made, and they do not indicate that the great war is decidedly more bloody, in proportion to the armies, than other wars have been. Our Civil War lasted full four years; the War of Independence occupied seven. Before that was the seven years of the French and Indian war, and one war is known as the Thirty Years War. From the beginning of the French Revolution to Waterloo was more than quarter of a century, and at the end of that period another Bourbon was on the throne of France. Our Civil War made nearly, if not quite, as heavy a draft upon the population as the present war has made upon the population of England or France.

The moral and religious questions involved in war are not notably different in the greatest of all wars and in wars which are not quite so great. Most of them are involved in the ordinary administration of the criminal law by which an orderly community protects itself from its predatory members. Doubtless there will be social and political results from this war, but if other wars have not created a new heaven and a new earth, why should this one? The prediction that this war will produce great changes in the direction of democracy and of applied religion are probably well founded. But the war will act only as an accelerator. These changes have been going on for a long time; the movements for fifteen or twenty years before the war opened were very evident. Woman suffrage and prohibition seem impending, but they are not the products of this war: they had made great progress between 1900 and 1914.

None of the prophets betray any knowledge of history, or see things in any perspective. The great war is the first great cataclysm that they seem to be aware of, and they are rushing to and fro, like the Chaldeans, to find explana-

tions of it, and to impress the public by their ability to forecast its consequences.

But when peace comes it will leave us face to face with greed and materialism, and an industrial system in which some men prosper and others do not, and an obligation to labor from which no important fraction of mankind can escape, and wants will multiply as fast as the means of satisfying them increase, and for the greater part of us the weekly pay envelope and the possibilities of a competence, and the demand from the other side of the world for the grain we produce, will continue to be our principal incentives to work.

Progress, intellectual and moral as well as material, has been made in the past, but the world has not taken great leaps ahead as the result of great wars, and still less has it changed the direction of its movement as the result of wars. The one thing of which the vastness of this war gives us a fairly good assurance, is that no nation will again be trained from infancy to old age to regard war as a high, holy and beautiful process of attaining its manifest destiny to rule the rest of mankind. For generations no statesman will purpose a war, and no monarch will again have the power of hurling his people at neighboring nations. If Germany fails in its present effort, neither Germany nor any other nation will repeat the experiment of 1914.

But the prophets will have no chance to point with pride to the great religious, moral and economic revolutions whose advent they pointed out amid the clash of arms. We have found our soul, the prophets love to tell us. They disagree on some things, and those who have no revelation upbraid the others for not giving us a spiritual interpretation and getting a vision of the future from the carnage of the war, as the augurs pretended to see the future when they were only looking at the viscera of their victims. But all of them agree that we have found our soul. When did we lose our soul? When Mr. Roosevelt

was President he was very apprehensive that we had lost our "fighting edge." Is any one worried now about our lack of a "fighting edge?" Possibly our soul was never lost. We betrayed some evidences of possessing a soul very early in the war.

The charge that we had lost our soul, or, at least, had mislaid it, rests on two facts. One is that we are prosperous. That fatal alliteration of poverty and piety has a fearful hold upon the soul of the prophet. The other is that we did not go to the rescue of Belgium when it was invaded. But Mr. Roosevelt himself did not realize that we ought to have gone to the rescue of Belgium, till March, 1916. He is on record in September, 1914, as satisfied with the course of the Administration, and convinced that we should not have entered the war when our own interests were not touched. And it ought to be forgiven a statesman, if he is very reluctant to plunge his country into war, and declines to put his Government in the position of a knight errant, wandering around the world in search of maidens to be delivered from donjons. And furthermore, as the Monroe Doctrine is the corner stone of our foreign policy, we were properly slow about intruding into a European quarrel, until it became unmistakable that it was much more than a European quarrel — that it was an attack upon civilization and popular Government. We were also justified in assuming that Great Britain, France and Russia, three of the five guarantors of Belgian neutrality, were capable of punishing the two guarantors who violated their pledge, several times renewed by Germany, even up to the day before Germany invaded the country it had pledged its honor to protect.

But our soul, whether it was lost or not, is now in our possession. Let us be thankful that the prophets recognize that encouraging fact. And if our mind is also in our possession, we may look forward to a world not entirely different from the one we have known, but unquestionably

less likely to play with firearms, and quite certainly one in which the common people will have much greater control of their political destinies, and one in which no War Lord, with chatter about shining swords and shining armor and mailed fists, will be able to hurl his nation against the others in a desperate effort to establish for himself an overlordship of the world. Nor will any nation ever be likely to rhapsodize over carnage, and feed its sordid soul with thoughts of the territories and indemnities to be got by war, or intoxicate itself with the delusion that it is a race of supermen charged by the Almighty with the duty of forcing its harsh language and its brutal habits upon all other nations.

MY FRIEND THE JAY

EVERY man who comes into the world has need of friends." What Ursa Major thus profoundly observes of mankind, from China to Peru, might be applied with special force to the blue jay, at least to those jays that come into the world. Of the rest "deponent saith not." For by common consent the blue jay is a rascal, nay even a villain; and to deepen his turpitude to an infinity of wickedness, I have heard one uncherished female with a disposition slightly acid liken him to a Man. Indeed, were some of his detractors to be believed, there is scarcely a crime in the whole avian calendar that has not been meditated upon and hatched in his nest.

It is true that there are people of such impinging personality that merely mild dislike with respect to them seems impossible. The reactions they produce are violent. Their admirers, when they have any, pursue their loyalty to an *O Altitudo!* their enemies (and such are usually legion) make of their names a hissing, and spit them out of the mouth. To particularize, I might refer to a gentleman who was vigorously active in the political unpleasantness of 1912. His friends saw in him a Godefroy, come to lead the politically pure against the hordes of the standpat infidels; his enemies, when they had wiped the froth from their lips, turned the vocabulary of prayer to evil uses, and accused him of being in league with the devil.

But these are merely individuals. The cases in which an indictment is drawn up against a whole people are comparatively rare, — the Goths, perhaps, the Turks, and the bloodthirsty Belgians, to bring it down to modern times, will serve as examples. Just such an inclusive indictment is brought against the jay. "I fear," says one amiable and authoritative writer on bird life," that the blue jay is a reprobate"; and in this opinion most author-

ities concur. Are there not, then, three righteous jays in all Israel? No, say his judges. Peradventure one? "Only in the museums of natural history," they inexorably answer. All living jays are impudent, profane, mischievous, cannibalistic, "the hul cussed tribe of 'em," as one exasperated gardener wrathfully declared to me.

Dear, dear! This is a terrible situation. Like Fuzzy Wuzzy, the poor blue jay "'asn't got no papers of his own." Nor can he follow the example of those benevolent corporations whose judicious investments in advertising space temper the unshorn lamb to receive the shears in a docile mood, and at the same time protect them from too close scrutiny by the newspapers. He must bear the slings and air-guns of outrageous boyhood with scarcely a voice raised in his behalf. It seems hardly fair.

It is true that the jay is not delicate in his appetite. He cannot, like the ethereal maiden whom Burton mentions, subsist for months on the smell of a rose. I knew one old gentleman, to be sure, who secured a brief respite from care, and achieved a state of mild hilarity, by applying his nose to the mouth of a whiskey jug. But the jay enjoys not these olfactive refections. He needs more substantial food. He is omniverous; and out of that important characteristic springs his most reprehensible trait: he eats little birds.

One morning last summer I got up rather earlier than usual to transplant some asters before the sun should come out hot. It was a calm, breezeless morning, with scarcely a sound to disturb the cool quietude, except the song of a robin on the top of the old maple. Heaven be praised! we have no trolley cars in our village, and no factories. Suddenly there broke out in the alley, the wildest commotion imaginable. It sounded as though the sparrows from five counties were there, and had eaten of the insane root. The air was filled with shrill cries, chirps, and excited chatterings. I rushed to the fence, my fingers all mud, and looked over. In the midst of a flock of spar-

rows forty or more in number, all hopping about distractedly but none daring to attack him, stood a big blue jay with his crest militantly erect. From time to time he pecked at something, but what that something was, like Peterkin, I could not well make out. At every stroke of his strong black beak the cries of the sparrows shrilled louder; whenever he paused and looked around in his truculent contempt, their frenzied crescendos somewhat abated.

Curious, I drew nearer and discovered that the object of his unpleasant attention was a young sparrow, a mere fledgeling, scarcely old enough to be out of the nest. He was murderously pecking it in the eye. The wee helpless thing fluttered weakly in its agony and cheeped piteously. I grabbed up an empty fruit jar that had protected a rose cutting from the blasts of winter, and hurled it at the jay. He flew screaming to a sour cherry tree a short distance away, from which safe vantage point he cursed me with every oath and revilement in his scandalous vocabulary. The little sparrow I put out of its misery.

As I went back to my asters, I could not help reflecting on the scene I had witnessed. I seemed to see in it a small counterpart of what had happened in Europe. Here was little Servia in the person of this young sparrow — something of a nuisance, perhaps, yet comparatively defenseless. And here in the arrogant, domineering jay, relentless and powerful, was Austria. A similitude might likewise be made out for Belgium and Germany. And where, I wondered, did my own country come in? With almost sinister significance a sleek bronze grackle, plump and round, his eyes standing out with fatness, emerged leisurely from among the currant bushes and gobbled up a worm. I had been vaguely aware of his presence from the first, and now as I noted his well-fed complacency, and remembered that he had been foraging around utterly oblivious of the little tragedy being enacted in the alley, I lost my patience and let fly a good-sized clod.

But jays are jays, and it were unfair to demand from

them a standard of conduct that even human beings, with all their centuries of moral education, find it hard to apply. As a matter of fact the only jay I ever caught red-beaked at such murderous work was the one in the alley, and my field of observation has extended clear from the coast of Maine part way to the Rocky Mountains. Yet if a man from Mars were to pick up a bundle of newspapers, and could make out the strange little characters imprinted thereon, he would probably infer that murder was a trade common enough among human beings, particularly to-day. He would see it as a highly organized and severely technical activity carried on by whole nations under the direction of their respective governments. It must be said, however, that although the sensitive nerve of national honor seems oftenest to reside in the national belly, nations rarely murder with the object of eating their victims. And those jays that murder are censurable chiefly in this: they have learned so little from humanity's civilized forbearance.

To tell the truth, the jay is not the fiercely courageous and militantly aggressive biped his harsh cries and erected crest might lead one to suppose. His aspect is doubtless frightful to some small birds, but most of them recognize in him much of the Pistolian braggart. I have seen a house-wren, about the size of a large colored gentleman's thumb, drive him away from her vine-shaded dwelling. Robins quickly put him to flight, and so, too, do catbirds and cardinals. Even the mourning dove (gentlest of birds) does not fear to measure her mild weapons with his; and one of the most amusing spectacles I ever witnessed was the comical bluff of a dove who puffed out her breast, fierce as a lamb, and literally pushed the swash-buckling blue jay clean off the feed board.

That the jay does not always exercise the discretion of which the timid proverb speaks, the crown of my head can very well testify. One pleasant afternoon, while I

was breathlessly pursuing the phantom of an idea through the syntactical mazes of a freshman theme, I became aware of the sharp screaming of a pair of jays directly beneath my open window. I glanced out and saw (item) one baby jay squatting all hunched up on the close-cut lawn in the sunlight; (item) one long, lithe, black cat in the shadow of the syringa bush, blinking its greedy yellow eyes and moving its tail with a gentle, snaky, anticipatory motion; and (item) two frantic parent jays darting viciously at the black sphinx, and shrieking like a couple of suffragettes in the hands of a pair of miserable London bobbies. I watched the little drama until I saw the cat quivering for the spring; whereupon, forsaking the rôle of spectator, I threw my bottle of red ink and drove the dark marauder from the field. Surely never was preceptorial red ink put to more humane uses.

As I turned back to my themes, it occurred to me that here was the very opportunity I had been looking for. My favorite hobby is taking bird pictures, and I had long desired a picture of a young jay. Most fledgelings bear a ludicrous likeness to very old men. They wear an expression of solemn and pessimistic wisdom such as comes only to those who have looked long on the vanities of mankind. And it has always seemed to me that the infant jay bears a weird resemblance to England's Grand Old Man, Mr. Gladstone, after he had passed the prime of old age. Out of regard, then, for the great Liberal minister, and also because I am no rifler of nests, I seized my old black hat and a camera, and dashed downstairs. My plan was to drop the hat over the unsuspecting fledgeling so that I could pick him up without any fuss, and pose him on the grape-vine behind the house. But the young rascal, divining my intention, hopped away, and kept with exasperating nicety just out of reach. Finally, by dint of much scrambling along on my knees, taking care to preserve as innocent an expression as I could, I managed to clap the hat over him. But as I

took him out from the sudden gloom, he gave one terrified shriek, and the next instant BING! something sharp, something penetrating, something entirely unexpected, struck me on the head. It was the marvellously efficient beak of Mr. Jay.

I did not try to reason with him or placate him in wheedling tones. The ambient air was too full of a shrapnel burst of screaming, darting, pecking, whirling, shrieking blue jay. His shrill and angry cries, moreover, called to his aid three other jays, and such a stream of feathered Billingsgate followed as, I felt sure, must fix the eyes of all the neighborhood upon me. And so I retreated to the house, endeavoring in my gait to preserve that dignity of bearing which is generally supposed to be the fruit of an academic life. But the jay, with the uncomfortable persistence of a bee or a small heel-snapping terrier, pursued me to the very door, and might have chased me upstairs had it not been for the screen. After that I decided never again to attempt kidnapping a jay without the protection of a policeman's helmet.

But the fierce detractors of the blue jay will doubtless scoff at this as evidence of a sometimes resolute daring. I do not resent the implied aspersion of my own courage; I am content to leave that to the judgment of my readers. There is, however, one bit of commendation to which even they must "assent with civil ear," as a freshman of mine put it. The blue jay is almost humanly intelligent. Mind, I do not argue that he can, offhand, give you the distinction between free verse and a page from a real poet's note-book, or that he can explain precisely why certain matters are deleted by the British censors. But with the intrepidity of a new Congressman delivering a speech in the *Record*, I dare assert, "without fear of *successful* contradiction," that the blue jay is among the most intelligent of feathered bipeds.

Not long ago, during a particularly sharp attack of bitter weather, with frosty bayonets in the air but no

snow on the ground, I was holding a conference in the English office with one of my students, a girl whose sweet deep eyes gave no flicker of understanding as I tried to make clear to her the difference between a sentence and a clause. To conceal my sorrow I stepped to the window and gazed off through the grayish-blue beeches with their dead brown leaves shivering in the keen air, trying, meanwhile, to recall what principle of pedagogic efficiency I had failed to employ. Presently a blue jay with something white in its beak alighted upon the twisted limb of a maple not a rod from the window, and began a close inspection of the rough bark. He found what he was looking for, a hole; and into this he thrust the white substance which he carried in his beak, suet possibly, from the feed-board below, or a bit of bread. He cocked his head on one side and eyed the little cache in a thoughtful manner. Then he dropped to the ground.

I thought that was the end, but I was mistaken. Soon he shot up to the limb, this time with a dead leaf in his beak. I watched intently and saw him carefully lay the leaf over the hole where he had hidden the suet. A gust of wind, however, blew the leaf off the limb, and sent it swirling to the ground. Quick as a hawk the jay swooped after it in an ineffectual attempt to capture it while it was still in the air. They reached the ground together. Convinced apparently that the leaf was too large, he selected another, much smaller, and carried it up to the limb. This time he did not merely lay the leaf over the hole; he had learned his lesson. Instead, he rammed the leaf into the hole on top of the suet, a really difficult job, and packed it firmly with his beak. It was safe from the other jays if not from the inquisitive redheaded woodpecker who lived only a few branches away. Now all you host of cocksure psychologists, was it instinct or reason that led the jay?

I know it has been argued that since a jay will attack a stuffed owl placed near his nest, he must be without the

power of reason. The test seems hardly fair, for the ghoulish mystery of the taxidermist is known to no animal but man. Thus at the very start the jay is laid under an unreasonable handicap. Consider, too, the ingeniously cruel nature of this test; it pierces him as it were in the eye of his most sensitive instinct. Even human parents, faced by an ordeal at all comparable to this in sudden poignancy, would scarcely act in a manner calmly rational. What mother, leaving her infant slumbering in the cradle, and suddenly returning to find a brutal visaged mannikin bent over it in a posture of menace, would expend the millionth of a second in the psychologist's reflective delay? Like the jay, she would act in such a situation from instinct alone, nor would we consider her deficient in intelligence.

But even if the jay were as stupid as an old-model political prison-warden, or an English official in Ireland, which he indubitably is not, I would still look upon him with an indulgent eye. The redbird excepted, he is the sole bit of lively color in our winter landscape. No matter how sharp the wind or deep the snow, you will find him foraging among the low bushes or uttering his cheerfully vigorous *jay! jay! jay!* from the airy chambers of some tall, bare maple. And if you are of that generous company who share their winter bounty with the birds, from none of your feathered charity scholars will you receive more evident tokens of full appreciation than from the maligned jay. He is as prompt to the feeding board as an impecunious college professor to the bursar's office at the end of the first quarter. To be sure, his table manners are somewhat rude, but what he lacks in elegance he more than atones for with a certain robust beef-and-pudding gusto that I have somehow come to associate with Lord Macaulay.

It is in the spring, however, in the days of warm sunshine and clear air, when the grass begins to quicken along the walks and around the roots of the big elm-trees, when

the vanguard of the crocus legions have thrust their green spear-heads up through the sere lawn, and the buds on the lilac bushes along the garden fence have begun to swell, that the jay reveals how really amiable he can be. To many who do not know him well it will come as a surprise to learn that he possesses vocal attainments far beyond the harsh cry from which he takes his name. Under the spell of love he becomes truly melodic. He will sit for ten minutes at a time in the old black cherry-tree, and beginning with a soft, prelusory, ventriloquial whistle, as though he were a musician testing his flute, he will run through a series of little musical snatches surprising in their mimetic variety. Now it will seem like a baby's silver rattle, or like clear water gurgling over a sunny bed of pebbles; again you will hear a note or two of the robin, or a plaintive echo of the bluebird's song, or even the beautiful sliding legato of the cardinal, — with a crack in it, perhaps.

As the head of a family the blue jay is exemplary. He is not one of those who think they perform the whole duty of husbands when they preen their gay feathers in the sunlight, or lift their voices in flattering song, while their plain little wives build the nest, hatch the eggs, and go in search of the nourishing worm. Not much! He believes that marriage is a partnership involving equal duties and responsibilities; and so, during the nesting season, you will see him busily at work, searching for the best twigs, paper, string, tendrils, and rootlets obtainable. I once saw a nest that had a piece of yellow paper sticking out of its side, with the cryptic legend — *otes for wom* — plainly legible on it, but I am not sure that it had any real significance. Feeding the young jays, too, he considers part of his fatherly duties, and sometimes, though not often, he even treats Mrs. Jay to a specially delicate tidbit of bug or worm. If the latter should happen to be fuzzy, he will follow his careful wife's example and thoroughly wipe the fuzz off on the rough bark of some tree.

And he likes his bath; no monocled Englishman better. Indeed, if you really wish to enjoy a treat, set a rusty shallow pan of water on your lawn, not *too* near the tulip-bed or shrubbery (Cats!), and see what follows. If you have been thoughtful enough to place a stone or a piece of brick near the rim of the pan, Mr. and Mrs. Jay will step right in and enjoy a thorough wetting without much preliminary skirmishing. But little Willie Jay and his four brothers will exhibit all the delicious trepidation of childhood. While their parents are in the bath, they will be bold enough, even to running up and allowing themselves to be splashed on; but when it comes to actually entering the water, ugh! They will linger around the edge of the pan, fluttering their wings, hop across it, dip their beaks into the water, turn around, and splash the water with their tails — in short, go through all the motions of a small boy having his first "duck under" without the assuring grasp of his father's strong hand. But once let them get in, and oh, what a joyous splashing ensues, what a ruffling of feathers, what a beating of wings, what a fan-like fluttering of the tail! Like most small boys, too, they will stay in until they are thoroughly soaked, scarcely able, in fact, to fly up to some sunny limb where they may preen themselves and dry off out of harm's reach.

No, the jay is not an unprincipled scoundrel, not the bloodthirsty reprobate he is sometimes made out to be. He has his faults, it is true, properly censurable; but he has some very commendable virtues as well. And I am sure that if the reader will watch his career as carefully as I have, from his fledgeling childhood to his gay and dashing cavalier youth, he will agree with me that the imaginations of the blue jay's heart are not wholly evil.

THE FLEMISH QUESTION

DIVIDE ut imperes — make a faction among your enemies, and thus overcome them. This is German policy all over the world. By it the Danes of Slesvig have been to a large extent robbed of their own language and national traditions. By it the Prussian intruders have, with characteristic inability to understand foreign souls, endeavored, in their periods of repose after acts of brutality, to alienate from France the French-speaking and French-minded inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine. It has failed not only there, but notoriously also in Posen or Prussian Poland, where it was long ago abandoned in favor of a system of downright and unscrupulous repression. It has succeeded, for the moment at least, in Russia, which now lies dismembered at the feet of a triumphant betrayer. What was a year ago Russia is now dissolved into Lithuania, Livonia, Esthonia, Courland, Finland, Poland, the Ukraine, the country of the Don Cossacks, the Caucasus, and the vague and fluctuating realm of Bolshevism. Historic memories, linguistic variations, religious differences, local jealousies, class feeling, and commercial rivalries have been emphasized by German agents behind the frontier, and through the gaps thus made the German sword has pushed its point, breaking up the old mortar of loyalty and union. One typical example of the method employed may be cited here. According to the Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger* of March 26, 1917, Zimmermann, the German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, our Zimmermann, welcomed a delegation of Lithuanians and piped sweetly to them about the tender interest his government took in the welfare of their people, promising to satisfy various local desires. We have seen the result.

German intrigue of the same sort has long been at

work in India, where it has happily been baffled by the good sense of the Indian population who appreciate the fact that with all their numerous languages, races, and religions, they owe their concord to the light rule of Britain and to her even-handed justice. One of the boldest, meanest, and cruelest instances of the same policy of treacherous penetration was the effort to cause a rebellion in Ireland, for the Germans knew that rebellion meant the destruction of their own tools and Ireland's shame and ruin. As Americans, we have reason to keep our eyes upon the large German colonies in southern Brazil and upon the outposts of German imperialism in Mexico, Chile, and Argentina, and still greater reason to look out for the thin wedges of Prussian intrigue insinuating themselves among our own many racial and confessional varieties.

The most thinly disguised of all German attempts to conquer by division is also one of the latest to be disclosed, although it began at least three years ago. "Love me," says the Kaiser to the outraged daughters of the Belgian household; "or if you will not both love me, I shall take the likelier of you, and give her a seat at the royal feast, and put my ring upon her finger, and make her sister serve us in our mirth."

As is well known, there is no such thing as a Belgian language, and the people of Belgium speak one or both of two languages, French and Flemish. Both French and Flemish are and have long been officially recognized by the Belgian government, and are used in Parliament, in public documents, in the courts, and in the national schools. The French spoken and written by educated Belgians is standard or central French, differing in no essential respect from the language of France; but among the people who have French as their native tongue, the Walloons, there is employed a dialect of French, just as the people of many parts of France, and indeed of all countries, have their local dialects. The Walloons differ from

the rest of the Belgians chiefly in language and in the fact that they inhabit the southern and southeastern parts of the kingdom, where mining and metallurgical industry are highly developed. They also have more points of contact with France, both geographically and morally. If you take a map of Belgium and draw a line from Visé, the point where the Meuse passes into Holland, almost straight west through Brussels, Audenarde, and Courtrai, or a little south of these cities, you will have traced the northern boundary of the Walloon country. Almost anywhere along this imaginary line, one can, by going a short distance south, be among people who nearly all speak French or the Walloon dialect of French, and, by going a little way north, be among people who, though they may write French and speak it as an acquired language, use Flemish as their native tongue. Nevertheless, in this densely populated, busy, rich, and closely unified kingdom, the various elements of the population were happily mingled. Thousands of Belgian families are part Walloon and part Flemish. When a Walloon family moves north into a Flemish village it usually changes its language in the second generation, and vice versa. Many Walloons have Flemish names; many Flemings have Walloon names.

Flemish is scarcely distinguishable from Dutch. Although philologically they may be regarded as twin dialects of one tongue, they are for practical purposes the same. There are, to be sure, a few slight differences of idiom, and numerous differences of vocabulary, even between standard written Flemish and standard written Dutch, but scarcely more important than those between the English of Mr. Howells and the English of Mr. Hardy. In popular speech the gap is naturally wider, and perhaps justifies the view that Flemish and Dutch are separate dialects of one language, though "dialect" may really be too strong a word. From my own observation in East Flanders, I should say that a Dutchman would be

in about the same situation there with regard to difference of speech as a New Englander in Virginia.

According to the census of 1910, there were in Belgium about 3,832,000 persons speaking French or belonging to French-speaking families, and about 4,153,000 speaking Flemish or belonging to Flemish families. The Flemish population, being to a larger extent agricultural, has for many years been increasing faster than the Walloons. Yet French, being by acquisition or second-nature a language perfectly familiar to all educated Belgians, appears to have, and really has, an immense advantage over Flemish. The literature of the French language is enriched and glorified with the names of many great authors, from Jean Froissart and Philippe de Comines to Maeterlinck and Verhaeren, who belong by birth or residence to what we now call Belgium.

But the Flemish had, and probably always will have, a pride of their own. In the Middle Ages their cities were among the first in Northern Europe to emerge from obscurity. The names of Flemish towns strike the ear with a strange ruggedness in the liquid lapse of Dante's lines, but a stranger thing it is that even in the thirteenth century these vigorous municipalities were looked to for independence, and called upon for vengeance on tyranny; we hear, in the Purgatorio, of "the evil plant that overshadows all the Christian land," and are told that "if Douai, Lille, Ghent and Bruges had power, there would soon be vengeance taken." A curious example this of "ancestral voices prophesying war."

In the sixteenth century Flanders was the scene of tragic resistance to Spain and the Inquisition. Liberty was lost and recovered and lost again; but prosperity still bloomed from the ashes of destroyed commerce, the language and institutions of the land were redeemed with a fearful price, civilization was preserved with blood and sorrow, art flourished in the midst of horrors; and how all this came to pass is explained only by the stubbornness

with which the people kept up their local patriotism. The visible signs of this municipal pride and glory were, until four years ago, and in part still are, the great churches, town-halls, and guild-houses of Flanders. Among the most impressive of these monuments were the Cloth Hall at Ypres, the Belfry of Bruges, the Town-halls of Audenarde, Alost, Termonde, Louvain, Brussels, and Ghent, the Cathedrals of Antwerp and Malines, the quaint Béguinages or cities of retirement for religious women, and many another less renowned but hardly less beautiful expression of ancient faith and community of enterprise.

The Austrian yoke was shaken off at the time of the French Revolution, and after a short period of republican government Belgium, together with France, came under the domination of Napoleon. At the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, Belgium and Holland were united under the name of the Kingdom of the Netherlands, in an ill-assorted combination which lasted only till 1830, when the present Kingdom of Belgium was established. From that year to 1914 the Flemish people of Belgium, though more than satisfied to live in political union with the Walloons, and indeed being the more prosperous and rapidly growing part of the population, were solicitous to preserve their local customs and particularly their own language. Societies were formed for the cultivation of Flemish literature. Endowments for the same purpose were established. One of the parliamentary aims of political parties in the provinces of East and West Flanders and Antwerp and the northern sections of Brabant and Limbourg was the safe-guarding of Flemish as one of the official languages and a medium of instruction. There was not the slightest flavor of disloyalty in this desire. It was entirely constitutional. It expressed itself openly, and had no need for secrecy. The tendency thus created was called the Flamingant movement. No one connected with it, so far as I can

discover, entertained the slightest notion of appealing to Germany for countenance or support. The Flemings in general and the Flamingants in particular would have been the last people in the world to admit that their language was a dialect of *German* or that their manifest destiny was absorption in the German Empire. The unity of Belgium was as precious to them as to the Walloons, and was placed above every consideration of race and speech. But there is no country under the sun in which local self-government and community interests are so highly developed as in Belgium. Under the Belgian constitution the communes enjoy the maximum of freedom. Civic pride nowhere else burns so bright. It is the habit of local self-government, the strong personalities developed under this system, and the spirit of the communes that have saved Belgium from starvation during the war. As every one of Mr. Hoover's American delegates in Belgium will testify, the spectacle was and is magnificent. As early as October, 1914, when the wave of invasion had passed over Belgium, the communes stood firm, and in all of them committees with almost absolute power, and enjoying the perfect confidence of the people, were formed and got to work commandeering the visible supply of food and distributing it prudently.

Within a very short time after the invasion the Germans showed that they intended to take advantage of the difference between Flemings and Walloons, a difference which, as we have seen, was purely domestic, and concerned with no really vital political issue. Among the offices of his hated administration, Governor-General von Bissing established a bureau for dealing with "the Flemish question," a bureau consisting of German specialists in philology and discord. For about seven months, this commission, which was working in secret, attracted hardly any attention. Then it began to operate visibly. In the summer of 1915, I was stationed, as delegate of

the Hoover commission, in Ghent, the capital of East Flanders, and witnessed the beginning of German coquetry. As may be imagined, it was very clumsy and ineffectual. One day an attempt would be made to flatter the local pride of the peasants by printing official notices and war bulletins in Flemish and German only, instead of Flemish, German, and French, as had previously been the practice; the next day they would be informed, in these same posters, that they must surrender their hay-crop to the German military authorities. The Germans appeared to be as much detested in Flanders as anywhere else in Belgium. I saw the wife of a distinguished citizen of Ghent burst into tears of vexation and anxiety because a German officer of high rank spoke to her in a restaurant. She said she feared she would be distrusted for the rest of her life by her fellow-citizens for having listened to a German officer. Yet he was evidently a gentleman, behaved with propriety, and had the excuse for addressing her that he was quartered in her house. I have known persons in Ghent to go willingly to prison rather than comply with German rules or pay fines into the German treasury. "Do you see that man?" said to me an acquaintance in Ghent one day, pointing to a German in uniform who was speaking Flemish to some peasants. "He lived here before the war; he will not be able to live here after the war; his life will not be safe."

Before the war there were four universities in Belgium: the Catholic university of Louvain, the liberal or non-sectarian university of Brussels, and the two state universities of Liége and Ghent. The instruction was given entirely in French, except that there were certain courses at Louvain and Ghent which were paralleled, rather expensively, one would think, by courses in Flemish. In 1911 a bill was introduced in the Belgian Parliament looking to the gradual transformation of the University of Ghent into an institution completely Flem-

ish. In 1912 this proposal was again discussed, and was reported favorably in the Chamber of Representatives. The war of course put an end to the project.

Now the Germans have taken it up with enthusiasm, trying to harvest for their own purposes the sympathies that were formerly cultivated in its favor. Whether they annex all or part or none of Belgium, they desire to pose as the liberators of Flanders, and to foment a permanent jealousy between the Flemish-speaking people and the rest of the Belgian population. This is precisely like their conduct in the south of Ireland, in the Province of Quebec, and in Russia. They have their eye on Antwerp, which they intend to keep, whatever happens, and they realize that Flanders would be a good basis for the eventual absorption of Holland.

On December 2, 1915, it became known in Belgium that the German authorities purposed to reopen the University of Ghent, which of course had been closed, and to make Flemish the language of instruction. Their design was instantly understood by everybody, including the leaders of the old Flamingant movement, who, instead of falling in with it, met it with a vigorous protest. This was disregarded, and on the 31st of December the decree was promulgated. A commission of German professors was empowered to draw up regulations for carrying out the plan of transformation. Meanwhile, in order to encourage as many Belgian young men as possible to escape from the country and find their way into the Belgian army, the real authorities of the four universities were keeping these institutions closed. Their passive resistance enraged the Germans, who, on March 18, 1916, arrested the two most celebrated professors of Ghent, Henri Pirenne, and Paul Frédéricq, eminent historians, and sent them to prison-camps in Germany, where they have been treated with disgusting brutality. The colleagues of these two brave men were not less courageous themselves, and signed a second pro-

test. Thereupon the Germans made up a ridiculous little faculty of their own, and imposed it upon the university, which, we must remember had no students. There were at first seven of these professors, of whom one was a German, another a native of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, and five were Belgians without distinction in the learned world or respectability as citizens. To these were later added a number of equally insignificant Dutch and German teachers of minor rank, and a very few Belgians. Opinion in Holland rose in disgust, and an unpleasant life awaits the Dutch instructors if they ever dare return to the land of their birth. They have been canny enough to make sure of pensions from the German government, in view of the probability that they will in the near future be men without a country.

On April 5, 1916, the German Chancellor, making a curious mixture of cynicism and hypocrisy, in a speech before the Reichstag, promised that the Imperial Government would help the Flemish population to free itself from "the preponderance of French culture." The Germans no doubt expected some backing from the Flamingant societies, the trustees of the Flemish endowment funds, and the former political supporters of the Flemish movement. In this they have been disappointed, for their conduct has aroused protest upon protest from all these quarters. It is difficult to determine, from the boasts in the German newspapers and the denials of exiled Belgians, just how many teachers and students had been scraped together by the beginning of 1917, but the faculty was a motley collection of German, Dutch and Belgian nonentities, and there were less than three students for every teacher. To-day there is only one student in agriculture, the subject that would naturally be most sought in a Flemish university. Of all the war-babies, this University of Ghent is surely the most anæmic. Yet if we are to believe General von Bissing in the speech in which he declared it alive and viable,

"The God of War held it at the baptismal font with naked sword in hand!" This is *echt Deutsch* in taste and feeling. And while these proceedings were solemnly going on, the deportation of workmen from Ghent was beginning; on the very day of inauguration, husbands and fathers were being torn from their families to suffocate in German salt-mines, to sweat and faint in German collieries, to dig and die in German trenches. Has the world ever seen a more revolting instance of hypocrisy? I happened to be in Courtrai one morning when a number of Flemish wives and mothers were herded into the jail there, from the village of Sweveghem, because their men had refused to make barbed wire for the Germans. International law forbids a conqueror to compel the vanquished to produce munitions of war, but what of that!

Parallel with the ludicrous pretence of enriching Belgium with a Germano-Flemish university, close observers of Belgian affairs, by reading the Dutch and German newspapers, have watched the development of another German scheme for producing discord. On February 14, 1917, thirty Belgian tools of the German military authorities set themselves up, or rather were set up by German backers, as a "Council of Flanders," with the avowed purpose of creating an autonomous state out of the Flemish-speaking portion of Belgium. The plot began to culminate in Baron von Bissing's decree of March 21, 1917, establishing two administrative regions, one Flemish, the other Walloon. Brussels was to be the capital of the former, Namur of the latter. This decree sent consternation into the hearts of all true Belgians, and has led finally to an ominous result, the resignation of nearly all the Belgian judiciary. Up to this time, protected by international law and by the national constitution, which even the Germans professed to respect, the magistrates of Belgium had continued to perform some of their functions, thereby shielding the people

to a certain extent from direct contact with German judges and police officers, and no doubt saving the country from bloody and useless insurrections: for if the minute and daily administration of local affairs, such as the collection of private debts and the enforcement of town ordinances, had been all this time in German hands, the irritation would have been unbearable.

With a few delightful exceptions, newspapers in Belgium, even though appearing under their old names and in French, are controlled by the Germans. I used to amuse myself, in 1915, by translating passages from *Le Bruxellois*, ostensibly a real Belgian journal, back into the German in which they were originally written or thought. The style betrayed a Teutonic source. The delightful exceptions are the brave little clandestine *Libre Belgique* and other papers of a similar character, which keep up the spirits of the Belgian people and drive the Germans to impotent fury.

In this case, as in that of the University of Ghent, the Germans professed to be responding to Belgian desires. They point to the so-called Council of Flanders, in reality a collection of renegade Belgians who were brought together by German influence, and protected by German arms from the violence of Flemish mobs, who dared to hiss them and insult them. A delegation of these worthies was conducted to Berlin, where they presented a humble request for the strangulation of Belgian liberty and the partition of their native land. Against this plot all Belgium has risen. How can Belgium have risen? The answer will give some idea of the bravery of those people, even in the isolation and darkness and hunger of their present life. Last June between four and five hundred Belgian magistrates and members of the bar signed a fruitless petition to the German Chancellor against the decree. Judges and local administrative officials gave up their functions and their livelihood. For this, many of them were arrested and

deported to Germany. Against the decree of separation, and in favor of "the Belgian Fatherland, Free and Indivisible," petitions have been signed by nearly all the former senators and deputies remaining in Belgium, by the Flamingant leaders, by municipal councils, and by the heroic Cardinal Mercier. The Cardinal especially drew attention to the fact that international law demands that the domestic administration of an invaded country shall be allowed to proceed unmolested, if military necessity permits. To this point Baron von Falkenhausen, the German Governor-General, made the following insolent rejoinder: "Your Eminence addressed to me on the 6th of June a letter in which, taking your stand on the principles of international law, you criticize certain of my official acts. I must respectfully reply to your Eminence that I refuse to enter with you upon a discussion of this subject."

Decree has followed decree with steady insistence. The courts, even in Brussels, which is mainly a French-speaking city, must hold their sessions in Flemish; official correspondence north of the imaginary line must be in Flemish; the Official Bulletin of German Laws and Decrees in Occupied Belgium is printed in German and Flemish for one part of the country and in German and French for the other. On August 9, 1917, von Falkenhausen issued an edict declaring that in the Flemish administrative region "Flemish must be the exclusive official language of all the authorities and all the functionaries of the state, the provinces, and the communes, as well as their establishments, including educational institutions and the teachers therein." On October 6 the communes in the Province of Brabant were ordered immediately to organize courses in Flemish for the instruction of their employees who did not know that language.

The invaders have tried to create a Belgian faction in support of their policy, and have here and there, at different times, organized meetings and processions of

so-called "Activists," or pro-German Belgians. But these assemblages have never been other than contemptible in size and composition. They have been hissed and mobbed by vast crowds of patriotic Belgians, and in Belgium it takes courage to attack a movement which is protected by German bayonets. On February 9, 1918, the Chief Justice and two Associate Judges of the Belgian Court of Appeals at Brussels were arrested for instituting proceedings against the "Activists," and were ordered to be deported to Germany.

With all their cunning the Germans in Belgium have shown themselves densely stupid. Their near-sighted pedantry inclines them to put their trust in formulas, when the thing they are dealing with is life. They think they can *decree* an indomitable people into submission. Having begun with butchery, they declined into robbery, and now they imagine that because bribery is less rude, it will be regarded as a sort of mercy. Jealous and quarrelsome at home, fussy and petty in their own local and domestic affairs, they cannot understand magnanimity in others. German writers have often admitted and lamented the tendency of the German people to be parochial (*kleinstädtisch*) in their outlook, and stencilled (*schablonenhaft*) in their personality. So they are; and these bad qualities render them incapable of understanding the spirit of Belgium, which is independent, individual, far-sighted, and bold. Since July, 1914, the German heel has stamped its imprint on regions several times as extensive as the German Empire itself. But a nation of pedants will never rule the world, and the echo of those iron-bound, blood-spattered boots will cease to ring when the American people realize that what the Germans have done in Belgium they will try to do wherever they find room to tramp.

IMMORTALITY IN LITERATURE

"Come l'uom s'eterna"

NOW that the immortals in literature have been caught and measured; now that we know that they fill not more than five feet of shelf room, we may be pardoned for asking a question or two as to how they "arrived," what their chances are for "staying put," and whether the place for classics is inevitably "upon the shelf." These are of course awkward questions, but there are other regions beside heaven which one must be as a little child to enter — the Garden of Understanding among them.

It is in a certain sense a positive relief to find that the really persistent literature of the past is so compressible, and it is reassuring as one looks forward to the long future, to think that the people towards the end of time will not be so unimaginably burdened with the deathless monuments of their past; although when one multiplies five feet, the sediment of five millennia, by x, the classic library of the end of things seems to us of this unheroic age, a trifle depressing. Of course, the men of the Ultima Thule of time may take their classics less seriously, and it may be that they will find less of a gap than we between the thoughts and speech of the immortals and those of daily intercourse. But since the immortals die not, there is no escaping their accumulation.

Yet after all, come to think of it, there is a good deal of an assumption in the assertion that our five feet of immortals are all going to perch upon that last library shelf. There have been immortals of the past who failed to reach even our days; had they all fulfilled their promise and the prophecies of their friends, the publishers would not be willing to let us buy our modest set of unquestionable classics on monthly payments without the guarantee

of our great grandchildren. Paradoxical as it may seem, many immortals have proved mortal, and the deathless have died. We must lay this troublesome fact to the loose speech of our forefathers. They were hyperbolic now and then, and they dubbed a volume immortal without stopping to think whether the twentieth century A. D. would also find it interesting, and so, of course, really immortal. Humanity has been fallible in the past, and the result is that we are forced most unscientifically to accept contradictory ideas with gravity — in short, to speak of "relative immortality." The work that outlives its contemporaries is, we may admit, relatively deathless. Such a statement makes no prophecy, however, as to the remote future. Relative immortality merely means that a work goes on interesting for a few years, a generation or two, a century or more. It is only the simon pure immortal who will not have to get up at the sound of Gabriel's trump. Blessed relief — the final shelf of unforgettable classics may be only five feet long after all, and may be even shorter!

Naturally, your enduring work must have a strong constitution; it must have all the characteristics of a live creature except the power of growth within itself, and, alas, of propagating its kind. Perhaps one might liken it to the Leyden jar which we of the older generation used to read of in our physics — I do not know whether it is remembered now-a-days. It has a charge of electricity of more or less strength, and it has a retaining capacity of more or less endurance, so that to touch it as the ages pass, is to receive a spark of life.

Many a work has started out with a tremendous appeal to its first audience, but has not been able to hold its second or third. The first night is not always a sure test of the length of a "run." Such a work had a momentary word to speak which was appropriate, which came as pat as Vice in the old comedy; but like a jest called out by a passing event, it raised its crackle of laughter and died.

One need not go far to find examples. Mrs. Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho* is pigeonholed here; and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *The Jungle* are tied by the same tape, in spite of a certain uncanny habit of reappearance of Mrs. Stowe's painful tale. Much literature of this sort is, of course, temporarily valuable; but Time promptly and wisely puts it into the wallet at his back. Without endurance, fame is as the fire of thorns under the pot; without vitality, naught can endure.

As a matter of fact a work need not be brutally vital to have a fair chance at long life. It must interest somebody very much indeed. Of course, the great immortals start out in life popular in the best sense; but there are lesser immortals too. One does not have to be Dante or Shakespeare to win out. So long as the second class passengers persist in interesting a few hearers on the various stages of the road, they will not be forgotten. They may be, as they usually are, caviare to the general, but they find from age to age fit audience. Poets like Horace and Spenser and Blake, the authors of *Emma* or *Cranford* may cross the final line side by side with their great competitors. And some of us who venture diffident prophecy, expect greater endurance for Mr. Robert Frost and his shy *North of Boston* than for the dramatic anachronisms of the late Stephen Phillips, or the epic *longueurs* of Mr. Alfred Noyes. Long life in literature concerns itself with the length of Clotho's thread, and not at all with the question as to whether it be labelled "No. 60" or "No. 90."

But to have transcended its own time by a generation or so is no promise of immortality. Every work if not hopelessly tangled in the perishabilities of its own age, is liable to be so tangled in those of its own century or epoch. How often have men watched with exultation the endurance of a work, and jumped to conclusions, when wisdom would have recognized that it could last only while certain ideals or moods prevailed. Was not

Byron a god for a generation? But, alas, as the waters of time rose, he found himself caught in the eel-grass of romanticism, and pulled under. And did not the *Romance of the Rose* hold men bound by its myriad lines for centuries — and where is it now? Dusty upon dusty shelves. Its voice was that of Mediævalism, not of humanity. It perished with the conventions and provincialism of its era.

The time never was when a new work appeared to the world without some external circumstance to modify for good or ill its early reputation. Even the "anonymous" early ballads must have depended at first in some measure upon the impression of "good time" which lingered in the minds of the junketers among whom they sprang up. Even the *Iliad* or the *Song of Roland* must have gained or lost according to the effectiveness of the reciter or the social status of the patron. And to-day it is a thousand times truer than ever before, that at the start the genuine fame which endures is bound up with much that is purely factitious.

A new book comes to birth and finds a waiting world to welcome, but not impartial in its attitude. Have not the friends and family announced the arrival in joyful and ringing tones? Advertiser and advance reviewer have been busy; the publisher now-a-days is preëminently efficient. The result is a sort of pre-natal notoriety built up regardless of real worth. The advertising campaign may be likened to an attack by gas-bombs on the reading public; but fortunately from long experience a large part of the public has provided itself with a tolerably good supply of masks to receive the assault, and — to finish the figure with all possible despatch — "waits till the clouds roll by."

Then for the first time, the work gradually emerges for what it is worth. The public reads and judges; recommends it to its friends, or warns them off; and speaks the fateful word, which if it is favorable, leads others to read,

and at least makes strangers admit that the book is "well spoken of." Here is real fame, still struggling for existence, yet independent of the handicaps of early puffing. Yet it must be said in all fairness that the early puffing, with its manufactured audience, hastens for the good book the chance for genuine fame; and makes more decisive the collapse of the poor book, by bringing sooner to proof the pinchbeck prophecies.

But even then the new book has got to stand up against convictions and prejudices, conventions and dogmas. The public at large — and incidentally the professional critic — wants more of "the same thing," more like that of its earlier loves and admirations. Figures of previous experience rise in the readers' minds with malicious menaces against the upstart — Dickens, Austen or Trollope; Ward, Sinclair or Tarkington; perhaps Fielding or Goldsmith — figures moribund or vigorous still, all are alert to impose "has been" upon "to be." Let the new book differ at its peril; it becomes easily "revolutionary," "decadent," "not art" — is damned, in short, unless, by a curious freak of the moment, it takes the world by storm through its very "freshness." And even then Kipling joins the ring, and henceforth struggles to impose the Kiplingesque. Such dangers, such threats — mostly unreal when brought to the proof — the new book must live through. The vigorous and vital book will be unabashed, for its claims to long life must rest on stronger virtues than conformity or non-conformity.

The ages confirm with Jovian nod the trite fact that every period has a general cast of opinion about any literary work. San Francisco may not accept the same order among "the best sellers" as New York, nor New York as London; yet we accept the unity of age in our use of older epithets, such as "Elizabethan" and "Victorian," even while we overlook it in the hurlyburly of the present. It is a complicated and, perhaps, ultimately, inexplicable phenomenon; but strong leadership plays

its part in clarifying and fixing the momentary appraisement. Let Dr. Johnson or the *Edinburgh Review* utter a critical judgment, and society follows like the traditional flock of sheep. If such notorious dictatorship is rare in our larger world, there are yet many smaller Judges and Prophets scattered abroad, apparent mouthpieces of the *Zeitgeist*. We are all familiar with the small theatre party. One or two members have definite ideas about the play and its presentation, and the rest experience all the sensations but are more or less neutral. The neutrals inevitably fall in behind the leaders, and the whole party is easily unanimous. Such in miniature is the working of the critical leadership at large. The only requirement is, that the leader must not be too far ahead or behind his time. Thus it would have taken more than Dryden to make Whitman a success in the days of the Restoration; and we can hardly fancy Jeffreys forcing *The Widow in the Bye Street* upon the Edinburgh subscribers. But as all real leadership is moderate, neat unity seems to be fairly easy to the backward look.

Yet the judgment of an age may seem to us the veriest nonsense of perversity. It irritates us, at the same time that it flatters our sense of superiority, to see the citizens of the Seventeenth Century tossing up their caps over Cowley, and proclaiming him celestial; and to see those of the Eighteenth lose their heads over Pope. We know better. Cowley and Pope, indeed! Would not any college sophomore place them for us — Why, of course, Cowley wrote the *Sonnets of Pindar*, and Pope was a pseudonym. It is pedantic to have read them, and we are proud to know them only by reputation. Yet we must not blame our unfortunate ancestors. The old formula reappears: — they clung to what interested them, and called it deathless. The humor lies rather more in the inability of the next generation, perhaps our own, to break away from the stereotyped verdicts of those remote days of questionable authority. We were all taught that

Addison was one of the mighty of earth, and that his style was the acme of lucidity and charm — "Spend your days and nights with Addison." But we must admit that this estimate is but the sluggish echo of auld lang syne. For have you, gentle reader, perused a single *Spectator* Paper since you were preparing for your college examinations? Of course, if Addison really interested his own age by touching as no one else did its concerns, he deserved the audience he gathered about him and the fame that transpired; but why should we talk of him as if he actually interested us profoundly, when no one reads him? And how about *Tom Jones* and *Clarissa Harlowe* and *The Tale of a Tub*, and *Tristram Shandy* or *The Vicar of Wakefield?* It is the tendency of long enduring fame to become sluggish and to sink into dogmatism.

It is one of the duties lying nearest to the present — wherever that present may be — to right the wrongs of the weak, and to humble the pride of usurpers. Distrust of one's own taste and power, whatever may be the case among individuals, is impossible to a whole generation. To judge and to accept as final one's own conclusion is the prerequisite for true results and positive progress. The saints have always been vigorous in their unshaken conviction of the truth that is in them; it is the insinuating voice of the devil which doubts. So, without misgiving, the Eighteenth Century which wrote up Addison, wrote down Shakespeare; and the Nineteenth Century which wrote up Browning, wrote down Pope. We, too, are conscious of wise catholicity, and judge with decisive orthodoxy. We adore the vigorous brutalities of Kipling and Masefield, we are interested in the formless feebleness of certain new poets; we scorn Gray and Landor, and overlook the poetry of Arnold. We are hospitable to the "newer movements," even to the *outré;* we despise the ways of our parents and our grandparents, though they were men who walked with God. We cannot help it, to be sure, and are most unconscious of our little

ways; but now and then it is possible for some of us to transport ourselves in spirit to the higher ground of the next century, and to look back upon the plain of our own time. Then it is hard to be convinced that the universe was not devised to furnish laughter for the gods.

Nothing is harder than for us to laugh at ourselves; we prefer to dwell upon the seriousness, the impressiveness of lasting fame, as proof of the unity of the human race. When the world of twenty-five centuries after Homer can thrill at the twang of the bow of Odysseus, and smile at the laughter of Nausikaa and her maidens, we are kinsmen of the distant Greeks. Time and race are annihilated before the mighty genius which touches the deeps of the heart. Institutions and nations may decay, but the song of Homer calls us brothers. Impressive, indeed, and yet — how many really thrill and smile over the Odyssean tale? How many in this age of broad enlightenment ever read the *Odyssey* at all, or have dipped into its pages for love of their pure serene? The candid answer is: Very few. And yet Homer is one of the two or three who reign supreme, as we almost all still conventionally admit.

This vaunted proof of racial unity is overworked; Homer has but few relatives to-day, and they are that select handful who love to widen their horizons by looking backwards. In spite of our boasted education — which does not, any more than other panaceas, live up to its promises — the disciples of the great past will always be few. But since no age can walk entirely by its lone, there will always be a loyal band who will spend the best portions of their lives in the great backward and abysm of time, and will with shining faces bring good tidings to their fellowmen. How grateful the early Nineteenth Century should have been to Lamb for his specimens of the well-nigh forgotten Elizabethan Dramatists; how grateful we should be to Mr. Gilbert Murray for pointing out to us once more the splendors of Athenian

Tragedy! Upon scholars like these we must rely that too much is not forgotten.

The saying that the greater the fame the fewer the readers, is a random shot, and yet it hits the target, and not the outermost ring. Every approving reader gained for a work hands on the word to a dozen who have not read, nor will ever read it. Fame enlarges its sweep through time like the surge thrown off the prow of a moving steamship, broadening over the sea until it stretches beyond all apparent relation to the ship which first stirred it up. But here the figure breaks: for while in most cases the waves subside, in others, the commotion bids fair to last to the end of human history.

The classic once established becomes so sacred to the unthinking public that to doubt it is *lèse majestê;* at least, its fame produces a sort of hypnotism. No one, for instance, can approach a play of Shakespeare for the first time unbiassed. He may be actually bored, but he will not admit it. Perhaps he will make himself believe that he enjoys it, but he will not be found with it in his hours of honest play. He hardly dares know what he thinks, lest he should be found heretical, and he feels safer to swell the lusty chorus of praise. The most influential critics in such a case get no real hearing. They may capture a few individual opinions, but the public at large will lend no ear to qualifications. Only if repetition is carried to the point of damnable iteration, will modification of appraisal begin slowly to sink down through class after class; it takes an unconscionable time to reach the bottom, perhaps centuries. One recalls lesser literature still lingering moribund upon front parlor tables in village homes — Thomson's *Seasons* or, perhaps, Young's *Night Thoughts*. No one reads them; they remain as closely shut as the parlor doors; but there they lie, the cherished signs of family respectability, and still accepted unquestioningly as living things.

Literary fame is a slippery and indefinite thing. There are countless impossible questions one could ask. How many readers must a work have to be considered alive at all? Is fame to be allowed to some of the obscure poets like Campion, Traherne, and Shenstone, who are known only to the specialist? Definiteness and finality are as difficult of attainment as to tell a hawk from a handsaw when the wind is northerly. But it is certain that the immortals are dependent upon an amazingly small set of followers, which tends to grow smaller as the ages turn. Yet those who deserve long life will in the long run reach an old age, frosty but kindly. And we may leave them with confidence in the hands of Time, who, after all, like Autolycus, pockets only what have come to be unconsidered trifles.

CARLYLE AND KULTUR

I

THE opinions anyone holds in this momentous crisis are largely determined by those he has imbibed from the thinkers of the past, and it is interesting to notice how much Carlyle has been brought into the discussion on both sides. A somewhat systematic consideration of the bearing of his teachings on the present war may therefore not be altogether profitless.

For many reasons he is not the sort of man to invite much attention from journalistic, academic, and dilettante writers. He is unpopular in a double sense; for he is neither superficial nor facile, and his ideas are opposed to the optimistic convictions that dominate in this generation. Some insist that he is responsible for the extravagant paradox and persistent denial of the obvious and the accepted indulged in so freely by such journalistic products as Shaw and Chesterton, but these men only imitate his manner to pervert his meaning. That they imitate him, however, is proof of his influence; for the popular writer does not imitate anyone whose repute is not of the highest.

The academic mind is indifferent or hostile to him because the formlessness of his writings and their abnormal character seem serious defects to those to whom the formal is more important than the substantial. His learning, too, while undoubtedly extensive, is not always accurate or orthodox. The king is not the "cunning or the kenning" man, and his contempt for "logic-choppers" and "word-mongers" does not commend him to such as value the theoretical above the practical.

To the dilettante he is equally repellant. He hated mediocrity and superficiality, and he had inconveniently high standards. This latter reason is the openly avowed

one for hostility towards him in the case of an English writer, Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, who freely denounces him in his diffuse discussions of the war, but also cites facts that tend to disprove his contention that Carlyle is without influence; for he tells of repeated experiences with British workingmen who were readers of Carlyle and ardent believers in his gospel.

Carlyle is undoubtedly a strong influence in Great Britain. The superficial regard him as a reactionary and an obscurantist who believed in despotism and serfdom, but those who live closer to the realities of life detect in his writings a passionate sympathy for the humble and the oppressed. He may not exert much influence in the learned or the artistic world, but he is certainly a social and a political force. Writers on British politics constantly refer to his influence over the more intelligent voters of the working classes, and this demonstrates power of the most pregnant kind.

Outside of Great Britain, too, there are evidences of his influence. It is mostly within the English speaking world, but some accuse him of being the progenitor of Nietzsche and his cult of the superman. This is only superficially true, however, for Nietzsche was exactly the sort of person he denounced as "quack" and "simulacrum;" but, as in the case of Shaw and Chesterton, this proves influence, even though it be of a negative sort. In the United States his *French Revolution* has apparently had much influence in the way of making our attitude towards the past less formal and academic, and in bringing about a tendency to look more at the principles than at the facts of history. He has also given us such familiar expressions as "captains of industry," the "unspeakable Turk," and many others not generally recognized as his; and the man who fashions our daily speech gives the strongest possible proof of influence. Here, too, however, his influence is chiefly in the political and social world, and we can see the effect of his ideas in

one of our most important pieces of recent legislation, the selective draft; for this act aims to realize his cardinal principle, that the necessary work of a nation shall be compulsory and shall be apportioned equitably and in such a way as to ensure each man getting the task for which he is fitted.

II

The chief question about Carlyle at present, however, is not the extent of his influence, but how far his teachings justify the theories and practices now dominant in Germany. The Germans point to his advocacy of their cause in 1870, and to his glorification of Frederick the Great, as proofs that he would approve of, and even exalt, all that they have done. The kaiser has quoted him in a widely discussed speech about "one man with God being a majority," while less prominent Germans have freely appealed to his authority. The English speaking world has seemed, on the whole, disposed to admit that Carlyle's doctrines justify, or at least tend to produce, ideas such as those that now obsess Germany. Some writers, like the Mr. Hueffer already mentioned, have seized the opportunity to belabor his memory as a traitor; while others have risen up to defend him, although they seem to do so less from conviction than a desire to deprive the Germans of support. Anyone who knows Carlyle more than superficially, however, knows that the present German policy would earn from him nothing but furious denunciation; and the reason would not be because the Germans began the war, as D. A. Wilson argues in *The Fortnightly Review* for February, 1916, nor because he was pro-Russian, nor because of any other personal prejudice or predilection, but because the German nation today exhibits about all the vices he inveighed against as most dangerous to the peace of the world and the progress of civilization.

It would be idle to deny that Carlyle did exalt the

German nation and German policies to the English-speaking world, but we shall have to qualify this exaltation if we accept Dr. Johnson's principle that an author's works need editing a generation or so after their composition. This dictum is based on the obvious necessity of recognizing that the force of what a man says is conditioned by the current opinion of his time and by his attitude towards it, and it also recognizes the truth of one of Carlyle's own observations: "It is man's nature to change his dialect from century to century; he cannot help it though he would." The dialect of the nineteenth century was not that of the twentieth, and Carlyle's use of it was affected by several things that still further obscure his meaning for us. He opposed strongly what he regarded as many popular fallacies of his time, and in opposing them he overemphasized things that seemed to him to discredit or to disprove them. To the undisciplined British populace, impatient of all control and clamoring for the removal of all restrictions on individual liberty, he extolled the docile German people; but it was not their absolute so much as their comparative virtue that he was praising, and he would have recognized that, under other circumstances, their submissiveness could prove a vice, as, indeed, it has. Another fact, pointed out by Colonel T. W. Higginson, a man whose extreme humanitarianism was calculated to make him unsympathetic towards the eulogist of Dr. Francia, is that Carlyle was a humorist and a man to whom the humorous attitude was second nature. It will be necessary, therefore, to discount his praise of the German people and of German institutions, for two reasons; the first, because it was heightened to serve as a corrective to the tendency towards license in his countrymen; and the second, because, as a humorist, and also because of his ardent temperament, he invariably indulged in over-statement.

There is much besides this to indicate that Carlyle's praise of Germany in the eighteenth and early nineteenth

centuries is anything but evidence that he would endorse Kultur and Schrecklichkeit. His fundamental teaching is that we must not be formal, rigidly logical, or addicted to any fixed method of thinking. The nature of things must be determined from their effects, and not from any external characteristics. The national attributes of any people are not permanent, but they are capable of wide variation, and much of his invective and striking metaphor was poured forth in an effort to prove that this variation is very largely a question of good or bad leadership. In sustaining this thesis he traces the history of Germany more completely than he does that of any other country; and he indicates several periods, notably that of the Thirty Years' War, and the reign of Frederick I, when Prussia, at least, was contemptible in its policies. France, too, he argues, has not always been the mischief-maker of Europe; for to him the French Revolution was a salutary outburst of the native integrity of the French people, to sweep away the intolerable hypocrisies and injustices of the Old Regime, and to improve not only French, but human society as well.

It is plain, therefore, that he did not affirm the Germans to be intrinsically good and the French intrinsically bad. His aim was to show that nations rise in proportion to the extent to which their purposes are just and their methods intelligent, and that they invariably fall if they deal unjustly with their own citizens or their neighbors. Sometimes he contrasted the French unfavorably with the Germans, as, for instance, when he says that the martial ardor of the French may be compared to blazing straw, while that of the Germans is more like the burning of anthracite coal. This, however, is due to his having, like a great many other people, an impression that the French are more likely to exhibit superficial and glittering qualities, while the Germans are conspicuous for the commonplace virtues of industry and thoroughness.

Nothing was more insidious, in his opinion, than to prefer brilliancy to solid worth; and it was the danger of this preference he was emphasizing, more than the native depravity of the French national character, when he compared the Gallic temperament unfavorably with the Teutonic.

III

His attitude towards efficiency was also the direct opposite of the present German conception of it. To him efficiency was a matter of adaptation and improvisation, while the German theory is that it is a question of fixed method and elaborate mechanism. Nobody ever despised more than Carlyle the perennial fallacy that things can be done better by the hocus pocus of procedure than by the intelligent application of the available means to the end desired. He censured any effort to achieve things automatically. He was never tired of ridiculing trust in formulas. He insisted that the intelligence must be unfettered by preconceptions or by a rigid plan. His hero was a man who had "swallowed all the formulas," and who proceeded to adapt means to ends in any way that was effective, passing rough-shod over theory, convention, dogmas, or any other restrictions on his freedom of action. It is true that he did insist on the necessity of having accurate and comprehensive knowledge, and on thoroughness and other essentials of what the Germans regard as scientific procedure. These things, however, were to him not major but minor virtues. They were the auxiliaries to success, but they were never to be considered as sufficient to ensure success, for they had always to be supplemented by intelligence and insight. This is shown by his depreciation of mere "beaver" industry, and by his fondness for satirizing "pipe-clay," by which he meant senseless military routine. No crime, in his eyes, was worse than a failure to recognize the dominant importance of the sensibly and intellectually

imponderable and intangible elements that are part of every human problem; so that he reprehended as vices the very things that have been most characteristic of the Germans during the present war.

Another thing that Carlyle abused and the Germans display, is insincerity. Nothing comes in for more invective from him than this, and to him it meant primarily a subjective attitude. Vanity was its chief cause, in his opinion. Truth, however unpalatable, must be recognized; while fiction, however flattering, must be scorned. Personal relationships must not sway our judgment, and he railed with especial violence against unwarranted optimism inspired by conceit. He pointed out, as one of Frederick the Great's chief virtues, the fact that he was influenced by no delusions created by vanity or sentimentality. He says Frederick looked facts squarely in the face, and instances his once offending his brother, the Crown Prince, by telling him that he had surrounded himself with flatterers, and reminding him that the Austrians, his enemies in the field, would not flatter him. Carlyle also points out that Frederick's wars were all conducted on a frank basis, so far, at least, as acknowledgment to himself of the real situation was concerned. There was no indulgence in the theatrical or the spectacular, certainly in none that deceived only himself. Frederick wasted no energy in striving for apparent triumphs that had no practical worth. He disregarded purely political or sentimental influences. Berlin was twice entered by the enemy during the Seven Years War, because Frederick never paid a military price for a political or a temporary victory, but he yielded territory whenever strategy demanded it. How different is this from Germany's present military policy, which sacrifices permanent advantages for the appearance of victory, and does not succeed in achieving even a convincing appearance of that? It is plain that the cheap posturing of the German military policy is just the sort of thing Carlyle hated and despised,

and nobody who has read him more than casually can have escaped realizing that his insistence on the necessity of recognizing fact in an honest and unbiased manner is a condemnation of the delight in conscious and unconscious mendacity displayed by the present German government.

Stupidity he warned against as one of the chief implements of the devil. There is no other crime, he often said, for morality is largely a matter of intelligence. Better be a villain than a fool, he implies, by quoting approvingly the boast of the Scotch family that it had produced "many a blackguard but not one blockhead." The mind which cannot or will not perceive the obvious, or which persists in denying the unflattering, is not only hopeless but vicious. Preferring to credit their prejudices or their desires, instead of the lesson of events, was the chief crime he ascribed to the men he held responsible for the worst catastrophies of history. For mere density and well-intentioned incompetence, as in the case of Louis XVI, he had some pity; but for stupidity arising from wanton obstinancy and arrogance he had nothing but wrath and scorn. It would be difficult to find in history a parallel for the infatuated folly of the German military and political policy during this war, but we find Carlyle reprehending less aggravated and perverse displays of trust in bombast, brutality, and pretension, in the case of countries like Spain and Austria; and this is only one of many things that show how monstrous in his eyes would seem the insensate policy which has made Germany the shame of civilization, and has alienated from her every country in the world except a few contiguous ones that tolerate or assist her through fear or rapacity.

What proves the German policy most at variance with Carlyle's philosophy, however, is the fact that it is guided by materialistic and cynical convictions. His basic belief was that the fundamental law of existence is morality; they jeer at any power that is not material. Besides this,

he believed that reliance on the baser qualities of human nature can never lead anywhere but to perdition. The leadership which aims to secure itself by appealing to the selfishness or by satisfying the folly of mankind, is courting disaster. The German policy boastfully proceeds on the assumption that the only motives that govern human action are self interest of some base sort, and it credits humanity with as little intelligence as morality. It is true that Carlyle had slight respect for the intelligence or the integrity of the masses, but he insisted that nobility is inherent in human nature, and that a hero who knows how to arouse it, invariably appears whenever a government becomes so unjust or so incompetent as to be intolerable. The German theory is that the weak have no friends; Carlyle's conviction was that nature avenges all injustice. The Germans declare that might makes right; Carlyle preached that right makes might, and on every question of fundamental morality he was diametrically opposed to them. "Savage animalism is nothing; inventive spiritualism is all," he writes in one place, and implies in a thousand. The Germans proceed on exactly the opposite assumption. They trust in nothing but force, and the neo-Darwinism that guides their policy is only a combination of the ideas he denounced in the works of such men as Hume, Bentham, Comte, and Darwin himself, mixed with a sentimental egoism that he abominated above everything else.

IV

There is, of course, some reason for believing that Carlyle's ideas resemble those of which the German policy is the expression, but there is none if we look beyond his superficial meaning. One reason for branding him as an advocate of German practices is his exaltation of Frederick the Great. Frederick began his first war by seizing Silesia, very much as Wilhelm II began

the present war by seizing Belgium. As Carlyle justified the seizing of Silesia, many people cannot see why that does not warrant the conclusion that he would also justify the seizure of Belgium. Such people, however, forget that the Prussia of 1740 was not even the Prussia of 1914, to say nothing of the German Empire or the Teutonic Alliance. Carlyle would detect in Prussia a change in spirit, but even if this cannot be established, there is certainly no parallel between Frederick's seizure of Silesia and Germany's attack on Belgium. In 1740, Prussia was one of the small countries of Europe. Its population was about half that of Belgium in 1914, and its political importance was not much greater. It was situated between militaristic France and imperialistic Austria; and its immediate neighbors: Saxony, Bavaria, Poland, and the Scandinavian kingdoms, were ready at any moment to profit by its misfortunes. Prussia's seizure of Silesia was, therefore, very much as if Belgium, learning in advance of Germany's plan of invasion, had seized German territory adjacent to its frontiers, and used it as a buffer to defend itself. It was the case of a small state preserving itself from the aggressions of a big neighbor aiming at world dominion. The methods employed may not have been technically legal, but they were justified; therefore Carlyle endorsed them. He believed that Frederick, cynic and materialist though he admits him to have been, nevertheless proved himself the valiant defender of his country's right to self government. He also regarded Frederick as the man who did most in the eighteenth century to preserve Europe from being dominated by a lawless imperialism. The rulers of Austria, because of their almost uninterrupted possession of the office of Holy Roman Emperor, openly aimed at universal dominion, and never lost an opportunity of trying to realize it by force of intrigue. France, too, was striving for the domination of Europe, and Russia was just becoming conspicuous for the brutality

and unscrupulousness of its political methods quite as much as for the vastness of the power it had suddenly developed. When these facts are considered, Frederick's action must be admitted to have been, if not in the interests of democracy, at least in support of the principle of self-determination for which the Allies claim to be fighting against Germany; and Carlyle's endorsement of it at least creates the presumption that he would not sympathize with Germany, which today, greatly extended, is playing the part of the bullying nations he commended Frederick for thwarting.

He seems, however, to advocate autocracy, and to deride democracy, and this would appear to put him in agreement with the kaiser and his professorial prompters. It is true that he did deride the notion that the decision of the majority is always right. He likewise insisted that all the constitutionality and legality conceivable will not ensure good government or justify incompetence or unrighteousness in power; and that, conversely, no formal or technical irregularity disqualifies a government which is beneficent and capable. He ridiculed the idea that political equality is synonymous with justice, but this does not mean that he believed in caste rule. His opposition to political equality was inspired by no respect for inherited authority or the sanctity of property, but was the result of a conviction that it is a crude and materialistic way of trying to solve an immensely complicated problem by a simple mechanical process. Not external equality, but *equity*, must be achieved to make government effective and successful, was his contention. Making men equal in political power, in his opinion, ensured that the government would be dominated by the ignorance and selfishness of the mass of men, rather than by the enlightenment and integrity of the relatively small portion of mankind whom nature fits for leadership by endowing them with superior moral and intellectual powers. He believed no man entitled to authority except

on the basis of character and ability, and he was as bitterly opposed to the German scheme of class rule as he was to the quantitative methods of the radicals. It is entirely wrong to think that, because he denied that universal suffrage will guarantee justice and humanity, he endorsed injustice and oppression. He didn't care how a government was organized or what it claimed to do, but he only inquired what it had succeeded in doing, and by this he judged it. The results of the German policy have been disaster for the world as well as for Germany, and he would condemn the German government for this, without being at all concerned about its form. He attached no importance to a government's form; all he judged by was its spirit. He believed that a government is inevitably the expression of the intelligence and morality of the people it represents, and that any form is capable of proving either good or bad in operation. Germany may be an autocracy in form, but the German people almost unanimously endorsed the war and its enormities; so what we have is an exhibition of the fallibility of popular judgment more than a display of the evils of autocracy. On this point Carlyle's position is clear, while that of the critics who accuse him of having endorsed German practices, because he denied that the majority is always right, is much more susceptible of being considered a justification of Kultur.

According to his interpretation of history, the case of Germany is perfectly plain. It is simply an instance of the degeneracy that, he claimed, inevitably follows the adoption of selfish or materialistic ambitions. The patient industry and the steady pursuit of the practical instead of the spectacular brought Germany to greatness, and placed vast power in the hands of her rulers. Then those rulers were tempted to misuse that power, and they fell. They decided to corrupt the people and make them the instrument by which world dominion could be achieved. They therefore cultivated the baser passions

of the populace, and with infinite thoroughness and resource, they used every agency of the government to secure public endorsement for a policy of aggression, and for a swash-buckling and bombastic procedure that appealed only to the shallow and the reckless. They found this the easier because circumstances worked with them. The Franco-Prussian War inflamed German chauvinism and inflated German conceit to an incredible extent. The success of the war was more the result of France's weakness than Germany's strength, but it filled the German nation with extravagant enthusiasm, and inspired it with blind faith in its own invincibility. Then Germany changed from a country largely agricultural to one mainly industrial, and wealth came to kindle in a naturally gross and sensual people a passion for luxury, and to impart to a naturally arrogant one the insolence of material power. The effect of the first of these things is shown in the famous night-life of Berlin, which, before the war, was more gross and lavish than that of any other city in the world; while the overbearing character of the average German abroad shows how general was the influence of the second. Thus a change has been effected in the spirit of Germany. From a nation dull but honest, rude but sincere and kindly, it has been transformed by bad leadership and sudden prosperity into a people whose dominant characteristics are brutality and mendacity. Therefore the Germany that Carlyle praised is not the Germany that perpetrated the present war, and there is no doubt that his attitude towards the apostles of Kultur would be the direct opposite of what it was towards Frederick the Great and Bismarck.

THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

IT need not be difficult either to define or to secure the freedom of the seas if the governments of the world sincerely desire to come to an agreement concerning it." At first thought, the most striking characteristic of these words of President Wilson in his address to the Senate last January is their optimism. Freedom of the seas, according to German authorities, is to be secured by various agencies, including the unrestricted use of the submarine and an independent Ireland. Primarily it is to be secured by the destruction of British naval predominance. Now British authorities have an inconvenient habit of stating that freedom of the seas was won long ago by means of the British navy, that it exists today in time of peace, and that its continuance depends upon Britannia ruling the waves. Our correspondence with Germany before we entered the war contains polite references to our coöperation with that country to secure freedom of the seas through recognition by treaties and international agreement of principles such as that of the immunity of private property, not contraband, from capture at sea. But Germany no longer thinks it possible to secure the freedom of the seas by the medium of scraps of paper, and other nations show an unflattering unanimity on this point, with regard to any scraps of paper to which the present German government might be a party. As to the submarine as a means of securing freedom of the seas, our entrance into the war is perhaps a sufficient indication of our estimate of it. The usefulness of an independent Ireland toward this end would seem even more likely to be limited. There remains the British navy, and it promises to remain.

And how are we to define the freedom of the seas? The term has been used in the past, and examination of our

diplomatic correspondence will show that it has been used in this war, in three different ways. It has been used in protest against the appropriation by a single nation of definite areas of the high seas for exclusive uses. The sowing of mines and the proclamation of danger areas have led to its revival in this sense. It has been believed to mean the right of private citizens to continue sea-borne commerce in war time with a minimum of interruption. Our preoccupation with this usage of the term during the first years of the war won us a good deal of unpopularity with our present co-belligerents. It has been used with reference to the safety of human life on the sea. We are fighting Germany today upon this issue.

Is the problem one of war times only, or is there anything in the contention that the potential pressure of sea power operates in times of peace in restraint of commercial development? The question is not a simple one, and perhaps it will aid us in understanding the seeming optimism of our historian-president if we try to understand how this matter has been dealt with in the past. The sailing ship has given way to the turbine propeller, the galleon to the dreadnaught, the pinnace to the submarine, but is the freedom of the seas which is being fought for today of a kind different from that which was fought for in the days of Drake? And is it to be secured by the same or by different means?

We need not dwell upon the recognition by Roman law of the principle of the right of all to use the seas as a highway, nor upon the claims of various city-states, notably Venice, to dominate portions of the Mediterranean. In view of recent pronouncements from the Vatican, it is interesting to remember that the claim of Venice, picturesquely symbolized by the annual ceremony of wedding the Adriatic, was based in part upon the gift of a ring accompanying an alleged papal grant, and that the struggle for the freedom of the ocean seas began as a challenge

of two actual papal grants of wider significance. In 1454 Nicholas V rewarded the pertinacity of the Portuguese in pushing their discoveries southward along the coast of Africa, by granting to the crown of Portugal exclusive rights of navigation and trade south of Capes Bojador and Non. In 1493, Alexander VI rewarded the crown of Castile for the exploit of Columbus, by giving Spain rights similarly exclusive beyond the meridian one hundred degrees west of the Azores. The details of these arrangements were later modified by mutual agreement of the powers concerned, the final understanding being that Portugal had exclusive rights of trade and navigation by the eastern approach to the Indies, and Spain in the waters of what was supposed to be the western route thither.

Both powers stood ready to defend the privileges which the highest international authority of the period had granted them. They proceeded to deal summarily with all foreign vessels found in their preserves. Although the medieval maritime code, the *Consolato del Mare*, provided for sparing the lives of the crew of a captured vessel, the humanitarianism of the king of Portugal took a different form. John II issued orders to his captains to seize all vessels encountered in the barred zone, and instructed them to cast the crews into the sea, "In order that they may die a natural death."

It was the mariners of France who most frequently braved this earlier form of "spurlos versenkt." They persisted in navigating the waters claimed by Portugal, and established a lucrative trade in Brazil. Their sovereign, Francis I, seems to have been the earliest champion among rulers of the freedom of the ocean seas. To the expostulations of the king of Portugal he maintained, "The act of traffic and exchange of goods is of all rights one of the most natural and best grounded." To the remonstrances of the Spanish ruler, the Emperor Charles V, he replied,

"The sun shines for me as well as for others. I should like to see the clause of Adam's will which excludes me from the partition of the world." The tales of the exploits of Jean Ango, merchant of Dieppe, who sank his enormous fortune in his ventures; of his captains, Fleury, Verrazano, the brothers Parmentier, is an absorbing one. Seeking fortunes for themselves and revenge for comrades fallen into the hands of the enemy and treated as pirates; justifying their acts on the principle that the paths of the sea are free to all; they dared and suffered, and explored new lands, and brought glory to the maritime annals of France. They laid the foundations of her overseas commerce and colonies, but owing to the religious wars at home the superstructure was not built until a later age.

The exploits of the French sailors against the Spanish monopoly were succeeded by those of Hawkins and Drake. Elizabeth's dictum that the sea and the air were common to all was as emphatic as Francis I's utterances on the subject, and Elizabeth's was the better maintained. The victories of Drake in the Caribbean Sea in 1586 meant the death blow to Spain's hopes of effectually barring the western seas. She was felt to be within her rights, however, in establishing a monopoly of trade with her colonies in the new world. The English, in their efforts to obtain trading concessions, or at least a recognition of their right to trade in regions not actually occupied by Spain, following French precedent, sedulously avoided making any agreement that might seem to acknowledge Spain's right to prevent the vessels of other nations from sailing the American seas.

While England was combating Spain's claims in western waters, a new maritime power, the Netherlands, was breaking down the monopoly of Portugal in the east. The ships of the Dutch East India Company won their way against the Portuguese and made prize of their vessels. It was apparently to set at rest the consciences of members of the company who hesitated to pocket profits that

had not been won in peaceful trade, that the Dutchman Grotius wrote his treatise on the law of prize, one chapter of which, under the title *Mare Liberum*, was published as an independent work. The book claimed the seas as a free highway for the ships of all nations, and freedom of trade for all nations on every sea. That age was not ready to accept either claim in its entirety. Two Englishmen, Welwod and Selden, wrote books to vindicate England's traditional sovereignty over the British seas, the limits of which no one was quite certain about. Even the British admirals who were supposed to defend British authority there, could never get the Crown lawyers to pronounce exactly on the point, some holding that British seas extended to the English settlements in America, others being satisfied with a line drawn from Norway to Cape Finisterre. Charles I set out, with his ship money fleets, to supplement the discourses of his subjects by "the louder language of a powerful navy." But it was left for his great successor, Cromwell, to use this latter language effectively, and to wring from the Dutch the concession that their ships should strike flag and topsail in the narrow seas. They always insisted, however, that this was done in courtesy, not as a recognition of British sovereignty over any part of the high seas. International incidents arising from the refusal of French captains to salute occurred until England relinquished her claim during the Napoleonic wars.

As to freedom of trade, the English Navigation Laws stood as a witness that Spain's policy of monopolizing colonial trade was considered worthy of emulation. Such monopolies were carefully guarded, as in Elizabeth's day, and as in her day efforts were made to break them down. To Cromwell's request that Englishmen be allowed liberty of conscience and of trade in the West Indies, the Spanish ambassador replied that it was to ask his master's two eyes. Thereupon Cromwell stopped asking, but des-

patched a fleet to the West Indies to seize a post which might become a centre of British trade.

This action of Cromwell links his day to ours. That the keynote of modern diplomacy and its accompaniment of wars is to be found in rivalry for the possession of land and markets in the extra-European world, has been fully pointed out by historians. It is a fact which cannot be emphasized too strongly. Its significance increases with the study of the whole modern period.[1] One has only to dip into the pamphlet literature of the eighteenth and late seventeenth centuries, or to read a few pages of parliamentary debates, to realize the importance of trade in the eyes of all men. It becomes apparent that the aim of each progressive nation was to increase its overseas commerce at the expense of other nations, and that every new enterprise of foreigners loomed as a menace to national prosperity. Sea-borne trade was the nursery of seamen, and commerce must be restricted to nationals by navigation acts, while commercial ventures of rival states were not alone a menace because they meant diverting profits to the benefit of a rival, but dangerous as the possible foundation for hostile naval power. Since commerce was carried on most successfully by trading companies, it was good policy to give them governmental countenance, and although occasional voices were raised in criticism of their monopolies and the high prices for which they were felt to be responsible, their shares were popular forms of investment, and many of their shareholders sat in the seats of the mighty. The English and Dutch East India Companies were among the first to carry on overseas commerce on a large scale, and much international history is written between the lines of their annals.

"And you, Belgians, courage, courage! Continue to defend intrepidly your rights and your freedom, and with

[1] And its illusions were set forth in "The Expansionist Fallacy," No. 5 of this Review.—Ed.

them the freedom of the human race!" It was not in August of 1914 that these words were spoken. They occur in a pamphlet published in 1727, and the struggle in which they urge the Belgians to persist was a struggle for the freedom of the seas. The ruler of the Belgians in those days was popularly called the German emperor, and though not a Hohenzollern, he was a Hapsburg. The Emperor Charles VI was pursuing a project which bade fair to give the Hapsburg lands something they have not attained to this day: importance as a maritime power. He had issued a charter to a group of Belgian merchants who were already carrying on a lucrative trade with the far east from the port of Ostend. The Dutch and English East India companies, seeing their monopolies endangered, complained to their respective governments, which immediately set in motion machinery for the suppression of the Ostend Company. Diplomatic agents busied themselves at Charles' court, and a flood of pamphlets, in those days of limited newspaper publicity, did what they could in the manufacturing of public opinion. The Belgian pamphlets maintained the principle that "the right to trade in any part of the globe is inherent in all sovereign peoples." The Dutch pamphlets opposed the company on the ground of alleged infringement of treaty rights and agreements. The English pamphlets, wisely refraining from much comment on documents based on papal grants whose authority England had never recognized, argued that English pocketbooks would suffer if the Ostend Company continued to do business. Pitt many years later stated in Parliament that the English government had no right to demand the suppression of the company. But, as the British ambassador said to the Emperor, in language strikingly reminiscent of that of the Spanish ambassador of Cromwell's day, "In attacking our commerce, you fly in the eyes of the English nation." In the complicated diplomacy of five years, the question of the Ostend Company held its own, but in 1731 Charles VI abandoned

it, as he had abandoned many other things of value, to obtain one more ratification of the Pragmatic Sanction.

Eight years later it was England that was carrying on a struggle for the principle of freedom of the seas. Modern research has established beyond any reasonable doubt that the immortal Jenkins did actually have an ear sliced off by a Spaniard who was searching his ship for smuggled goods, and that the tale was not a fabrication of the Opposition that desired to force Walpole to plunge England into war. The Opposition certainly recognized the recruiting value of the incident. "The tale of Jenkins' ear will raise us troops enough!" exclaimed one member on the floor of the House of Commons. Whether or not Jenkins commended his soul to God and his cause to his country, his country embraced his cause as that of the freedom of British commerce from search by Spaniards in time of peace. The British vessels searched were usually smugglers, but the British public was not interested in the right of Spain to safeguard her monopoly of trade with her colonies; they objected to search and to the contention that British ships must not be found in American waters outside the straight path between England and her colonies, and they besieged the doors of Parliament with the slogan: "A free sea or war!" And so was fought the war of Jenkins' Ear, which might have been avoided had it not been for the powerful influence, both with the people and with Parliament, of the South Sea Company; and which did nothing toward settling the point in controversy.

Thus far the principle of freedom of the seas had been invoked in connection with efforts to preserve for the benefit of a whole nation or of favored groups of nationals, all access to the trade and resources of certain regions. During the wars for colonies and commerce which arose from these efforts, the principle was brought forward against interruption of commerce in time of war. In the days when privateering was a recognized adjunct of mari-

time warfare, commerce-destroying was reduced to a science that only the last three years have rivalled. The seizure as contraband of anything which might help the enemy to prolong the struggle, and the confiscation of cargoes of neutral ships, on the ground that part of the cargo belonged to the enemy, caused endless international complications. Treaties of peace began to contain provisions designed to render less burdensome these rights claimed by belligerents. The first step toward anything like international agreement was taken in the treaties of Utrecht in 1713. By these treaties contraband was limited to articles directly useful in war, exclusive of foodstuffs; enemy goods on neutral ships were protected on the principle later reduced to a formula, as "free ships, free goods"; and the method of visit and search was regulated. These arrangements did not outlast the peace, but many later treaties renewed, and some developed more fully, these restrictions, which were naturally more popular with neutral powers and with powers possessing small navies, than with the power which possessed the command of the sea. As that enviable position was held practically without interruption by Great Britain, and as in time of war she used unsparingly the advantages her position gave her, she gained in the eyes of opponent and neutral the reputation of being the enemy of freedom of the seas.

At the beginning of the Seven Years' War France, realizing that she would not be able to control the trade with her colonies, threw it open to neutrals. Great Britain thereupon laid down her famous "Rule of 1756" that commerce illegal in time of peace was not legal in time of war, and attacked neutral ships found trading with French colonies. The answer of Denmark and Sweden to this policy was the formation of the first league of neutrals to protect neutral commerce. The French, hoping that the contrast of their policy with that of Great Britain would help their cause with neutral powers, were careful

not to authorize interference with neutral trade. It is interesting to find the doctrine of which we have heard so much of late, of the menace of British "navalism," formulated in the eighteenth century by the minister of a state which, like England's opponent in the twentieth, was stronger on land than on the sea. It was a French diplomat who expressed the hope that some day a union of nations would be able to cope with England and "establish firmly after the peace, or even during the war, a balance of commerce: for without it no other people will ever enjoy any but a precarious navigation, which will last only as long as it is to the interest of the English government not to destroy it." This statement owes its significance to the fact that it voiced the attitude of a government which, under stress of circumstances, indeed, and not because it saw a light, was departing from the prevailing practice of mercantilism, the reservation for nationals of the benefits of colonial trade.

A British statesman has recently made the assertion that the United States owes its existence to the struggle for the freedom of the seas. He was referring to the Elizabethan struggle against Spain's policy of exclusion, but is not the statement true also in another sense? In so far as the restrictions laid upon the development of the colonies by the trade and navigation laws contributed in bringing about the American Revolution, that movement was a protest against the mercantile system, under which no freedom of the seas was possible.

The United States early ranged herself, also, on the side of the nations that championed freedom of the seas for commerce in time of war. Her treaty with France regulated the right of search, limited contraband to munitions of war, and proclaimed the principle, "free ships, free goods." The treaty which Franklin later negotiated with Prussia established American advocacy of the immunity of private property from capture at sea. In the meantime,

Great Britain's refusal to limit herself in any interference with commerce which might hinder her victory over her revolted colonies and France, gave umbrage to the Scandinavian powers and to Russia, and in 1780 Catherine II proclaimed the Armed Neutrality of the North. To the principle of "free flag, free goods," and the limitation of contraband to actual munitions of war, the Armed Neutrality joined the principle that a blockade to be binding must be effectively maintained. Although Catherine jested with the British ambassador about her armed neutrality, calling it an armed nullity, she told him that Russian trade and Russian ships were her children, and that she was determined to protect them. France had favored the formation of the Armed Neutrality, and Louis XVI improved the occasion by explaining that his only motive in participating in the war was his attachment to the principle of the freedom of the seas.

It is difficult for us today to preserve the proper attitude of respect for the word of a king in this connection, but it is not so difficult for us to understand what was the real attitude of France. England had won from France the greater part of her colonies, and with them a lucrative commerce, and her remaining commerce was being crippled by the war policy of the mistress of the seas. Behind the England which refused to limit her power as a belligerent by accepting a revision of maritime law, stood the England which was the successful commercial rival of France.

The French Republic inherited this much of the view point of Louis XVI. The remedy for the situation France saw in an imitation of England's policy. It enacted a navigation law copied after those of Great Britain, and while declaring that its war against England was a war to free the seas, it proclaimed that as a war measure it was abandoning the principle, "free ships, free goods." Napoleon took up the convenient formula, writing to the Royal Society on paper decorated by a

vignette representing Liberty sailing in a shell, and bearing the motto, *Liberté de Mer*. Years later he read the same meaning into the formula; outlining to Narbonne his idea that England should be attacked through the Orient; he said that the same blow which destroyed her mercantile greatness in India, would win independence for the west, and the freedom of the sea. England's attitude toward sea law gave him a convenient weapon, and he induced his admirer the Czar to form a new Armed Neutrality, announcing that France would not make peace until neutral flags were properly respected, "and until England shall have acknowledged that the sea belongs to all nations." Whether the device of a league of neutrals could really be an effective force in protecting commerce in wartime was not proved in 1800, for after the assassination of the Czar Paul the coalition went to pieces. As in the present war, both belligerents used their naval forces to cut off supplies from the territories controlled by the enemy, and to ruin her commerce. Napoleon in his attempt to close the markets of Europe to Great Britain maintained that he was defending the freedom of the seas against Great Britain's refusal "to recognize international law as observed by other nations," while England defended her "paper blockades" and policy toward neutrals, as necessary, since she must preserve her command of the seas as an "essential to the protection of independent states, and for the prosperity and good of the human race."

The damage done to American commerce in the pursuit of these high-sounding aims precipitated the war of 1812, which was indubitably a war for the freedom of the seas for neutral commerce in time of war, and which would probably have been fought with France instead of with Great Britain had it not been for the question of impressment, and the popular prejudices which had survived the American Revolution. Our championship of rules limiting belligerent rights against sea borne commerce,

and our activities in the suppression of the Barbary pirates, have led us into a rather complacent attitude with regard to our position as to freedom of the seas. It is salutary therefore for us to remember the Bering Sea controversy. When, in 1821, Russia claimed sovereignty over Bering Sea, both the United States and Great Britain protested, and Russia withdrew her claim. But when in 1886 our activities in connection with pelagic sealing caused friction with Great Britain, our defense was based in part upon a claim to have inherited from Russia rights which in 1821 we had refused to admit that she possessed. And when the case was heard before an international court, one of our advocates even justified visit and search in time of peace, regardless of our traditional position on that subject. However, after a certain amount of journalistic jubilation when the award went against us, our cousins overseas charitably allowed the memory of our peccadillo to accumulate dust. That the question of the right of a nation to protect fisheries in adjacent waters is not a closed one, was shown by Russia's claim in the White Sea put forward in 1911. That question, as well as the whole matter of the three-mile limit, is bound to demand further consideration in the near future.

What has been the attitude of Great Britain since 1815, and how far does it foreshadow her future policy? It must not be forgotten that in the long struggle to safeguard human life as well as property upon the seas, the chief burden has been borne by her. In the old days of her proud claim to a salute in the narrow seas, she felt her responsibility to police those seas, and this sense of responsibility has widened with the extension of her commerce, so that she has put the whole world in her debt by rendering the seven seas a safe highway in time of peace. Her adoption of the principle of free trade was probably the greatest single step that has been taken in

modern times toward freedom of the seas, in the sense of breaking down the barriers of trade restriction which supposed national interest had erected. On the other hand, in the race for markets and raw materials, she has not escaped the tendency toward that return to the mercantilistic policy of exclusion in favor of nationals which is so marked in the whole movement today, and which is the crux of the problem. In the aspect of the question which has to do with limitation of belligerent right, she has shown herself responsive to the tendency, so noticeable from 1815 to 1914, to regard war as something to be limited so far as possible to the armed forces of the belligerents. Her substantial concessions in 1856, many of her statesmen have never ceased to deprecate, and it was the growing feeling that she could not afford to part with any more of the advantages her command of the sea gave her, that prevented the ratification of the Declaration of London. The events of the present war make very vital the question how far rules of this sort contribute toward the solution of the problem.

The attitude of the English press toward Lord Lansdowne's suggestion that Great Britain declare her willingness to discuss the problems connected with the freedom of the seas reflects the shades of British opinion at present. Certain papers see the problem as one of war times only, and point out, what American opinion will not fail to echo, that the submarine question will have to be dealt with first and foremost. Two writers face the problem squarely as one of commercial policy in time of peace, and offer solutions according to their creeds. The *Saturday Review* expresses the belief that "so far from examining with other Powers the question of the freedom of the seas, we must re-enact, without delay, the Navigation Laws, which we foolishly repealed in 1849." On the other hand, the *London Nation* sees the impartial distribution of the world's raw materials as one aspect of the real freedom of the seas, and agrees with the French Socialists that the

mistress of the seas that must secure this freedom for all nations willing to live by the rule of peace, must be, not Great Britain, but the future League of Nations. The harmonizing of these two view-points does not promise to be an easy task, and we may be sure that the whole question will have full and free discussion in England and throughout her empire in the months to come. American citizens do not have to consider the problem of resigning to the keeping of a League of Nations a proud and long-cherished tradition of wardenship of the seas. But we are one of the great commercial nations, and no voice will have a more respectful hearing than ours at the peace settlement. Barére, phrase-maker of the French Revolution, summed up the foreign policy of France in 1798 by saying that she had inscribed upon her flags, "Freedom of the seas, peace to the world, equal rights to all nations." We have seen how the first of these phrases has been used again and again in the past to cloak jealousies of the commercial dominance of a rival nation. We know that one thing that it means today is that never again must the history of the world be stained by the wanton destruction of the lives of peaceful travelers upon the world's highway. If it has a meaning also in relation to the world's commerce, in peace or in war, we must see that it is a different meaning from that of the past. For we, too, have inscribed *Freedom of the seas* upon our battle flags, and it behooves us to be certain just where our army belongs in the long procession of armies with banners — just what is the direction in which our standards point.

THE CONDITIONS OF TOLERANCE

THERE is one virtue which we implicitly assume when we discuss philosophy, and usually invoke when we venture to discuss religion. It is the favorite "intellectual virtue" of our time: for, as the sophists disquietingly remarked in their day, and as Professor Sumner shows in *Folkways*, moral touchstones, like clothes, are subject to change of fashion; those of a former generation, taken for granted in all soberness, rise out of old books with a quaintness like that of the "y^{e}" and the long "f" of our forefathers. The "great, the awful, the respectable virtues," such as godliness and righteousness, as terms of approval, are seldom on our lips; the old stalwart, rigid qualities are less admired today than those which are more gracious and humane — than flexibility of mind, universal sympathy, open vision.

But these latter in their turn we have now accepted as ideals, with no warning Socrates at our elbow to demand: "Precisely what do you mean by these new standards which you take for granted?"

"Toleration is so prodigious an impiety," said a member of the Westminster Assembly, "that this religious parliament cannot but abhor the meaning of it." Yet, in that constant gradual "transvaluation of all values" which humanity performs, tolerance has become the golden word of modern thought. And, like all popular ideas, it is unthinkingly accepted and facilely claimed. Even those who admit that they have not attained full measure of it, hide themselves behind the remark: "I am tolerant of everything except intolerance," and thereby yield them altogether: for to be tolerant only of a corresponding tolerance, is like confining your courtesy to polite people. The only attitude which tests the quality of tolerance is precisely the intolerant attitude.

But passing by these simple folk, we may yet find in the more serious-minded the sense of an inconsistency in the very conception, which puts it forever beyond our reach. We may be undertaking the difficult experiment of eating our cake and having it too. Yet even so there may be a refuge: for if paradox should prove to be the final form of truth — a union of opposites present in all living facts — inconsistency will have no devastating effect on it. The very fabric of truth may be woven of just such contradictions; reality may *never* be consistent. But whether or no this be the way out, there are plainly difficulties to be considered, if we are to understand, and at the same time accept, the ideal of tolerance.

At the outset the distinction must be drawn between outward physical toleration and the inward spiritual grace of tolerance. In the first place, tolerance refers to thought, not to conduct. That heretics are no longer burned at the stake is the outcome of a change in social policy; in so far as this change is more than the discovery that heretics are after all not dangerous to the state, it is due to the obvious fact that where there is no clearly delineated, uniform orthodoxy, there can be no heresy — the species is extinct. Whenever the government in power concludes that an idea *is* dangerous to the state, it does not hesitate to break through whatever safeguards to individual liberty of opinion may have been erected in the past. If such action is not legally justified, it is at once shown that laws are dead things, powerless against living human fears and needs.. The application of the Defense-of-the-Realm act in England to distributing copies of the hitherto innocuous Sermon on the Mount, is evidence enough that the governmental attitude towards the subject has not changed in principle. And if, in addition to fear, we have a sharply defined orthodox view, we find that, though ordinary people no longer advocate capital punishment for doubting the Trinity, they did attempt to lynch Max Eastman for doubting the righteousness of

the war. In other words, we have ceased to believe that religious opinions matter to social conduct, while still believing that political opinions do.

The genuine intolerance of the middle ages rested on a different basis. We say: Think what you please, so long as you act in conformity with what public opinion pleases. Plenty of anarchists and pacifists and upholders of the Susan B. Anthony Federal Amendment are still at large because their actions, though not their thoughts, are orthodox. The Inquisition struck deeper, because it was convinced of the genuine importance of thought, in relation to conduct. It was not content with binding the heretic to hold his peace — he must recant. It was so utterly convinced that not merely expediency, but final universal truth, lay in its keeping, that mere error, in the face of this revealed truth, became the ultimate sin.

The question of the meaning of tolerance, then, if it is not simply a matter of social usage, becomes the question, How far is it compatible with conviction? Tolerance may be defined as willingness to sanction the existence of views at variance with our own. The point at issue is not the expression of such views; the most intolerant man may egg on his opponent to complete expression, that he may argue him out of his error. The real tolerance refers to the relation of thought to thought, not of thought to speech. The above definition is one which, I believe, the seeker after tolerance will agree to accept (I have tried it on several). And yet, though presenting a fair idea of the attitude, it holds within itself the difficulty which puts the ideal out of reach.

This inherent contradiction may be stated, in the terms of our definition, thus: we are willing for an opposite view to exist *only* when we are not entirely convinced that our own view is true. The real belief in absolute truth is a missionary state of mind, and carries with it the faith that truth is the one thing worth having. In our day, the infinite variety of ideas which custom does not stale,

has long forced itself upon our attention. In consequence we no longer share the faith of Plato that knowledge, as distinct from opinion, can be secured. We cannot believe anything quite as firmly as the mediæval Catholic believed in an eternal church independent of argument, or indeed of humanity. If we could, we should be as intolerant as Billy Sunday, whom "the pale cast of thought" has never tinged, and, if we were metaphysicians, should go up and down the world preaching the dangers of neo-realism, as the evangelist fulminates against the blasphemy of biological evolution. But Billy Sunday is an inverted anachronism; it is not in the power of a modern of the *commencement de siècle* to recapture his fine careless rapture.

If this be true, if we have grown too modest to declare the eternal constitution of the universe, what degree of conviction and what quality of tolerance are left us?

The first answer is, that we may be willing to admit a view differing from our own because we realize that both may be right. But such a realization, if it is to be more than verbal politeness, implies that the difference is only partial or nominal, and consequently that my opponent's error does not shut him out from acknowledging my truth. I may be a woman suffragist, and yet be tolerant of the views of a friend who opposes suffrage, not on grounds of sex, but because he believes that the suffrage is already too wide, requiring restriction rather than enlargement. If I also am in theory an aristocrat, I can admit the notion that both of us are in a measure right.

But the only real tests of tolerance are the far more common cases, in which, if I am right, you must be wrong. Present species are or are not the result of development or special creation; the world is or is not an intelligible order; our individual personalities do or do not survive bodily death. We cannot be content here to fall back on a different statement of the problem. When we say: "Oh, yes, we both believe in God; to me he is Life Force; to

you, Jehovah," we know in our hearts that we are simply conniving at the draining of all definite meaning from the word, in order to confuse the issue and keep the peace. The one thing needful is, not that we should find blanket terms under which we seem to agree, but that we should drag our disagreement into the clearest possible light, and so find out what we are talking about. Not only our language, but our intelligence suffers from preferring vague unity to distinct differentiation.

Even in such cases there are, however, three conditions which make tolerance tenable. The first of them is, that we do not really care about the issue; we have taken sides, but only because it is necessary to hold some opinion, and so we have no active conviction. We are tolerant because, after all, we know little about the subject, and are willing to leave enthusiasm to experts. I have a friend who, even in the crisis of the present war, keeps critically aloof from questions of politics, seeming tolerant because his own position is held only "academically"; he does not care enough about the subject for that particular truth to seem supremely important. He is tolerant with the ease of indifference. It is easy to give free play to ideas in which we have no compelling interest. In consequence, many of us pretend to a general tolerance, when the fact is, that we carefully choose our examples from among the issues which least concern us.

Much of the modern religious tolerance is of this type. Our culture is so predominantly pagan that Christianity has ceased to play more than a nominal part in our tests of ideas and conduct. This tendency has infiltrated even those who are unaware of the influence; the saving of souls according to Christian theology has become less important than the preservation of good taste, whose standards are set by an unconsciously pagan public opinion. On the other hand, the prevailing paganism has not become self-conscious, since it is hidden behind Christian words; and few have the time or courage to look beneath

words to test their consonance with things. Being the result, not of directed effort, but of drifting, the pagan element in our civilization is not eager to assert itself. So the avowed pagans are tolerant of Christianity, saying: "I do not care for it for myself, but it is good for the masses. As to the church, for people who like that sort of thing, why, that is the sort of thing they like." And the Christians are tolerant of pagan ideals of self-realization, of personal pride and the worldly splendor of luxury and art, on the ground that some of the ideals which they are supposed to accept are after all inapplicable to modern life. Since neither cares to assert itself for what it is, there is the mutual tolerance of indifference. If these two ideals dared to stand forth and contest the field, there would be an end of tolerance, — a holy war, and clearing of the atmosphere.

The second condition of tolerance implies deeper thought on the disputed subject than does the first. It relates to things about which we are not indifferent; but it indicates a mental sophistication which is too cautious lightly to put Q. E. D. at the close of a demonstration. Our conviction has, as it were, a string to it. I read once in a novel a phrase like this: "He was as amazed as a Christian, who, waking after death, should look round the universe and find that there was no God." Imagination gives us tolerance by marring every faith with the suggestion that we may wake up and find ourselves mistaken. And this is just the faith that cannot remove mountains. The idea that the other fellow may be right, paralyzes activity. Only bigots and fanatics set fire to the world without scruple. We sit before the hearth, perhaps, and argue about the brutality and cowardice of much of our current morality, and the obstacles which convention often raises against a sincere and heroic life; and yet, unspoken behind our preaching, is the haunting fear that the wisdom of the ages may not be the hoary folly it seems, that the melodramatic novels may be true,

that considerations unguessed may be involved — and we continue to sit before the hearth.

The presence of the little imp of skeptical imagination marks the difference between philosophical and religious convictions. For good or ill, the other person's point of view, once seen, cannot cease for us. Our most ardent idealism is not a belief for which we would willingly be martyred by the realists: for we might wake and look round the universe in vain for an Absolute. It may be a good thing that the quality of religious conviction has died out among us, or it may be a necessary evil of civilized thinking. But the fact remains that we have no need of tolerance towards views which, consciously or unconsciously, we admit may be more nearly true than our own. We are merely not sure enough of ourselves to risk annihilating the views of our opponents.

The third form of imperfect conviction on which tolerance may rest is the view of truth as purely personal or relative. Subjectivism has been used as a bad name in philosophy for so long that the suspicion of it is usually resented. But it peers out from behind the respectable robe of many a philosophy which has not learned to call hard names. To reduce truth to a fact in individual experience, is to destroy the problem. Genuine conviction, without which tolerance is a mere form devoid of substance, is impossible if the truth for me and the truth for you are isolated facts, having and needing no relation to each other. But little private truths are sufficient only for little private affairs.

All of us want, and most of us take for granted, a real beauty in whose light it is irrelevant that Longfellow is read by a larger number of people than is Shelley. If I really love Shelley, I must believe that in some impersonal sense *Prometheus Unbound* is superior to *The Psalm of Life*. This insistence upon a standard is at the root of all our serious thinking; *de gustibus non disputandum* is a foolish saying: for nothing as a matter of fact is more

fiercely disputed than questions of taste. The social character of thought is so firmly rooted that a thought which is limited to a personal impression ceases to interest us. It has become a mere fact; and we live in a world not of mere facts but of facts which gain their importance only through meaning. It is only of the most trivial acts that we say: This is right for me but wrong for you, because you think it wrong. We do not really even then put the You and the I on the same level, but imply that you will, if properly educated, agree with me. Human nature demands that we habitually will that the maxim of our thought at least, should become a universal law. Only when we apply our convictions, æsthetic, ethical, or metaphysical, to others outside ourselves, do they become more than fancies.

If we go the whole way with Professor Sumner, for example, in the relativity of morals, we are not really, from the standpoint of modern Western teaching, looking tolerantly upon other theories which approve, for instance, the summary extermination of undesirable members of the family. We are simply refusing to adopt the morality of our own or any other age, more seriously than as a guide of conduct whereby we avoid punishment by society. The owning of slaves in the United States, says Professor Sumner, is no longer expedient; but, under changes of social and industrial conditions, it may again become so. Morality, that is, is what its etymology implies — simply custom.

The holder of such a theory has no real conviction of the position which, by geographical and temporal accidents, he holds. He is really trying to place himself at the center of indifference, and his one conviction is that all standards are relative. Of opposition to this, he is frequently intolerant enough. The man who holds that Buddhism best meets the religious needs of India, as Christianity satisfies the conditions of life in the West, thinks himself tolerant of religious differences, because

all the examples are on his side; but he is intolerant — and on his premises justly so — of missionaries, who are his real opponents.

Such are the forms of incomplete conviction which make tolerance plausible. There remain those attitudes which frankly abandon, for both sides, the claim to truth in any absolute sense. Our opinions in any case, they maintain, are but aspects of an all-embracing truth which can be known only to a consciousness of the whole. Your opinion and mine are, therefore, in the limited sense which is alone applicable, equally true. But the only ideas which we can admit to have an equal claim to partial truth, are those which are not mutually exclusive, so that the different facets of the universal truth shall not interfere with one another. Unless we mean simply that a variety of opinion makes the world less dull, in which case conviction does not come in at all, we are unable to admit that a belief diametrically opposed to our own is "just as good," not as a foil, or a spur, to our own thinking, but in its own right. It may be that the Bradleyan Absolute can admit contradictories as equally true, but such mental acrobatics do not come naturally to human thinking. Since we cannot view the world as the Absolute sees it, we cannot, in practice, be guided by the theory that opposite answers to living problems, set in all their complex conditions, are equally true.

The conviction that is softened by an historic sense or by use of the terms of biological evolution, meets the same difficulty. In so far as there is any real demand for tolerance, it must be in the conflict of present issues. We do not need to be tolerant of the past, unless we imagine ourselves in that past, and regard its issues as, for the time being, contemporary with us. Ideas opposing our own may be gently dealt with, as necessary stages of civilization. But if a stage is now no longer necessary, the excuse fails. Cannibalism could not be defended as a civilized practice, simply because it represents a stage

of development. Still less can we tolerate on the same ground what seems to us wrong in modern life. For we cannot without undue vanity maintain that the rest of mankind living under our conditions are less highly developed than we. So the sincere pacifist, for example, cannot properly be tolerant of war as an expression of prevailing savagery, beyond which he has himself advanced.

The theory that opinions and institutions are justified as "stepping-stones," survivals not yet quite outworn, always carries the presumption that we are the apex — an assumption, of course, which evolutionary theory does not bear out. It is possible that our seeming progress may be retrogressive, that the true apex may have been reached in Greece some two thousand years ago. When we look kindly upon (to us) impossible views, with some idea of thesis and antithesis in our minds, we are taking our own position as the synthesis, and, placing ourselves at the standpoint of the whole, implying knowledge of that far off, divine event towards which the Tennysonian creation moves. But if we really think the truth of our vision worth striving for, it is dangerous to hold our reputation for urbanity to be of more importance than insight, by smiling down on opponents as on children at play, not worth fighting. Imperfect as it is, our little truth must seem to us, as it stands, better than any other, without smoothing away the stark contradiction between it and its opposite, and without claiming for it a higher level than for them, if it is to be at once effective and humble.

To all of this it may be answered that our idea of tolerance has been an impossible ideal; that simply by making the definition unwarrantably strict, the quality has been pushed out of reach; and that, on these terms of course it cannot exist. Nevertheless the exact quality of current attempts at tolerance is made visible in the light of that extreme form which we have been considering: as Plato judged the success of actual forms of the state by

comparison with that perfect justice which was to be found in none of them. But if, as the situation suggests, the degree of tolerance is in inverse ratio to the force of conviction, we cannot hold both as ideals. The question is, Which is the more valid?

By assuming tolerance as a possession or even as a goal, we have lost that driving power of conviction which more primitive, less imaginative forms of belief still hold. Perfect tolerance would be an anæsthetic influence; it would militate against that clash of open conflict in which alone are ideas tested. If tolerance is to be achieved only by proportionate weakening of conviction, the prevailing acceptance of such an ideal may be not merely a crying for the moon, but for a burning toy balloon which would be of no value to us if we had it.

The past few centuries have deepened the conception of tolerance, given inner meaning as a virtue to what was originally only a convenience of social conduct. Tolerance in act has been proved practically advisable. It rests on the recognition that the intolerant Calvin, burning Servetus, was a more positively objectionable member of society than the Greek sage whose skepticism was so complete that he would commit himself to nothing more than the wagging of his finger. But if we are right in maintaining the incompatibility of tolerance and conviction, each gaining ground only at the expense of the other, are we not following the wrong star? Calvin was doubtless less pleasant to live with than the Greek skeptic; but, since clear definition of issues is the first step in judgment, the following of the harsher example may clear the way for those battles of thought which change the boundaries of its territories, when diplomacies accomplish nothing.

Socrates, according to Plato, must have spent a good many hours and days in buttonholing young men on the streets of Athens, and pricking the airy bubbles of the catchwords which they used so glibly. His inveterate

questioning often seemed to lead only to a deadlock. "What *is* this justice, this temperance, this courage, of which you seem so sure?" — he would ask, and, after leading them a merry chase along the mazes of thought, brought them to the reluctant conclusion that virtue is not so simple, after all. There was something of the spirit of the detective in this sleuthing among ideas, this quick recognition and rejection of clues. What Socrates was chiefly trying to do — and no wonder he was accused of corrupting the young men! — was to cultivate in his interlocutors the rare art of questioning, to extirpate in them the prevalent stupidity of taking things for granted.

But Socrates did not cure the world of using catchwords. In war, in politics, in religion, even in science, they still pass for the coin of the realm. They are always dangerous: for they always delude one into thinking to be easy that which is in truth most difficult. There is hardly a virtue which we can have without crowding out another virtue. We of the twentieth century have taken tolerance for granted, as if it were as much to be expected as good manners. And we have scarcely thought to ask the price for which it is bought.

If it is only a utilitarian matter of social policy, to be relinquished when that policy changes, we have done foolishly to exalt it as a moral virtue. If we must choose between tolerance and our sense of ascertainable truth in the world, our eyes should be open to the terms of that choice; if we must have a slogan, shall it be, Live and Let Live, or The Truth is Mighty and Shall Prevail? If, on the other hand, the field of tolerance is limited to cases in which we are indifferent or skeptical, much is to be gained in humility and sincerity by the frank avowal. We may cut the Gordian knot, and boldly accept the paradox. In any case, something is gained, if only that we have asked, What do we mean by tolerance?

THE NEO-PARNASSIANS

". . . But I would implore them to abstain from wearing their knees out before the shrine of the ugly and grotesque when there is all the beauty of the world for the choosing." — Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson.

AWAY back in the dark ages, when the kindergarten was still an experiment, a stern elderly person — doubtless a relic of the yet earlier age in which children addressed their mother as "Honoured Madam," and never sat down in their father's presence — a person of far-seeing but ruthless mind, would every now and then arise to predict that Froebel and his disciples, by making things too easy for the infant intelligence, would produce a spineless generation, with the mentality of rubber dolls. Changing the figure, with apparently an eye upon the dentist, this pessimist would point out that a pap-fed race could have occasion for, and therefore would develop, no teeth.

It is far from my purpose to venture, with presumptuous foot, into the happy fields of pedagogy: it is only that certain straws, gyrating in the intellectual zephyrs of the moment, have arrested an inquiring eye, and awakened a mental question as to how far the disaffected prophet may have been right. Is the multiplication-table set to music, and gayly sung rather than acquired with labor and sorrow in the dark watches of the study-hour after school, really responsible for a contemporary mental condition which seems to demand that even the simplest short story be expounded by the editor, in type which dwarfs the title, lest the readers' brains grope vainly for its meaning? Have our early fumblings with strips of many-colored paper rendered us incapable of coping with even the most obvious canvas? Were those well-beloved blocks and cubes the true instigators of Csaky, Brancusi, Delaunay, and the rest — sculptors who last year set us gasping? Did "Birdie in the treetop" blaze the trail for the divers

exponents of "interpretative dancing?" Most harrowing of all, have the "finger-plays" of babyhood, designed for the gradual awakening of the child's consciousness to his five senses and his little ego, led up to the reverberating chaos of words which we are now called upon seriously to regard as poetry?

Let the responsibility rest where it may, we have been relentlessly herded and driven far by those who in this day and generation assume to mold our opinions for us. We have survived the onslaught of Cubism, Futurism, St. Vitism and what not, in art: is there anything in stone or bronze, or on canvas, that can now take us by surprise? We have outlived the shock, and can even derive pleasure from the spectacle, of our elders joyously cavorting between the tables when we ask them out to dine; other times, other manners. We have learned to listen unabashed and with the proper modicum of concern while Sweet-and-twenty, who has been to the "movies" and knows whereof she speaks, discourses between the soup and fish upon themes erstwhile supposed to be undiscussible, unless by physicians and students of sociology. We can even look without remonstrance upon our nearest and dearest attired only less frankly than Josephine when she essayed to convince the world of the superiority of her challenged charms to those of Madame Tallien. We have had hitherto one refuge when all this grew too much for us: we could exclaim, if we still had the hardihood to quote Tennyson, "I will bury myself in my books" — of course omitting the remainder of the line, which is "unsocial." Now this stronghold also has been battered down. If we seek diversion in a story which is really a story, and not a tract — if we venture still to take pleasure in those who until to-day have been considered poets — we are upheld to the contumely of our fellows as "primitive," "elementary," and our beliefs are made a by-word and a hissing in the public prints. Ours not to reason why, ours not to make reply: we are expected to go for

artistic and literary pabulum where we are sent — "forty feeding as one," like Wordsworth's cattle; and perhaps, to borrow once more from the Light Brigade, ours but to do and die, intellectually, may be the result.

Doubtless most of the "advanced investigators" (inspired circumlocution of M. Andre Salmon) in both art and literature are sincere; yet it seems an almost unavoidable conclusion that this epidemic which is upon us in many forms, all disagreeable and unnecessary, like any other epidemic, arises from a physiological condition akin to the tarantism which once swept southern Europe, giving the tarantella its name, and not to be cured even by the startling method of burying the victim up to the neck in earth. The mythic spider having bitten him, whirl he must, until he drop exhausted. Crueler than the earlier spider of whose bite noble Tom Thumb died, the ferocious arachnid of our day, like the *Lycosa tarantula* of the Middle Ages, is ravaging at will, and sparing no age, sex, or previous condition of activity. The "bite" may not prove fatal: but while the madness lasts, clarity of vision, calm and coherent utterance, are not to be expected. The dervish-like frenzy of literary and artistic production will of course eventually wear itself out; but until it does, those who by Heaven's mercy have been spared the infection can only, with what patience the gods vouchsafe, stand out of the way and look on, deafened by the insistent remedial strains.

Even as heat-waves above the summer fields and sands cause fixed objects to shimmer and fluctuate before the eyes, sometimes creating actual mirage, so the extraordinary brain-waves of our day seem to influence human conduct and, necessarily, its reflex, achievement in art and letters. It is not that both subject and handling are so often grotesque or deplorable; it is not — though the spread of any epidemic is regrettable — that more and more worthy craftsmen fall victims, hypnotised by others' gyral eccentricities, and by what a recent promulgator of

the cult terms "the strident and colossal song." It is that these, clamoring for their own prepossession, deny us ours!

"Dolly," besought the heroine of Miss Broughton's first novel, the novel which created a school of fiction, and which her unsuspecting father told her was unfit for her, a young woman, to read: "Dolly, am I so very ugly? Look!" Her sister, thus adjured, surveyed the appealing face. "I do not admire you," she returned, calmly. "But that is no reason why some one should not!" Cannot the apostles of the tarantist persuasion, in its varying manifestations, show us an equal liberality? They do not admire what one of them has summed up as "the completely solved, tabulated, indexed problems of the past:" but may not others who do be permitted to enjoy them in peace, unobjurgated? Those who are labelled "early-Victorian," "primitive," "elementary," are usually possessed of the ornament, no less out of date, of a meek and quiet spirit; and, if let alone, will continue on their unobtrusive way, neither assailing nor disparaging schools whose inspirations do not attract them. Why may they not be permitted to adhere to their ideals, unwhipt of neo-justice? — since the untrammelled tarantist proclaims with no hesitating voice his right to stand up, naked and unashamed, for his own!

There is one certain result of intellectual or any other sort of bullying; present forcibly enough to any man that he is merely a worm, and he is bound in the nature of things to "turn," with what vigor he may — and as the late Sir William Gilbert well said, "Devil blame the worms!" Tell a man often enough, and contemptuously enough, that he doesn't know what he is talking about, and his most cherished beliefs are only so much junk, and you inevitably goad him into nailing his colors to the mast. The holy martyrs need not have died for their convictions if they had not been badgered into, not merely holding, but flaunting them! Again, to fall back upon my Gilbert,

"versifier" and master of "smart-aleckry" though it seems he was, as measured by a recent standard —

> "I hate to preach, I hate to prate,
> I'm no fanatic croaker;"

and I am driven to couch my lance and gallop into the lists chiefly by a modern form of challenge unrecognized of Chivalry: "My ladye is fairest because yours is foul and void of grace!" Your lady is fairest? — no man has a better right than you to think so, or to say so: but it is unknightly to attempt bolstering up her claims by a personal attack upon *my* ladye, whose charms I justifiably hold to be supreme. The glaive being down, there is nothing for it but the onset — and may the best man win!

In less archaic phrase, no man who knows his Milton and his Wordsworth can sit silent and be told that "when a perfect sonnet" (a *perfect* sonnet, remember!) "is duly whittled out, it is usually found to be worth about as much as a well-crocheted lambrequin" — whatever that may be. No man who has delighted in his Praed, his Ingoldsby, his Locker, Calverley, Lang, Austin Dobson, Owen Seaman and the rest, can see them all swept into the scrap-heap as "worn out — an exhibition of adroitness . . . for impressing a circus audience!" No man can hear with patience the undoubted fact that the blank verse of Shakspeare and Milton was "written quite without rhyme," adduced, with an air of giving light to them that sit in darkness, by way of supporting a hurly-burly of words which has been well compared to "pumpkins rolling over a barn-floor." That blank verse does not rhyme is too "elementary" to need discussion: and the Eocene minds which still read Shakspeare, Milton, and even Tennyson, are thoroughly aware that the construction of blank verse is governed by no less rigorous rules than the sonnet or the dainty old French forms which Austin Dobson and our own Bunner made exquisite in English. But the foe of rhyme is by no means limited to

blank verse in support of his thesis: experiments in unrhymed metre are by no means new. Bulwer tamed the Latin verse-forms to eat out of his hand; Ossian and his collateral descendant, "Fiona Macleod," made chamber music of the wild harp of the Gael; Aldrich, in his youth, went far toward establishing his fame with the *Ballad of Baby Bell:* Charles Henry Lüders, untimely dead a generation ago, achieved a gem in his brief dirge, *The Four Winds*. One may be a poet without ever having written a line in metre. It is doubtful whether Mrs. Meynell's well-won reputation — a reputation which brought her, in a "popular ballot" for England's laureateship, nearly six thousand votes, and a place second only to Rudyard Kipling — does not rest quite as much upon the poetic beauty of her essays as upon her verse. "The mighty engine of English prose" is always available for the writer with "a message;" Lincoln did not elect to "sing" his Gettysburg address, which no recent bard whom it has been my privilege to read has surpassed. If the bearer of the "message" have not the sense of music which produces that perfection of rhythm needing no grace of rhyme; if he object to rhyme "because," according to a recent candid outburst, "it is so confoundedly hard to find!" the lyre and even the oaten pipe are not for him. Nothing is easier to compass, in either prose or metre, than the cryptic, the portentous; the bellow of the trombone, the thud of the big drum, will always cause some one to listen, at least long enough to find out what is causing the disturbance. But neither Vorticist, Polyrhythmicist, nor any other specialist in Parnassian wares, need flatter himself that lines of assorted lengths, huddled like jack-straws, make poetry. If any message be there, it is obscured and marred by its uncouth disguise; if there be no message, the "work" has even less excuse for being. I am far from denying the right of every one to express himself in whatever way he think fit: it is wholly his own affair, and it may be, like Benedick's

hypothetical lady's hair, "of what color it please God." But if it be neither verse nor honest prose — if it be cacophony for mere cacophony's sake — he who takes in vain for it the name of poetry, does it little service.

One of the strange symptoms of the modern tarantism is this unrelenting hostility to beauty: in fashion not less than in art it is the ugly and the queer, in fiction and verse the pathological, the unpleasant, that seem to be assiduously striven for. The arts are sisters, children of one father; their aims are closely allied, and if one step down from her high estate, the others are likely soon to show the unfortunate influence of her example. Bad taste in sculpture affects us more disagreeably than bad taste in painting, because sculpture stands forth with us, in our own atmosphere, while the picture confines within its frame an atmosphere of its own; bad taste in dancing is worse in the drawing room than on the stage, being by so much nearer; and bad taste in literary expression is more distressing than any, because, after all, it is only music which has so intimate an appeal as the written word. Only music and the written word become a part of us, dwelling with us unsought, singing to us unurged, lingering with us in the silent hours when our mental sentinels or taskmasters are off guard, and if a graceless pretender, professing to be what he is not, intrude upon the starry company of the heaven-born, shall not the intrusion be resented?

What is poetry? There are many definitions with which few of us can quarrel; but one of the most direct, and at the same time most comprehensive, is that poetry is the expression, in terms of beauty, of what humanity feels — that beauty of thought, beauty of feeling, beauty of form, which implies truth, sympathy, clarity of vision, imagination, and the unerring sense of fitness which is good taste. And if this God-given beauty, twin-sister to music, be not inextricably woven, like a three-fold thread of gold, through and through the very fabric of the soul, it is never

to be acquired — no mastery of prosody, of rules, of libraries full of the "best examples," will avail. It is distinct from inspiration, which may be a single bolt from the blue: it is rather an attribute, to venture upon the methods of Sir Boyle Roche, of the voice of that inmost higher self which the late F. W. H. Myers called "the subliminal mind" and which Maeterlinck has termed "our unknown guest." Let the man whose literary endeavor, well-intended though it be, is without this essence, call himself what he please: he is not, nor can he ever be, a poet.

Meanwhile, those who remain unbitten of the dread *Lycosa* may find peace in M. Andrè Salmon's dictum that "critics encourage the most absurd, for the most absurd is necessary to art" — which may be stretched to include the art of letters — and anything that is really necessary may, by right effort, be endured. It is sufficiently clear that not on this side of the bridge of Al Sirat shall we and the Neo-Parnassians agree: but we can at least avoid each other like gentlemen.

HUMANISM AND DEMOCRACY

WHEN our fathers formulated their program for democracy, and announced that its chief objective was to secure for the individual, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, contemporary records show that they generally believed that if these ends could be attained, a new golden age would be inaugurated among men, and that all the various ills would drop out of life. We have been disillusioned. Since the formulation of the Declaration of Independence we have learned the extreme antiquity of man upon the earth, and we have learned by what slow and tortuous paths the human family has zigzagged up to its present state of imperfection. To-day we do not hope that any form of government can assure us an immediate millenium, and we look with suspicion upon any prophet who promises an immediate utopia. Condemned as we are to look with straining eyes towards a distant land of promise, some remote perfection of our race, we are all the more jealous of our chance to do our bit in achieving that goal. The inalienable right to life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness, has yielded place to the inalienable right to grow. Forms of government seem worthy to endure, in proportion as they minister to growth. We still cling to democracy, because it still seems to promise the largest chance for growth. It is a significant fact that along with the phrase "make the world safe for democracy," there has sprung into existence the phrase "make democracy safe for the world," as if to warn us that democracy like all forms of government, is not an end in itself, but a means to an end, and that end is humanism.

In conceiving this paper, my patriotic purpose was to prove how humanism helps democracy, but all the

way along I have been conscious of being guilty of an enormous *hysteron proteron*, for the real issue is not how humanism helps democracy, but how much democracy helps humanism. And what is humanism? Something too large to be defined in a single sentence or paragraph. It is a number of things. In the first place humanism is humaneness; not exactly, however, the kind of humaneness that the editor of the *New Republic* believes in. Perhaps you remember how a year ago a distinguished professor of Greek hung a metaphorical millstone about the neck of Mr. Abraham Flexner and cast him into the midst of the sea, because he had attempted to poison the wellsprings of knowledge for a whole generation of young people. On the millstone was inscribed the indictment: "Mr. Flexner is not the first man who has had the courage of his insensibilities." At this the editor of the *New Republic* declared that the distinguished professor had been very inhumane, and was therefore an unfit exponent of the humanities. One wonders with what gentle and humane words Minos and Aeacus and Rhadamanthus will speak to Mr. Flexner when he comes to judgment in that long line of those who, having done irreparable harm in this world, present as their only excuse the fact that they were sincere in their good intentions. Humanism is humaneness based where Socrates and Plato based it, on knowledge, understanding and intelligence.

Humanism is a conservation of the highest achievements of the human spirit. It gives substance to the seemingly paradoxical belief that for the rank and file of men, nine-tenths of the future lies in the past, — that certain giant men long dead, still have power to lead the race to heights that the majority of us but dimly see. To put it negatively, humanism represents the belief that a majority of each generation go to their graves without having entered upon their inheritance, without even having suspected that they had an inheritance,

having lived not so much in their sins, as in ignorance of the glory that humanity has already attained.

A true humanism will include and properly appraise the mental achievements of its own age. The danger always is that the newer achievements will be seen out of all proportion, and overrated because of their nearness. To-day we are dazzled and blinded by the stupendous achievements of a new materialism, a materialism far subtler than that which sprung up a century ago. In the first half of the Nineteenth Century some men of repute were saying that "the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile," and "life is but the action of the sun's rays upon carbon." Against this gross and crass materialism Emerson arose as our champion, a prophet who had lighted his torch at the altar of Prometheus in the Academy of Plato. By the light of that torch men again began to see things in true proportion, and to-day we can say of those earlier materialists "their knowledge is the wisdom of yesterday." But the new materialism is far subtler, boasting far greater achievements. Two years ago the headlines in the papers announced that a man in Washington had talked by wireless telephony with a man in Hawaii. We were filled with pride at this new demonstration of the power of the human mind to master the laws of the external universe. And yet after all, the question is not how far you talk, but what you say. Did the man in Washington say to the man in Hawaii anything so important as the messages which Plato sent by wireless across the centuries to Emerson? When we read the prayer which Plato put into the mouth of Socrates at the close of the Phædrus: "Give me beauty in the inward soul; and may the outward and inward man be as one. May I reckon the wise to be the wealthy, and may I have such a quantity of gold as a wise and temperate man can bear and carry," we are ready to strive to prepare ourselves to be torch-bearers in the great race.

This is no small program that humanism undertakes:—to make a man thoroughly humane; to eradicate all the brutal instincts and all the cruel traits which two hundred thousand, perhaps two million years of savagery have implanted in his nature; to conserve for him and in him all the highest spiritual experiences of the race; to make him a worthy member of any celestial gathering however nobly conceived and constituted, this is a program requiring not merely the fifteen or twenty years usually allotted to formal education, but a lifetime, and perhaps a million years beyond. The million years beyond is too much for the practical man, and he holds up his hands in protest, declaring: "Such doctrine is too other-worldly for me. If you train the children to tune their harps for another world, who is going to kill the hogs, and dig the sewers, and mine the coal?" To such a question I would reply in the same tone: "You need not worry. There is a certain gentleman, a veritable colossus on the educational sky-line, who uses one foot to direct the schools at Gary, and the other foot to trample down an over-rampant idealism in New York City. He will see to it that the millenium is not ushered in too hastily." In the last municipal election in the city of New York, we had a splendid example of Tammany's political astuteness in temporarily aligning itself with the idealism of the proletariat on the east side. To the foreigner who comes to this country, America means one thing above all else, and that is the chance to emerge from the class in which he was born. The rebellion among the foreign population of New York against the Gary system, was not a rebellion against industrial education as such, but a rebellion against the idea that their children were to have industrial education and nothing more. Our practical man, even if he is unwilling to look forward a million years, must at any rate look back a million years. No one can hope to see our educational problem in its true perspective unless he is

willing to take his stand at the entrance of a palæolithic cave, and look across the centuries at the toils of our race as it has attempted to differentiate the brutal from the human.

In every school house there are palæolithic children, neolithic children, bronze age children, iron age children, children of the golden age, children of a thousand different aptitudes and limitations. The mussed up condition of our educational program, the incoherent wrangling about educational theory, is largely due to our failure to keep this steadily in mind. Somehow we have not fully appreciated the fact that endowment is more than training, and we are still hoping that in some way we can perform the miracle and carry the neolithic child on our shoulders across the ten thousand, or possibly the fifty thousand, years that intervene between him and abstract thought. And because we have wished to do the greater miracle, we have failed to do the lesser one that makes for the slow but sure growth of the race. It is not strange that a cry has gone up for vocational training. It is strange, however, that we did not foresee this just demand, and meet it even before the demand was made. At the present moment there is danger that the interests of the more gifted child will be sacrificed to meet the need of the less gifted one, that our whole public school system will be Garyized, and that the proper foundation of our higher education will be impaired if not destroyed. In a neighboring state a year or two ago, the state superintendent of education sent out notes to the smaller high schools, advising that courses in domestic science and agriculture be substituted for geometry and Virgil. It did not occur to him that he could establish a lower form of education without destroying a higher form. It did not occur to him that the state was rich enough to pay for both forms. Many years ago I lived near a rich stock-man who owned the finest herd of shorthorn cattle in the Middle West. He paid a man $2,000 a year to care for his cattle; he

sent his children to a school where no teacher received more than five hundred dollars a year. I will not say that he cared four times as much for his cattle as for his children, but I will say that we have here the solution of our problem. If we would spend four times as much money on our elementary schools, vocational and industrial courses could be properly established, classes could be reduced from fifty to fifteen, the needs of each pupil could be carefully studied, the pupil of lesser gifts could be directed into industrial courses without humiliation, and the pupil of higher gifts would make his way normally and naturally to geometry and Virgil.

In one year of the war we are spending twenty billion dollars. The interest on this vast sum at four per cent. is eight hundred million dollars a year, — or just fifty millions more than we spent on all forms of education last year in the United States. We are willing to spend this amount of money to make the world safe for democracy. Are we willing to spend a similar sum to put real meaning and content into the word democracy? It is conceivable that during the war we may become so accustomed to giving and tax-paying that after the war we may be willing to make similar sacrifices that democracy may have a fair chance to bear its true and legitimate fruits. In the first year of the war Mr. Rockefeller has given to the Red Cross and other philanthropic causes $70,000,000. He has done this with immense satisfaction, and without serious inconvenience. It is to be hoped that during the war he and our twenty-two thousand other millionaires may become so accustomed to paying income taxes that it may degenerate into a habit, and that after the war, from this source our funds for education may be doubled or trebled. Mr. Rockefeller should be financing not merely Mr. Flexner's experiment station in secondary education; he should be financing a hundred other secondary schools in an equally splendid way. But we can never hope to make our educational program

really significant, merely by compelling the millionaires to pay their rightful share of the expense. We shall never succeed in this program, until we have become sufficiently interested in the matter to be willing to make sacrifices ourselves. It is with extreme regret that I am compelled to admit that the heart of this great problem is economic, and that the streets of the New Jerusalem we are striving to build, must be not metaphorically, but literally paved with gold.

If we can assume that after the war industrial education will be properly established and financed without diverting funds from the higher forms of education, if we can even assume that the funds available for the more humanistic training will be greatly increased, there still remain two potent forces in our educational world which seriously threaten to undermine and impair our democracy and the humanism which is its eventual goal. I refer to the corrupting influence of athletics in our high schools and colleges, and the attitude of the state towards the small college.

One can hardly "see life steadily and see it whole" without recognizing the fact that it is necessary to house a sound mind in a sound body; but after all, the supreme thing is the sound mind. If our school and college athletics had been willing to make this its chief objective, little or nothing could be said in arraignment of athletic contests. But the present athletic situation makes one ready to cry aloud that ancient indictment found in a fragment of the Autolycus of Euripides: "Of all the countless ills that prey on Hellas, there is none that can be compared with this tribe of athletes."

Since athletics have been introduced into the public high schools of the Middle West, there is no question that a somewhat larger number of boys have continued in the high schools. There is also no question that there has been a very marked lowering of intellectual standards. And what is worse, our high school students and whole

communities have been imbued with a false sense of proportion. To run half as fast as a greyhound, to jump one-fifth as far as a kangaroo, to kick one-tenth as hard as a Missouri mule, these are the principal things, these are the weightier matters of the law. These contests with the brute world, in which we are always defeated, have taken the place of the higher intellectual contests of humanism. The school superintendent or principal who can turn out a winning team, he is the man, the new patriot in our democracy. Let me illustrate. Three years ago in one of the small towns of Iowa, the superintendent of schools received a considerable increase in salary because he had turned out a basket ball team that had defeated all the teams in the neighboring high schools. The next fall four members of the winning team entered the State University of Iowa as freshmen. Before the end of the year they had all been sent home because they could not do their intellectual tasks.

But to turn to a second menace to humanism — the attitude of the state towards the small college, or perhaps it would be truer to say the attitude of the administrative officials of our state institutions towards the small college. A conversation which I had last summer with the dean of the college of liberal arts in one of our state universities, will illustrate what I mean. In this conversation the dean expressed the opinion that the great majority of small colleges in the Middle West would be reduced to junior colleges (i. e. their work would be limited to the freshman and sophomore years), or meet with entire extinction. He was even more specific in his prophecy, saying that five per cent. of the colleges of the type of College X would die or become junior colleges during the war (if the war lasted three years) because of the reduced income from tuition, and reduced financial assistance from private gifts. He made this prophecy with a smile, as one heralding a blessing. For the moment he forgot that a majority of the students in his graduate

school came from colleges of the same class as College X, and he failed to foresee that if his prophecy were fulfilled, large sections of the state would be left in educational darkness. Now College X has had an honorable history of forty-five years. It has done much to make democracy safe for the world. It has sent out hundreds of graduates and ex-students fit to participate in self-government, and with some notion of what is meant by an international mind. At the present moment it counts among its alumni one hundred and forty-two who are engaged in teaching, including one university president who administers $18,000,000 for educational purposes, and twenty-five college professors in such institutions as Beloit, Drury, Dupauw, Lawrence, Grinnell. Many others of its alumni, on their way to law, medicine, theology, have served the state effectively as teachers. And yet the dean would brush aside this work with a smile, would allow this college and similar colleges to die or be reduced to junior colleges, without a word of protest, perhaps in the thought that his own college of liberal arts would minister adequately to the educational needs of the state. In that state at the present moment privately endowed institutions are caring for more than twenty thousand students, and are making an annual gift to the state of more than three million dollars. These institutions are well scattered, and reach localities untouched by the university. Higher education must be carried to the various communities. The number of young people that can be sent to college is increased fivefold, if those young people can be housed and boarded at home, and if there is no railroad fare to pay. To illustrate: the county in which the state university in question is located, sends seven hundred and eighty-nine students to the university, more than the total number sent by sixty-three counties in remote corners of the state. Out of five hundred degrees conferred by the university in one year, one-fifth go to students residing in the county in

which the university is situated. It is obvious that the university is bringing higher education to one county, and failing to bring it to sixty-three counties. The work however is being done by the small colleges. But the dean was right when he intimated that many of these small colleges are fighting for their lives. Twenty-five years ago the professors in College X were receiving $1,500 a year, — a home missionary's salary even in those days; but to-day they are still getting $1,500. Last year a deficit made a considerable inroad on the endowment fund. This year the deficit will be larger, because seventy of her advanced students have gone into the army. And the state stands by in indifference, watching an institution die that has served it well for forty-five years — an institution that it must replace at public expense, or leave a corner of the state in educational darkness. I think that the real hope of the dean was that such colleges might be reduced to junior colleges, and that the available funds might be spent in improving the instruction in the freshmen and sophomore years. But he could hardly say this, for last year the students in his own university were loudly protesting that they were being neglected, and that teaching had been sacrificed on the altar of research. But even if the dean could not say it, why is it not a reasonable suggestion? Why not cut off the last two years of the college course and improve the instruction in the earlier years? For the simple reason that the state is too rich to permit of any curtailment of the opportunity of intellectual growth for its young people. It is gratuitous assumption that the students who had done two years' work in the small college would complete their work in the university. The small minority who are going into professional work would do this, but the large majority would end their training with the sophomore year, and democracy and humanism would suffer simultaneously an irremediable blow. Let us hope that the historians of later times will

not be compelled to write: "In 1917 the Kaiser not only blew up the cathedrals in France, but he also helped to dynamite our American colleges."

There is an old proverb to the effect that the streets of Jerusalem were kept clean by every man sweeping that part which lay before his own door. On one side of our domain runs the Lincoln Highway, on the other side the road which began before the altar of Prometheus in the groves of Academe. Both of these roads later converge in that straight and narrow path that leads unto life. It is our high function to keep these roads free and unobstructed — to walk a few parasangs with gifted young people; to fit them to be effective ambassadors of Truth, by persuading them to thumb a Latin lexicon until they have attained a reasonable precision of speech; to help them attain the refinement of diction that shall eventually result in a greater refinement of character; to teach them to appreciate the beauty of a Greek temple or of a fragment of Greek sculpture, furnishing them with a basis of æsthetic judgment, that will serve them well until they meet Plato's archetypes face to face; to feed their imagination with the radiant buoyant life of Homer; to show them how Horace fashioned a livable life philosophy out of the *aurea mediocritas* of Aristotle; to initiate them into the Socratic doctrine that Knowledge is the mother of all the virtues; to crown them with a universal sympathy by interpreting with them the "*Lachrymæ rerum*" of Virgil. Can anyone conceive a life in which pleasure and duty are more inextricably intermingled?

This is the humanism that is the fairest fruit of democracy, and which in turn makes democracy possible. Two years ago I heard one of our most eminent political economists say in a public address that the chance of success for a democratic form of government was in direct proportion to the number of citizens who were capable of abstract thought. We do our abstract thinking in the main through the help of Greek and Latin derivatives.

Let us not underestimate, and let us not permit anyone else to underestimate, the importance of our contribution to the success of democracy, when we train our students to a certain precision in the use of Greek and Latin derivatives, by long years of patient drill in careful translation. It is our privilege to help develop their latent powers of abstract thought by furnishing them with the tools with which they may do their thinking. This is the largest single contribution we can make to human life, the largest single offering we can lay on the altar of Truth.

Our success in holding ourselves and our students to this great task will be determined largely by the set of life values we carry into the class room, and by our ability to differentiate that which is important in Greek and Roman civilization from that which is negligible and unessential. I sometimes fear that we have forgotten that only the higher elements of any civilization are worthy to be transmitted to posterity, and that forgetting this we have permitted many of our courses to be denaturized, dehumanized, and Germanized.

In seven out of ten of the text-books of the classics edited for college use, the notes are written, not for freshmen and sophomores, but for those who have already attained or are going to attain the degree of doctor of philosophy, a degree that was first made in Germany. This blight of the doctor's degree has invaded not only our courses in the classics, but every course in the university curriculum that can in any sense be called a humanistic course. It is high time that we form a solemn procession and make an offering on the altar of Robigo, god or goddess of the rust.

In the natural and physical sciences we do not resent or criticize futile experimentation. We are willing that that six hundred and five futile experiments may be made that the six hundred and sixth may be successful. We expect this work of experimentation to be more or less dehumanizing, in its drudgery, that in the end the fruit

of the successful experiment may confer some blessing upon the human family. We do not protest against a doctor's dissertation in science in which the results are wholly negative. But we do protest against a doctor's dissertation in literature or history, which has compelled the *doctor designatus* to spend months of his time on some inconsequential subject, giving him a false perspective and a false sense of proportion that it will take him years to get rid of in his teaching.

Let it be understood that this protest against the doctor's degree is not a protest against the length of time that is given to graduate studies in preparation for teaching. This should be increased rather than diminished. It is a protest against some of the objects to which the years of graduate study have been devoted under the shadow of the doctor's degree. It is "a place in the sun" that we are demanding. In using this phrase "a place in the sun," I am not plagiarizing that one whom Henry Van Dyke has christened "the damned vulture of Potsdam," but a far better man, Diogenes of Sinope, who once requested Alexander the Great to get out of his daylight and give him his place in the sun.

In conclusion let me cite an incident from the life of Zeno, the founder of Stoicism. It is related that Zeno once asked the oracle what he ought to do to live in the most excellent way. The reply came back that he ought to become of the same complexion as the dead. Whereupon he immediately inferred that he ought to apply himself to reading the books of the ancients. This is the Zeno who promulgated the doctrines of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, who fashioned the molds in which the Roman Law and Roman Christianity were cast, who conceived of a world democracy in which friendship should be the guiding principle, and in which Greek and barbarian alike should have equal privileges and equal opportunities for growth.

THE MODERN MEDICINE MAN

MEDICINE, like other natural phenomena tends to the cyclic. Having passed safely through the drug period of evolution, both allopathic and homeopathic, into the no-drug state of so-called "preventive medicine" which has nothing to do with medicine as the word is commonly understood, this ancient mystery of the cure of bodies is now reunited to its equally ancient but long alienated mate the cure of souls, and this bewildered generation is confronted with the amazing spectacle of the lion of science and the lamb of religion lying down together. Whether the ultimate resting place of the lamb will be inside the lion is not yet disclosed to the anxious and inquiring mind. Again the priest and the physician are combined in one person, and we see before us the modern counterpart of the antique medicine man who exorcised the devils that possessed and tormented the soul and the body, and by sorcery and incantations treated impartially diseases of the spirit and of the flesh. Again the accepted cure for blindness is to "go and sin no more."

It is especially that borderland where soul and body meet and fuse in what a recent treatise on the diseases of the nervous system calls "the psychic or symbolic system" that the modern medicine man takes as his province. In this No Man's Land he is master of all he surveys, and his sextant comprises the universe in its angle.

We are prone to think of diseases of the mind as a specialty of modern life. But the briefest review of history would indicate that these symptoms of maladjustment to the environment have been evident from the earliest times. Adam and Eve are said to have developed "par-

anoiac delusions of persecution," a kind of *manie à deux*, accompanied by hallucinations of vision described as "seeing snakes." Their elder son was afflicted with a "homicidal mania," while the younger was apparently a case of "constitutional inferiority." Noah was a well recognized "alcoholic," Job was subject to severe "depressions," Nebuchadnezzar exhibited "praecox dilapidations of conduct" and Saul was a pronounced "manic-depressive." The Bible contains many edifying and well worked-out case histories with prescriptions for the treatment of such difficulties. It was Isaiah who outlined the newer method when he said, on the highest authority, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

It was perhaps through dwelling on his own race history and literature that the newest prophet in Israel, the famous, to some infamous, Viennese professor, Sigmund Freud, came to invent the latest prophylaxis for mental disorders, now widely known under the name of psychoanalysis, at present the best recognized specific for many mental disorders, and particularly for those orgies and "hang-overs" of the soul, the "manic-depressive psychosis."

This is the chief of the new designations for one of the old diseases, the failing reserved for the especially refined and subtle mind, the form of complex developed most frequently in the most delicate psychological machinery. This psychosis is the protest of the winged spirit against the humdrum dead levels of the main-traveled roads, a near relation to the "hysteric" refuge of the æsthetic nature from the vulgarities of everyday life, the "præcox" preference for childhood's happy hour, and the "paranoiac" escape from the banalities of a society composed too exclusively of well-meaning, friendly but unbearably tiresome folk. All these phenomena are but the outbreak of the higher nature, the reaction of the superman, that

creature of light and air, to the dullness and dreariness of this underworld, in which the chrysalis drags out its drab and worm-like existence before the emergence of the butterfly.

In view, however, of the stubborn fact that the superman must continue to exist (unless indeed non-existence is the state preferred) in a world made up largely of subnormal, or even more deadly normal beings, the overbred and super-sensitive must seek some form of reconciliation to the fundamental absurdities that pass for real life, must even submit to something in the nature of a "cure" for the disease of superevolution, some esoteric bloodletting process as it were, in order to restrain the impulse to skip like a lamb in the sun on the hillside, and confine the gait to an anemic crawl along the narrow path of the commonplace.

Psychoanalysis appears to be the "indicated" treatment for these adjustment difficulties, and it is the purpose of this article to suggest to the as yet uninitiated some of the novel features in the mechanism of this psychotherapy, and to offer a few reflections thereon.

To assume the greater ease of the first person singular, I should perhaps say in passing, or by way of apology, that if I appear somewhat unduly and indecently personal in my observations on the new psychology, it is a habit fastened upon me by a half year of indulgence in an orgy of such voluble self discussion and analysis as I had previously fondly fancied to exist only in young ladies' boarding schools. Figure to yourself, if you can, the inevitable result of conversing about your "soul," and unburdening all its secrets and reserves in tri-weekly sessions with an inquisitive stranger! The process is a throw-back to those unsophisticated days when the Knight of La Mancha and a group of other romantics, met for the first time by accident in a country inn, whiled away the long evening in the unrestrained and interminable narrations of their lives and loves, complacently revealing to one anothers'

sympathetic and, one would imagine, sometimes startled gaze, the secret springs of their existence.

The psychoanalytic process begins, I may explain, with such a relating of one's personal history, occupying many hours, and covering all that one has ever done, said or thought. One starts with reminiscences of the nursery and the kindergarten, and passes on to a detailed description of the coloring, height and contour of one's first love. As this, in the case of a woman, is supposed to be her father, it is necessary to pause for some time on the aspects of the paternal figure, which affect all her subsequent emotional reactions, according to the well-known course of the so-called "Oedipus complex." This is the imposing designation for the generally observed preference for each other of mothers and sons and of fathers and daughters, a phenomenon that the new psychologists, who take the common place with a seriousness! deem worthy of the most painstaking examination and erudite elucidation. "The root complex" and "the family romance" are other alluring titles for this parental-filial relation. This sentiment is supposed to modify all the so-called "affective" life. If father happens to be tall and thin and blond, then daughter, having a "fixation" on him, is, for all time to come, particularly susceptible to the attractions of tall, thin, blond men of advanced years. The analyst inquires minutely into the shades of complexion of all the patient's *inamorati* in a manner that recalls the familiar "I see a dark man coming over deep water" of the tea-leaves in the tea-cup stage of one's experience.

After the patient has sternly and heroically resisted the temptation to invent in the interest of her own self-respect, and also in mitigation of the ill-concealed contempt of the masculine practitioner for the paucity of her experience, a few more numerous and more romantic emotional episodes than have actually been doled out to her by a penurious fate, and has completed the short and simple annals of her poverty-stricken heart history, and

after the incredulous inquisitor has become at last convinced that there is indeed nothing more to be told, this chapter is closed, and then begins the régime of dreams and "free association."

The interpreting of one's dreams seems to furnish the doctor with a secret source of amusement that he tries in vain to dissemble, and as one is only too glad to make up to him in some measure for the hours of obvious boredom that he has endured while listening to one's *apologia pro vita sua*, one indulges him by forming the careful habit of grasping firmly by the tail every elusive dream as it tries to whisk around the corner of consciousness during one's first waking moments, pulling it painfully and resistingly back for close and detailed scrutiny, and laboriously committing to memory and subsequently describing its every feature and function at the next matinée performance at which one makes an appearance.

The chastening discovery of the dreamer who relates his dreams to the professional interpreter is that all that has been carefully withheld from revelation in the related autobiography, is disclosed with the most embarrassing crudity, and that secret sins of which one was quite unconscious are displayed with mortifying clarity. The dream is a mechanism for letting the cat out of the bag, all kinds of strange cats, of the existence of which their harborer was often unaware.

Dreams seem to reveal the dreamer as a hypocritical, evasive, self-deluding coward, unable to face the commonest facts of life, or to call a spade anything less innocent than a parasol, or even to confront his own friends and acquaintances, except by forcing them to masquerade under some so-called "surrogate" form.

My previous personal experience had led me to identify a surrogate as some kind of judge, but I soon learned that this narrow and technical meaning must be replaced by the more general signification of "substitute," though

why the word substitute should not be considered good enough to use in this connection, I never learned. This is but one of the many examples of the perverse preference of the technicians of the new science for strange distortions of words with well recognized and frequently quite different meanings in common parlance. It comes as somewhat of a shock to the beginner to hear all emotion summarily classified as "sexual," normal filial or parental affection designated as "incestuous," friendship as "homosexual," self-respect as "narcissistic" and the life force or will to power as "the libido." Soon, however, one becomes as resigned to this strong language as to the evolutionary hypothesis, and finds it a no more unpalatable thought that all emotion is derived from sex than that all human beings are descended from an apelike ancestor. That this common use of the exaggerated statement leaves no adequate expression for the more intense emotions fails to disturb a cult that apparently regards all differences of feeling as of degree rather than of kind.

The narration of dreams puts slight work on the dreamer, and sorely taxes the mental resources and the ingenuity of the interpreter, but the real labor, the strenuous and unremitting toil to which the unhappy victim of this ritual is subjected by a pitiless practitioner is in the rigors of what goes by the disingenuous name of "free association." This may sound like some pleasant if not spicy and highly unconventional pastime, but is in fact and literally a procrustean bed of torture. The helpless patient is forced to remove her bonnet and shawl and recline upon a couch with her eyes closed. Her merciless tormentor retires to a comfortable armchair in a corner of the room. There, because he is out of sight of the patient, he is supposed, according to the workings of the mysterious masculine psychology, to be entirely removed from her consciousness, so that she can concen-

trate her mind on nothingness, just as if she were alone by the fireside. Then he starts in with something like the following initiation of the third degree: "What are your associations with the word authority?" You are supposed to respond to this irrelevant inquiry with something like the following idiotic emanations, "Government—Washington—the President—Mrs. Wilson—orchids—grandfather's greenhouse," and if you are entirely resigned to making a fool of yourself, and can abandon yourself to the spirit of this child's play, this is what you finally learn to do, after many strenuous efforts to play the game, and the final attainment of a reasonable self-stultification.

If, however, as is likely to be the case, you are a more or less feminine person, instinctively unwilling to exhibit your mind in *dêshabille*, and fatuously intent with a persistency worthy of a better cause on making a good impression on the only person present, you learn to use these opportunities to tell him everything to your credit that you can think of, and by carefully working out, preferably in advance, a chain of passable associations, to present yourself, your character, and your career in the most favorable light. The wide range of possibilities in this process that are open to the designing patient seems to be scarce dreamt of in the philosophy of the gross masculine mind.

This brings me by easy and inevitable stages to the important topic of the "transference." To the unenlightened this may be defined as the mock modest and deceptive designation invented by the psychoanalyst for the more or less ardent affection for himself that he cold-bloodedly sets out to inspire in his victim. The doctor, for the benefit of his patient, temporarily transfers to himself and appropriates the devotion which normally belongs to father, brother, husband, son or lover. To be sure, it is to remembered that as there is no such word

as friendship in the psychoanalytic vocabulary, an attitude of confidence or admiration must be represented in terms of a deeper sentiment.

Of course what happens is that the patient mistakes for an attachment of the heart what is in reality only an intimacy of the mind, because such an abandon of reserve is indissolubly associated in the feminine mind with the ties of affection. According to the true Jamesian psychology, she loves because she confides, instead of confiding because she loves. How a poor man patient manages can only be surmised, but there are indications that the knowing of the sex furtively seek the ministrations of a woman analyst.

Apparently the theory on which all the varied forms of this treatment are based is that the catharsis of the mind is essential to mental health, the emptying of all that is in it, the expulsion of dead matter. The nausea of the soul is relieved like its physical analogue by freeing it from the undigested matter, the "repressions," that lie so heavily upon it. The self-contained nature that refrains from spilling over and strives to maintain itself without recourse to the safety valve of confidence must in the end unload its burden.

After the destructive process is completed and the ground cleared for the constructive measures that are to rear the temple of the "*mens sana in corpore sano*," the heavier half of the work remains to be done; for the gigantic task to which the practitioner of the new prophylaxis sets himself is nothing less than the reconstruction of the character of the patient. Indeed, a recent work on psychoanalysis has for its title *The Mechanisms of Character Formation*. The conversions that the Rev. Mr. Sunday and his less notable peers are wont to accomplish in an hour, these painstaking scientists patiently bring about in from some scores to some thousands of hours of equally strenuous labor. I am informed that

the cure of the first case of a certain type undertaken by one of these under-studies of the Eternal, actually consumed two thousand hours, and that the cure of the specific disease required the entire reconstruction of the character of the sufferer. Presumably the bill for "professional services" involved in this beatification was $20,000. One wonders whether the character that resulted was worth the price. The consulting room of the psychoanalyst is the new Beauty Parlor where those dissatisfied with their mental and moral physiognomy may have the lines of stress and strain smoothed away, and may gain the roses and lilies of a rejuvenated spiritual complexion. Unhappily I am unable to speak at length and with authority on this phase of the treatment; for I am at present only just entering upon the period of metamorphosis. I see dimly, "as through a glass darkly," my own apotheosis looming ahead, but the road to that celestial height looks a long and weary and appallingly expensive journey.

It is the time element that perhaps most impresses and depresses the student of the new prophylaxis. In a recent paper by a competent psychiatrist the writer refers as follows to the impracticability of studying a group of cases in a public hospital on the plan of getting the patients to understand and explain their own difficulties:

> At the rate at which the best of the psychoanalysts work, it would not be possible properly to study in the course of the year more than a dozen cases. Furthermore, the results of such work are of importance purely for the individual, and no generalization can be drawn therefrom. . . . Also, no generalization being possible, it is a matter of piece work; to study one hundred cases according to this method would require the efforts of fifteen to twenty psychologists on full time for many months.

In the opinion of the faithful, Freud, the inventor of psychoanalysis, is to psychiatry what Darwin was to biology, but as Darwin's theory of evolution required more aeons than the geologists were able to oblige him

with, so Freud's method requires more time than the calendar affords. Darwin's theory of the variation of species had to be modified by the theory of mutations or sports. Freud's methods, to be workable, must be adapted in some way to the indisputable fact that there are only twenty-four hours in the day, and only three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

A careful mathematical calculation of the number of hours required to cure a psychosis by this new prophylaxis reveals an alarming disproportion between the minute number of physicians available, and the incalculable number of patients requiring their ministrations. One of the most ardent devotees of the new method is a practitioner who, according to the testimony of a confrère, enters upon his daily endurance test at 9 A. M. and without any luncheon psychoanalyzes continuously until 7 P. M. As the ordinary patient is supposed to require three hours a week of this treatment, for about five months, the doctor can, by working ten hours a day, treat twenty patients in one week, or allowing him two months vacation in summer (and he will need it) handle forty patients in one year. This, alas, is but a drop of medicine in the bucket of disease, and unless, by some homeopathic adaptation of the five-hundredth-dilution principle, we can make our medicine go farther it is only a limited number of the rich and leisure class who can ever be cured by these new methods. This is the prostrating situation that confronts the humanitarian — a little group of healers bravely but hopelessly taking up arms against a sea of mental troubles.

One cannot help wondering whether such exhaustive thoroughness is really essential. It seems sometimes to the disillusioned seeker after truth that the relation of the conscious life history, the revelation of the unconscious through dreams, the display of the mental processes through "free association," are but the hocus-pocus devised for keeping up the conversation between the analyst

and the analyzed — a crude, clumsy, masculine technique for discovering, by somewhat labyrinthine methods, the essence of the personal quality of an individual. Might not this be obvious in a few hours of ordinary intercourse to a person of intuition, practised in the art of plucking the heart out of a mystery, instead of chopping up the whole anatomy to get at it?

The expenditure of time and effort and money required to gain the occult ends of what seems like a blind and blundering process, is certainly colossal. What the patient puts into it is comparatively unimportant. A fool and his money might as well be parted sooner as later, and the time of the patient, especially in the state of depression in which he ordinarily seeks treatment, is worth so little that killing it is as good a use as any to make of it. But think of the physician — a man of parts, of much general and special education, who has added to a large professional equipment the complicated technique of a laborious method that only a German thoroughness gone stark and staring mad, could perpetrate on a makeshift world, which, with all its failings, has not lost its sense of humor or its perception of the relative value of things mundane, and does still discriminate between time and eternity. Think of a first rate mind expending itself for hours on end in the minute scrutiny of some trivial neurotic mentality, probably as like as two peas to thousands of other equally insignificant particles of matter that pass for individual organisms.

If indeed the interest in another personality is the essence of the "cure," one is tempted to ask why these egocentric erotomaniacs should not derive the same and mutual benefit from interesting themselves in one another? Why not pair them off, male and female as originally created, and embark them together on this ark of refuge from the deluge of the common life in which they are drowning? Let them sit by the hour, the day, the week,

and talk about their "souls," relate to each other's absorbed attention their life history, interpret each other's dreams, and join in the freest of "free association." Let the blind lead the blind, the sick heal the sick, the erotic love the erratic, and silly soul mate with silly soul, leaving the authentic souls of the doctors to be saved from stultification, and their talents used for the benefit of human beings who are really and truly suffering.

But, alas, there seems to be no such easy panacea for mortal ills: for to attain its ends the process must apparently be presided over by a superior if not superhuman intelligence. And the patient, if scientifically or benevolently minded, can take comfort in the thought that his case is perhaps sufficiently different from any hitherto handled to enable the investigator to benefit almost as much as the patient by the experience. Perhaps the months that the biddable patient who has overcome his "resistances" devotes to coöperating with the scientific explorer, may be reduced to weeks in the treatment of the next like-minded individual who submits himself for treatment by the more practised practitioner. I recall my despairing comment upon a doctor's tale of the case that it took two thousand hours to cure, and the reassuring response that, now that the technique had been worked out and published, any competent person could turn the trick in from one-tenth to one-twentieth of the time.

The psychoanalytic approach to mental prophylaxis is perhaps still, after twenty years of groping progress, in the experimental stage. The few bold spirits who have braved the ridicule of their conservative confrères, and left the main travelled roads, are hardy pioneers blazing trails and treading out paths that will in time be easy traveling. It is inevitable that in the delicate operations by which these spiritual sawbones are mastering the mystery of this new art of the vivisection of the soul, they

should sometimes cause pain or even cut in the wrong place. But they are inspired by a very human sympathy for their victim-beneficiaries, and are rapidly learning their way about the spiritual anatomy, and discovering the skillful use of mental anæsthetics.

The strangest thing about this extraordinary process is that it really does cure the mind diseased. Where and what, one asks, and continues to ask, is the nexus between treatment and cure. Has any patient, however completely recovered, ever found out? Do the practitioners of this occult ritual know themselves, or have they simply hit on a practical technique, without a comprehension of a rational philosophical basis for its major operations? Is this like early groping experiments with "animal magnetism," or mysterious forms of electricity which brought results long before an understanding of the reason of their success was arrived at? However this may be, it still remains true that, judged by its results, the new method, however dark and devious, must still be acknowledged to have attained a success, not sporadic and accidental, but continuous, consistent and increasing, and apparently, though incomprehensibly, connected as effect to cause with the procedure which has been sketched, or shall I say caricatured, in the foregoing pages.

"THE PUREST OF HUMAN PLEASURES"

TOP-HEAVY civilization is always righting itself by a side-reach after the "primitive" and the "elemental." Weary capitalists and professional men play — expensively — at what when all's said is but a child's game of ball enhanced by feats of walking. Science gives us the motor; and slug-a-beds who have hitherto accepted sunrise as an act of faith grow to be connoisseurs in effects of morning haze and chiaroscuro.

Perhaps, then, there are many others who, like myself, have discovered, in this year of the travail of humanity, the sober and healing pleasures of the garden. Of course I had always intended to have a garden sometime, on the same principle by which I hope to see Japan, to read the Old Testament in Hebrew (having first mastered a dozen other languages more immediately relevant to my business), to have my twilight stage of knowledge regarding the material universe dispelled by the blinding light of modern discovery. I had even used the planning of this garden, with its companion brook, grove, and lawn, as a lure for sleep. But that was a paradise for the eye alone; and in my heathen blindness I dreamed that the joy of the garden was in the beholding. Most pityingly I look back upon that time of ignorance. Confess, fellow amateurs, is not the joy in the making? Even harvesting, the end for which the garden was made, yields the gardener himself a crasser pleasure, as compared with the stirring of the earth, laying down seeds in a row like a string of matched stones, and most of all watching the young plants, obedient to his design, prick through the earth and advance from seed-leaf to bushiness or stateliness, from foliage to flower. To gather the fruits of your labor justifies your enterprise, but it is something like receiving royalties for a work of art born in a flash of inspiration.

To see the delicate green shoots, perfect in their vague promise, and innocent of the blights, distortions, and frustrations that may overtake them later on, stretching up and unfolding where the other day there was only black earth, is akin to the first vision of some great creative idea, before one meets its penalty in hours of toil and cheated hope. There is even a tinge of guilt in our pleasure; we have digressed, in the name of civic duty, from our lawful callings, considering that we made some sacrifice of time or strength, and our virtue has turned into an indulgence.

One of my first discoveries (after the simplest rudiments of the art I essayed to practise) was that of all topics on the lips of men the garden is the most conversable, the most fraternal. Hitherto, observation had led me to suppose children and rheumatism the most universal of interests. Having neither myself, I have been cut off from that fluent intercourse upon first steps and first words, adenoids, preventive dentistry, potatoes carried in the pocket, baths of hot brine, and the proportion of protein in the diet, which makes strangers or friends akin. There was always the weather; but — unless one has a garden, as sensitive as a poet to every nuance of sun or atmosphere — talk of the weather is a mere subterfuge, a symbol of our inarticulateness and awkward shyness masking our human yearning to know our fellows and to wish them well. The garden, as a subject of discourse, combines all the pretext offered by the weather to hint our good will without violating our shyness; all the diversity and perpetual surprise of a child's development; all the right to condole with misfortune and to be agreeably officious about remedies enjoyed by those who encounter the rheumatic; all the delight of professional note-comparing known to invalids, cooks, and pedagogues. To appear in my garden, equipped with sun-hat and hoe, was, I found, to be hail-fellowed by every condition of men — pickaninnies, delivery-men, professors, elegants

and inelegants, experts and inexperts. My acquaintanceship among my neighbors grew like Jonah's gourd. "Do you mind my asking what that line of white strips is for?" "To warn the English sparrows off my pea-vines." — "Would you like some young cabbage-plants?" — "Your corn is lookin' fine!" Common interests were visible and inexhaustible.

Other sociabilities also I have found in the garden. We prate a good deal of "companionship with nature," and go out fussily to seek it, with camera, bird-book, field-glasses, and expensive camping gear. In the garden one loses all this self-consciousness. Instead of personifying nature, and offering her the compliment of man's society, one sinks into one's place as a piece of nature. The catbird spluttering joyous music at me, almost forgetting to be afraid; the cardinal that looks down where I stand tossing off a magnificent plume of spray from my watering-pot, and whistles, "We-e-ell! Who'd-have-thought-to-see-you-keeping-at-it?" and I myself, turning to my own uses the perpetual need of life to renew itself, to evolve out of seed and bulb new seeds and bulbs, which shall give birth in time to other seeds and bulbs — we are all part of the same process.

With our Little Brother the Robin I am approaching intimacy. It is pleasant to see him assume, with almost human egotism, that the worms I turn up, the strings I plant by, the stakes I drive, are special providences for himself. Yet I have never quite won his confidence. I have often longed to speak to him, explaining that there are worms enough for us both, and how easy I find it to scatter a few extra strings for his nest-building; I have longed to reassure the wild doves who run about on their pretty pink feet in the long grass near the garden, and at my approach fly away with a protesting soft "chitter-chitter-chitter." I realize afresh, as I have often realized in watching people coax squirrels to eat from their hands,

or children lavishing affection on brainless hens and rabbits, that if there had been no Saint Francis, it behooved mankind to invent him. On the other hand, the gardener, a fighter in the struggle for food, finds the impartial views of the dilettante asking for "companionship with nature" quite unthinkable. The wild rabbit, which only last winter I thought an engaging creature, has not changed the sleekness of his brown coat, his funny little white tuft of tail, or his wavelike movements; but he has become repulsive to me.

A whole new set of values, in fact, takes possession of mind and senses. One comes to like the writhings of the angle worms in the muck, knowing that they do the gardener service. Various sights and contacts, once offensive, being now considered not simply in themselves, but in relation to our purposes, become indifferent or actually pleasurable. Even whiffs of fertilizer, if suggestive merely, give an agreeable sense that the work is going forward. And what an infinite gulf between "dirt" and "soil"! There lies between a whole initiation into secrets chemical and biological. Once I passed by garden tracts with undistinguishing eyes. Now to see them stifled with weeds, or to see the earth stiff and lumpy, affects me like walking in New York slums, or like a hideous grouping of colors; to see the earth mellow and finely tilled is satisfying, like a good chord in music, or like a firm strong drawing.

Digging, planting, transplanting, watching the sky, I have come face to face with the meaning of words I have known all my life, in the dim way we know most things outside our own importunate concerns. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." It is one thing to understand this saying botanically, and another to see it exemplified when you are breathlessly awaiting the result. "An enemy hath done this!" I cried when the wild rabbit stripped my young bean-plants, or when some great dog made his bed in my onion-patch.

All sorts of images, from parable, poem, and story, reawake in my mind with a morning freshness and brightness. And in my turn I have enacted, or experienced, many a little apologue. For example, I discover that plants grown in over-shaded spots fall victim no less surely to what sun they get, on scorching days, than those quite unprotected. Here are the facts; the moralist may make of them what he will.

What would any art be without its disappointments and anxieties, its hours of depression that measure the worth of the goal striven for? The amateur gardener has his share. I pass over in forgiving silence — almost silence — the haughty fashion in which the masters of the craft, professing to offer information, so give as to withhold. Your professional is a thorough classicist; "nothing too much" his motto. Enough, and not too much, whether it be vanilla in the cookies, exercise for the invalid, "corroborative detail" in the narrative, or sunshine, water, fertilizer, depth of earth, mulching for your plants. And this all-important but inscrutable rule is the despair of every amateur. A grievance perhaps more personal to myself has been the unnatural behavior enjoined on me toward seedlings of my own sowing, my own cosseting. In a sense, I had brought them into the world, and now I was told some of them must be done away with, that the rest might thrive! As I edged along the rows, unhappily choosing, among all the pretty youngsters, the victims for the sacrifice, I reminded myself of Catiline ('tis consoling, at last to have a use for one's education); *notat et designat oculis ad caedem unumquemque.* Sometimes my human instinct to value every individual and to lavish care on the weak has got the better of me. I do not dwell on the experiments to which I have resorted; but some of them, in spite of the doctrinaires, were triumphs! On the other hand, I have bitterly resented deformities and discolorations in my nursery. For the first time in my life

I understand how the Spartans could expose for death infants blemished in mind or body. I understand what fierce parental pride is at the bottom of many a father's or mother's blindness to faults and commonplaceness.

On every side I hear from fellow-enthusiasts detailed schemes for next year's garden, vows of perpetual gardendom. I do not echo them. I have been initiated; a certain bond with my kind is mine henceforth. But the purest of human pleasures, as Bacon called it, is likewise the most tyrannous. Other joys may be caught up in Gideon's fashion, while one marches on one's way. Once the garden possesses you, it leaves no room for anything beside. The garden-seat of Adam and Eve has been universally regretted. But what had they to do except name the creatures, dig, sow, and reap? They did not have to pay their way with money, nor answer letters, nor read the newspapers, nor vote, nor keep track of the bacterial count in the milk they drank, nor study past history in order to interpret the present, nor even to learn the science of horticulture.

WAR FOR EVOLUTION'S SAKE

IN its last throes the cruel Neo-Darwinian philosophy of nature and man is having one terrible, final, satanic triumph, for it is in no mean measure responsible for this incredible war, and especially for its incredible brutality. For just as the war and the peculiarly revolting and degrading methods of its conduct bear the "made in Germany" stamp, so does the Neo-Darwinian conception of evolution and its method bear the same precious label. For it was not only that Weismann of Freiburg gave form and seeming validity to this conception, during the course of his violent attacks on Lamarckism, but it was his following troop of German biologists and natural philosophers who gleefully put the conception into final form for general assimilation. For, as we shall explain later, it was a kind of biological philosophy that fitted in beautifully with German political and military philosophy; everything to the winner, nothing to the loser.

In the evolution of the human race the different peoples and nations are the analogue of the different species in lower creation. Just as among these brute species of field and jungle, ocean and stream, there is a constant relentless struggle of one species against the other nearest like it in habits, or nearest it in space, or most in the way of its increase numerically or expansion geographically, so is it among the peoples of the earth. And just as the species with the advantage of longer tooth or claw, or more ferocity, more endurance, or more cunning, wins by killing out, or, as among certain ant kinds, enslaving the other, so is it with these higher brutes, the peoples of the earth.

Human evolution is governed by the same factors as brute evolution, and the all-mighty and all-sufficient

factor is natural selection on a basis of life and death struggle and survival of the winner. Therefore the whole matter is very simple: that people is the chosen of Nature and God that devotes its best attention and energy to the business of fighting and fights in the most approved brute way with complete rejection of all those unnatural, debilitating and disadvantageous principles that an artificial and weakening form of social evolution has grafted on to human life. For this social evolution that the human species has adopted is based on a principle that is in direct conflict with nature, the principle of mutual aid and altruism. Nature's principle is mutual fight and antagonism.

Thus said Weismann and his Neo-Darwinian followers; and thus quickly repeated the men who saw in this philosophy exactly the needed foundation and sustaining pillars for their own militaristic philosophy. In this fundamental natural philosophy they found exactly what they needed to give their militarism full acceptance among the German people; namely, the cold, disinterested support of science, the potent aid of scientific dogma. For Science is the German religion. The *Gott* of the German Kaiser is a god of steel and power, not of heart and pity. German success, so far as it goes, and of the kind it is, comes in truth from *Gott und uns;* but from their kind of god and their kind of us.

I heard the first impressive exposition of this Germanized Darwinism in a great German University twenty years ago, and I heard the second impressive exposition of it only a year ago at the Great Headquarters of the German General Staff in occupied France. This latter exposition was well illustrated by the conditions of the moment — and it was a memorable one for me. Here was the apparently conquering species, pushing into the land of the struggling native species; here was the species longer in tooth and claw, more ferocious and brutal, more unscrupulous and cunning, apparently winning in

this biological struggle for existence, — and taking breath and a few moments to explain why. No wonder we win; for we are in tune with Nature. We win because we ought to win for the sake of the future of the human race, for the sake of its evolution in harmony with natural law.

But now, in all soberness, what is really to be said of this German logic; this German philosophy of war and war methods; this holy justification on a basis of natural law of everything that seems worst and utterly hopeless to most of the rest of the world? Let us look at the whole matter, both the biology and the Germanism, in the light of freedom from dogma and outraged feeling. Let us look both at the alleged natural law and the German creature so camouflaged by it that he deceives himself into believing that he is really the superman that his philosophy paints him. For it is quite true that many Germans, many educated Germans, do believe what they say of themselves and of their Holy Crusade under the banner of Natural Law.

First we can say of this natural law that it isn't natural law. Evolution is not all caused and controlled by natural selection; natural selection is not all based on cruel and extinguishing struggle; struggle is not all blood and violence. In a word, Nature is not all red in tooth and claw. And, finally, human evolution is not all identical with brute evolution.

The last score of years has brought us a wonderful new knowledge of biology. And it has brought us, too, a new realization of the great deal that we do not know about biology. The most conspicuous and significant part of our new positive knowledge has to do with the processes and results of heredity. The most conspicuous and significant part of our realization of our lack of knowledge has to do with the explanation of evolution. And the two things are intimately connected.

The time has come when the explanations of evolution need to be, and can be, looked on in a light free from

control by dogma. When this is done the hollowness and the hatefulness of the long reign of the much more than Darwinian Neo-Darwinism is clear as day.

Let us glance over the history of the doctrine.

The Greeks had ideas about evolution based less on known facts than on the visions and promptings of minds endowed with creative imagination. Yet these ideas foreshadowed in curiously close approximation the evolution conceptions, not only of the natural philosophers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to whom are usually ascribed the first formulations of the evolution doctrine, but even many of the newer formulations of the present and just passed centuries.

Even the essence of Darwin's famous explanation of evolution by natural selection is suggested in the expressions of some of the Attic philosophers. As, for example, in the writings of Empedocles, who conceived of a creation of separate animal parts of a great variety of kinds and the coming together of some of these parts to form viable organisms and of others to form combinations unable to persist as successful creatures, because unfit to meet the demands of natural conditions.

But it was the great French naturalists, Buffon and Lamarck, who first expressed the evolution conception in fully worked out and reasonable form, while it was Lamarck who first offered a simple and wholly plausible explanation of evolutionary cause and control. His explanation remains to-day the simplest and most appealing to the reasoning mind of any that has been offered.

Unfortunately it lacked, and still lacks, the necessary basis of indispensable proof for its most fundamental assumption, to-wit, "the inheritance of acquired characters," that is, the inheritance by the immediate offspring of those structural and functional changes or "acquirements" which came to the parents during their life because of their special use or disuse of parts and

their individual reactions to environmental conditions. The young giraffe had a longer neck than it otherwise would have had because its parents had stretched their necks by continual reaching up to the leaves on the highest branches. The young man-thing of Glacial Times had weaker and less developed scalp muscles because its parents had gradually given up any considerable use of these muscles for twitching their heavy shocks of hair to frighten away the flies.

Then came Darwin with his natural selection explanation, a very different explanation from Lamarck's, and one also very plausible and logical. Darwin did not altogether disbelieve in Lamarck's theory; but he believed much more in his own. Later came the Neo-Darwinians, and they went the whole way of rejecting Lamarck's explanation entirely, and accepting the natural selection explanation as the wholly sufficient cause and the only one needed to explain all evolution. The leader of the Neo-Darwinians was August Weismann of the University of Freiburg. He had as followers most of the German natural philosophers.

What is this "natural selection" that we all know so well by name, and so little, I am afraid, by content? For natural selection is much more widely known as a dominating scientific dogma, accepted popularly with little question as a sufficient explanation of evolution, than as something to be itself explained and viewed with a proper scientific doubt. As a matter of fact, it is high time that it should be generally known that not many naturalists of standing today accept natural selection as a sufficient explanation of the thoroughly accepted fact of evolution, or even as the most important among the numerous probable contributing factors of evolution. Indeed there are many reputable naturalists who repudiate natural selection altogether, as an actual contributing factor in species-forming and descent, and concede its influence as an evolutionary control, only in most general relations.

But in the popularization and wide acceptance of the natural selection dogma, we are in face of one of those familiar histories of the rise and dominance of a plausible, logically-constructed, apparently simple and sufficient explanation of a great problem pressing for solution. It is difficult for the world to accept the evolution theory without a causal explanation of it. But as the known facts prove the theory beyond reasonable doubt, it is necessary to accept it. Hence there is to most people a simultaneous necessity for accepting some explanation of it. Natural selection has had the fortune of being, since Darwin's time, the generally accepted explanation. What then is it, really?

It is an explanation of evolution which it is the merit of Darwin to have devised; — or perhaps we ought already to say in the light of the fatal results brought about by the wide unreasoning acceptance of it, it is the demerit of Darwin to have devised; — an explanation based partly on certain observed facts, but more largely on a certain logical elaboration of argument for which the observed facts are assumed to be sufficient base.

The more relevant of these facts are the production by parents of too many young and the slight differing of these young among themselves in most of their characters, physical and mental. The production of too many young leads, according to the natural selectionists, to a life and death struggle for existence among them, and the slight differences among them lead to a decision in this struggle on a basis of the slight advantages or disadvantages of these differences. The two logical conclusions seem to be inevitable on the basis of the two facts.

On the structure so far reared, however, other blocks are placed. The selectionists believe that by the laws of heredity, although the young of a different parent or pair of parents do differ among themselves, they resemble their own parents more closely than they resemble other

individuals of their kind of species. So that the young produced by the survivors in the struggle for existence, although again slightly differing from their parents and each other, will, by the laws of heredity, tend to reproduce in their make-up the advantageous variations which were possessed by their parents and which gave these parents success in the struggle for life.

More than that: some of these young will tend to possess those advantageous differences — this by the laws of variation as antidote needed just here for the laws of heredity — in even more marked degree than existed in the parents, while others will possess them in less degree and still others in about the same degree. Hence, the particular young showing the increased differences will be the individuals of this generation to survive in the struggle. These will then leave behind them new young again tending to possess in varying degree those advantageous variations from the old or species type that make them especially "fit for the conditions under which they must live."

Thus there will result, in a series of many generations, a gradual shifting of the character of the species to the type characterized by an ever increasing and perfecting of the original advantageous differences. This is "species transformation," or the "origin of species" by natural selection. It is evolution on a basis of life and death struggle; extinction of the unfit; and survival of the fit, fitter or fittest. And just as with the different individuals inside the species, so with the different varying species. Each struggles with the other and the one or ones with the advantageous differences win at the expense of the others.

There is no doubt of the fascinating plausibility and seeming reality and sufficiency of this explanation. It makes a strong appeal to the logical mind; to the theory-spinning brain. You can understand it, prove it, expand it, improve on it, and, all this almost without ever seeing

an animal or a plant, or knowing anything of its actual life and relations to the world it lives in. No wonder it fascinated and seized a world demanding a logical explanation for the theory of evolution. No wonder that this explanation of Darwin, offered at the same time with a clear elucidation of the evolution theory itself to a world just ready for both, came to be the one all-sufficient explanation, came to be a scientific dogma of the most dogmatic type.

Now for real thorough-going dogmatism there is nothing like scientific dogmatism, there is no dogmatist like a scientific dogmatist. There are many scientific men who pretend to know absolutely that many things cannot possibly be because they have never seen them, heard them, felt them or measured them. It is because of these men, who are not many, but loud, that we scientific men as a class have a reputation among many people of being narrow-minded and bigoted; and I hasten to admit that many of us are. Not all that is called science is proved; and most certainly not all that is called non-science is disproved, or because as yet unproved is to be tossed lightly or sneeringly aside. The scientific man who declares what cannot possibly be, exposes himself as a boaster and a charlatan, for by such declaration he, by implication, claims to know all the order of nature, which certainly no man does know. No man knows all that is or may be; hence no man knows what is not or may not be.

It was Weismann's new facts and new theories about heredity that did much to overthrow Lamarckism and make it possible to expand rational Darwinism into irrational ultra-Darwinism and then claim for it such an insolently dominating place among the explanations of evolution. And now it is the still newer and far less theoretical and more concrete knowledge of heredity that has dethroned Neo-Darwinism, made impossible and absurd the German claims of the *Allmacht* of natural selec-

tion as evolution explanation, and revealed to us how little we really know of the potent causes and controls of evolution — if we may call that revelation which reveals darkness where before was apparent light. The factors of evolution that today we are more certain of than any others are the unknown factors, the causes we do not know, the methods we do not understand.

If this seems to be a humiliating confession to come from a biologist and professed student of evolution, it is one in which all honest scholars must join. If the Germans will not, they are not honest.

The new heredity, to characterize by this term the extraordinary increase and the more exact kind of knowledge of heredity acquired since the first recognition, in 1900, of Mendelism, has so shattered the seemingly unassailable logical structure of the natural selection explanation of evolution that it stands now only as a tottering skeleton of its once imposing self. It had always too much assumption of premises for its foundation and too much logic and finespun theory in its superstructure to be an enduring building. Even before the new knowledge of the facts and mechanism of heredity was available natural selection was already weakening under the criticism of scientific men, although but little of this was known to the man in the street. And even now when the new heredity has furnished the knowledge for a complete undermining of the natural selection theory as a species-forming factor, only occasional rumors of the disaster find their way into popular literature.

But long ago there began a popular revolt against the conception of the whole world of nature and man as ruled by a theory of continuous ruthless bloody struggle. Everyone knew that this was not the only relation of human beings to each other, and even most casual observation indicated that it was not the only relation of various kinds of the lower animals to each other. The obvious biological success of the social or communal insects, the

numerous instances of commensalism, or the living together on terms of mutual advantage of individuals of different species — the various ants alone have more than a thousand known kinds of other insects living with them — and the innumerable observed instances of what might be called balanced adaptations, such as those of the flower-visiting insects and the insect-visited flowers resulting in the needed cross-fertilization of the flowers and the needed supply of nectar and pollen food for the insects — all these had convinced biologists and nature-students and just nature-lovers that *if* natural selection were the all-ruling factor in determining the present character and the future of the living world it was a very different natural selection from that so redly painted by the Neo-Darwinians.

It is quite certain that Darwin himself never conceived of any such utterly brutal conception of natural selection as the Teutonized one. In all his writing he recognizes that the bringing about of adaptation to the conditions of life is the essential feature of evolution, and, when it seemed impossible or too far-fetched to explain adaptation by a ruthless struggle that extinguished some species and preserved others, he looked for other explanations, even accepting Lamarck's for certain cases. He accepted everything that could make for adaptation, and among these other things than bitter fighting that could bring about and perfect adaptation he especially recognized mutual aid, and repeatedly called attention to species change based on mutual aid both within and between species.

But however suggestive and important it is to note how out of tune with the facts concerned with general evolution are the natural selection extremists, our special present interest centers around the attempt to bring the explanation of human evolution into tune with this out of tune conception of evolution in general. For it is on this basis, the basis of an alleged identity between the char-

acter and control of human evolution and the character and control of brute evolution, that the Germans find their justification in natural law for their war philosophy and war practise.

The Germans are greatly given to explanations. These explanations always contain a specious show of reasoning and pseudo-reasoning. They are in line with some accepted philosophy or pseudo-philosophy. Their accepted pseudo-philosophy of human evolution is a thoroughly mechanistic one. It is one of economy of thought and argument. If man is an animal descended, or ascended, from the lower ones — as he is — and if animals are what they are today and will be what they will be tomorrow by virtue — or evil — of a natural law of bitter, brutal, bloody struggle, out of which emerge as survivors only those most brutally and fearfully qualified for such struggle, why, then, the case of man and of human evolution is simple. *Schluss* with discussion!

But the trouble with this simple convincing argument is with the premises. They are wrong.

Not only is bitter, brutal, bloody struggle not the single, nor the chief explanation of general evolution, but it is particularly not the chief explanation of human evolution, despite our origin and earlier life in Glacial or pre-Glacial Time as "animal among animals," and despite the stream of ever more diluted inheritance from tiger and ape ancestors that flows with us, as we move through the ages, changing, ever-changing, as we move. The simplicity of the explanation of human nature and human life from origins makes its appeal to all of us, and especially to those de-spiritualized ones of us who find in pure mechanistic conceptions a satisfying and ultra-economical explanation of every complex and difficult problem. But it is a dangerous explanation, leading us to be blind to many facts that are, if we are honest in our seeing, quite clearly before us. No matter when or where we may have begun the course of our truly human evolu-

tion we have come an immensely long way, a way so long that we have, we may say, almost no right at all to try to interpret our condition of today by the light of our condition in the beginning. And we have come to this point by the interjection into our nature by natural mutation, or conscious self-effort, of elements that were essentially foreign to our ancestors of the beginning days. We have, indeed, in our evolution a sort of double line; one that we may call our natural evolution, concerned with our physical characteristics and the fundamentals of our mental and social traits, and like all natural characters carried along in the race by heredity; and the other, that we may call our social or moral evolution, made possible, to be sure, only by the stage of our natural evolution, but concerned chiefly with various acquired mental and social characters, which are not an integral part of our heredity, but depend on speech, writing, education, precept and practise for transmission from one generation to the other, and, thus, for perpetuation and expansion in the race.

This social evolution, added to a natural evolutionary development of the social or altruistic habit based on the advantage of the mutual aid principle as opposed to the mutual fight principle, has had an amazingly swift flowering since the earlier days of human prehistory, and today contains all the present expression and future promise of man's higher evolution. It has its roots in all of the best of man's natural traits, and acts as a powerful inhibitor of the worst of them. It finds its natural validity in the great strength it adds to man's position in Nature, for it permits a much swifter and more extreme development of human possibilities than would be possible by the slow processes of natural evolution. That which would take many generations to incorporate into our natural heredity can be put quickly into our social inheritance and still be hardly any the less powerful in its control of our life.

Now it is all this side of human evolution that the Ger-

man natural philosophy, especially as applied to international relations, leaves out of account. The Germans do indeed recognize the value of social evolution inside the race or nation, but its advantage is all for the sake of building up a powerful organism to fight effectively and viciously with all other races and nations. The different peoples are to be looked on as the analogues of different brute species, all terribly and everlastingly at war with each other, each using everything possible to it to gain the upper hand. Everything that can be construed to be of military advantage in this struggle is justified as biological advantage, and there is no doubt that to be inhumanly ferocious, brutal and cunning is of biological advantage in tiger evolution.

The test of this war philosophy will come for the Germans when they are being beaten and are beaten. Will they hold then consistently to their thesis, and admit that their line of human evolution is proved by their defeat to be a wrong line because it is not the strongest line? They have a way out. This way was suggested to me by the principal expositor at Great Headquarters of the brute struggle and survival theory. He said that it was possible to conceive of a failure of natural selection to work its ennobling way because of the perverse opposition to it of the artificial character of much of human life, but if natural law was to be restrained or upset by such an interpolated artificial control he, at least, would prefer to die in the catastrophe and not have to live in a world perverse to natural law. Of course he did not admit of the probability of such a situation. The Germans would win because they were fighting with Nature on their side. They were biologically right, and biological law would work with them to success. But there was the bare possibility of such an outcome to be reckoned with. If this possibility came to reality, why then all was wrong with the world, and he, for one, would not care to live longer in it.

I do not mean to say that all Germans think out war in terms of biological struggle and evolutionary advancement of the human race. But there are many who do, and they are leaders. Now, in Germany leaders not only lead; they compel. Most Germans not only do as they are told to do; they think as they are told to think. Their whole training and tradition is to put themselves unreservedly in the hands of their masters. And as long as things go well, or fairly well, or even not very well but with promise of going better, they make little complaint. But when things are too hard for too long a time, they begin to question the infallibility of the All-Highest and the Near-Highest. And Germany already has suffered terribly and suffered long, and still suffers.

The German leaders are feverishly longing and working for an end of this war. They see more danger from within than from the outside. The Allies have declared that they do not expect to destroy or dismember Germany but the little people of Germany have not said what they will or will not do. They will not do anything if an end of the war can be made soon with some positive gain to be shown, or apparently shown, from it. But there is no telling what they will do otherwise, do, that is, to the men who have sacrificed them in vain.

But they are a long-suffering people, and a philosophizing people who have been taught that they are the race chosen of God and Nature, and that the inevitable course of natural evolution is carrying them on to be the Super-race of all earth. This philosophy will go a long way with them, and whether all the shrewd, calculating, self-seeking men of the Court and the General Staff believe it or not, it is a most useful philosophy for them. It puts all those who do believe it in their hands. And as I have said, many Germans do believe it. That is the great danger of the world from the Germans; so many of them believe what they say.

JOHN FISKE

A GENERATION with every nerve strained by the war will probably have little patience with a statement that the generation whose activities began soon after the middle of the last century, went through a conflict of perhaps equal importance, but such is the fact.

Like the present conflict, that was one between an old and firmly rooted principle that had outlived most of its usefulness and was fettering liberty, and a new principle that meant emancipation.

The contest was between the superstition (it was not consistent enough to justify calling it an opinion) on the one hand that man has fallen from a condition of primitive perfection to one of degradation, and on the other hand, the scientific demonstration that man's experience has been one of virtually constant progress, up from protoplasm and probably from inorganic matter. On the former view hung the mass of putrescent and pestilent dogma that had fastened itself upon the sweet and simple teachings of Christ.

The conflict was probably the greatest of all between truth and superstition. The temper of it was perhaps most strikingly illustrated when, at the meeting of the British Association in 1860, Bishop Wilberforce asked Huxley whether it was "through his grandfather or his grandmother that he claimed descent from a monkey," and Huxley answered:

"I asserted — and I repeat — that a man has no reason to be ashamed of having an ape for his grandfather. If there were an ancestor whom I should feel shame in recalling, it would rather be a man — a man of restless and versatile intellect — who not content with success in his own sphere of activity, plunges into scientific questions with which he has no real acquaintance, only to obscure

by an aimless rhetoric, and distract the attention of his hearers from the real point at issue by eloquent digressions and skilled appeals to religious prejudice."

A witness says: "The effect was tremendous. One lady fainted and had to be carried out; I, for one jumped from my seat."

Another witness says: "I never saw such a display of fierce party spirit," and speaks of "the looks of bitter hatred" cast upon those who were on Huxley's side.

Perhaps it is not trying to shape great complexities too definitely, to say that the conflict of which that was one episode, was the third of the civilized world's greatest intellectual struggles — the establishment of the Christian church, the reformation of it, and the determination of its true relation to the progress of knowledge.

The last conflict, however, was a most hopeful illustration of the progress made since the first two, in that it involved no exposure of victims to the lions of the arena, no Nero's torches, no Inquisition, no Thirty-Years' War, no destruction of venerable and beautiful monuments, or of institutions for charity or education.

But of course that conflict of the last century, like all others, had its pains; yet as it did not directly touch the person or the pocket of the average man, he cared very little about it. Nevertheless it has filtered down into his very language, and when he is the sort of average man who likes to use big words, his share of the victors' spoils includes the pleasure of frequently uttering, without quite understanding, such terms as *environment*, *differentiation*, and even *integration*, while the word *evolution* has become such a matter-of-course term that he and everybody else use it unconsciously — unconscious not only of most of what it implies, but even of their indebtedness to the men from whom they got it.[1]

[1] In this connection there was something said about Herbert Spencer in our Number 16.

Of those men, one of the most important, and far the most important in America, was John Fiske. The recent publication of his *Life and Letters, by John S. Clarke*, (Houghton-Mifflin Co.) gives occasion to say something about him and his part in the great conflict.

But first a word regarding the book. It is certainly a remarkable production for a man well over eighty. Though not entirely free from the diffuseness and repetition of age, it is nearer free than many respectable books of much younger men, while in faithfulness, patience and, on the whole, discrimination, it surpasses most. The author really understands the implications of Evolution, so far as yet worked out, and that is something that surprisingly few people do; and there are not a few places where he states them with a clearness and vigor which would do credit to anybody, and in a man of his years are no less than astonishing. Whatever imperfections the book may have, as a guide for the layman to the great revolution in thought which brought thought for the first time into stable equilibrium, the book is probably surpassed by no writing except Fiske's own.

But while the author's work is not to be estimated lightly, he would be the first to say that the charm and value of the book are mainly in Fiske's letters, especially those to his wife and mother, which in naturalness, vividness, beauty of expression and humor are unsurpassed, and in wealth and ease of illustrative learning are unequaled, by any letters of which we know. For readers fond of books of travel, many of them will be of the very highest interest. Moreover they include a fine portrait gallery of the greatest men who won the fight for Evolution, at play as well as at work; and the letters to and from Darwin, Spencer, and a few others are rich in discussion of the profoundest topics that have engaged the human mind. In short, we know of no other book which admits the reader to as much intimacy with as high society. Jenkins would not agree with our terms, but if high society means the

men who made the greatest intellectual epoch in human history, our assertion is safe. Fiske himself had no small part in that great feat, and this book admits us into his intimate friendship with Lyell, Lewes, George Eliot, Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, Spencer and not a few others among the leaders of the race. It seems quite probable that this life of Fiske may give a clearer idea of Spencer than is given in Mr. Duncan's *Life*, or even in the *Autobiography*. Perhaps best of all, Fiske's letters set before us as example a character of rare simplicity, sincerity and tenderness.

Lest all this praise lead some to disappointment, we hasten to add the obvious fact that the attractions of cotemporary history or even of portable epigram, which have made most of the immortal letters in literature, are hardly to be expected from a writer whose mind was generally absorbed in the widest generalizations of Philosophy and the History of the past.

And now as to the life itself:

Edmund Fisk Green, later famous as John Fiske, was born of excellent New England stock at Hartford, Connecticut, on March 30, 1842. His mother was early widowed, and went to New York to teach, leaving her son with her mother in Middletown. When he was thirteen, his mother married in New York, and this change in her surname probably has something to do with the change in his, to that originally borne by the grandmother with whom he continued to live. The grandmother's father, John Fisk, was a remarkable man, and so his Christian name went with the surname.

The young John Fiske (the *e* was his own addition when he found that it had been used by his earlier ancestors) was precocious, as, despite many assertions to the contrary, great scholars and geniuses generally have been; but unlike Mill and Spencer — the cotemporaries he nearest resembled — Fiske had not the benefit in his early education of any exceptionally competent guide. From

childhood up, however, he stood out from his companions.

He had the usual schooling, interspersed with some special tutoring, and during two considerable intervals he pursued his studies unaided. All the while that his formal studies were going on, he read ravenously, and, from a very early age, only things worth reading. Thus in childhood he began the accumulation of what became a very exceptional private library.

When Fiske was fourteen, he joined the Congregational Church in Middletown, and for a time he was very religious indeed, taking an active part in the wave of "revival" which swept over the country two years later, in 1858. But early in 1859 he was reading Gibbon, Grote, Humboldt, and Buckle, and questioning the dogmas of Christianity, and quite probably was going through the reaction from the "revival," which, throughout the country, was about as great as the revival itself; and it was not long before Fiske abandoned the dogmas altogether. But his reverence for all in the religion that was worth the attention of a reasoning being, never left him; and through life he even used its terminology to a degree that was sometimes hardly consistent with his fundamental convictions. He became also far the most effective builder yet known of the new religious superstructure legitimately based on the philosophy which, at about the time we speak of, was removing from many minds the traditional bases of religion.

Fiske's infidelity led to his social ostracism in Middletown, but forty years later, the place had so far advanced that when it celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its foundation, it invited Fiske to be the orator of the occasion.

In 1860 he entered Harvard.

Later, of Darwin he said: "There is now and then a mind — perhaps one in four or five millions — which in early youth thinks the thoughts of mature manhood."

Such a mind was emphatically Fiske's own: while he was still an undergraduate, two of his essays attracted attention on both sides of the water.

In college his marks in Philosophy were low: he knew more than his teachers did, and differed with them, and probably with his textbooks.

He was threatened with expulsion from college for disseminating among the students seditious ideas, including the doctrine of Evolution. Eight years later he was invited to expound the same ideas in a course of lectures in one of the chapels of the university.

A third instance of the revolution in opinion which marked the last century was the refusal, in 1872, because of Fiske's unorthodoxy, to invite him to lecture at the Lowell Institute, which was followed less than twenty years later by invitations to do it. Then the demand for seats was so great that the evening lectures had to be repeated in subsequent afternoons.

After graduation, Fiske studied law, did two years' work in nine months, passed a triumphant examination, and was admitted to the Bar. But after waiting for clients two years, during which he read more, in quantity and quality, than most fairly studious men read in a lifetime, and wrote several notable essays, he gave up law for the pursuits in which he was already eminent.

But though he gave up the law, nearly eighteen years later he could write thus to his wife (*Life and Letters*, II, p. 205):

"Judge Gantt thought he would stick me, and so propounded to me the barbarous law-Latin puzzle propounded by Sir Thomas More to a learned jurist at Amsterdam, 'whether a plough taken *in withernam* can be replevied?' Didn't stick Hezekiah [The author does not give us the origin of this nickname] *not much*. I gave him a minute account of the ancient process of distraining and impounding and of the action of replevin, — considerably to my own amusement and his astonishment."

The conceptions of the Universe generally held at the time when Fiske was in college were fragmentary and chaotic, each phenomenon or each group of phenomena being, like language, a special creation of an anthropomorphic God, turning out different jobs piecemeal like a man. The conception of one power behind all had been a dream of not a few philosophers and poets, but as a fact comprehensible by the average mind, it was not known until the discovery of the Conservation of Force about 1860. About the same time was discovered the unity of all organic life, in its descent from protoplasm, and the identity of its forces with those of the inorganic universe. The nebular cosmogony, the persistence of force and the biologic genesis, united together, showed the power evolving, sustaining and carrying on the entire universe known to us, to be *one*, and constantly acting in one unified process; and that every detail — from the most minute known to the chemist, physicist and biologist, up to the greatest known to the geologist and astronomer, and including all known to the psychologist, economist, and historian — was caused by a previous detail. It having been established that the same causes always produced the same results, these uniformities were recognized as Laws, and it was also recognized that conduct in conformity with these laws produced good, and conduct counter to them produced evil.

It became plain, too, to all normal minds, that the only conceivable object of these processes was the production of happiness, and that all records of them proved that they tend not only to produce happiness, but to increase it.

These facts rendered entirely superfluous all the previous imaginings of anthropomorphic deities issuing commands, to obey which was good, and to disobey which was bad. For all that, was substituted a beneficent Power transcending man's complete comprehension, but with infinitely greater claims to gratitude and reverence, and sanctions for morality infinitely more intelligible and authoritative.

These great discoveries were at once grasped by Fiske's great intelligence, and welcomed with enthusiasm. To their dissemination he mainly devoted his next twenty years, and to their illustration in the origins and foundation of our national commonwealth, the rest of his career.

In explanation of this ordering of his interests, he said that he always had had a predilection for History, but that a man who needs a philosophy must get it fixed before he can properly do anything else. It is to be presumed, however, that he was also attracted to Philosophy by the fight for Evolution, by his intimacy with Youmans and Spencer, and perhaps most of all, by the appeal to a mind that, in spite of his enjoyment of the good things of life, was at bottom profoundly religious. All this involved his strong conviction of the need of building up the religious implications of Evolution, to take the place of the old sanctions which, in many minds, Evolution had set aside.

Fiske also contributed one generalization to our knowledge of biologic evolution, and that is a good deal for any man to do: many have attained fame for less. It was a generalization so important that Darwin regretted not having developed it himself. The contribution was, as most of our readers know, regarding the effect of long infancy upon psychic, and hence upon social, development. The reasons, when suggested, are as obvious as Columbus's egg: they are, of course, the aid to the evolution of the family and of altruism.

When, after Fiske had done his best on these themes, and Evolution in History became the study of his life, in that work he was a pioneer, and probably as well fitted for it as any man that ever lived. His cutting off in the midst of his plans, before he was sixty, was one of those disasters and apparent wastes which are among the great puzzles of the Universe.

Nowadays the man in the street would expect that in Ireland the frequency of marriage would vary inversely

with the price of potatoes, and the frequency of illegitimacy would vary directly with it, — that in France, or anywhere else, the ratio of unstamped letters dropped into the boxes, to those duly stamped, would be the same year in and year out; in other words, that the conduct of men in general is regulated by environment and determined by law. But when Fiske was in college, and these ideas were new, as far as anything can be new, and when Buckle brought out a book full of them and their supporting facts, they appealed at once to Fiske's exceptional powers of correlation — of tracing order in the history he had been reading, and in the life he was beginning intelligently to observe. The precocious boy's enthusiasm was greatly stirred, and yet his critical faculty did not lose its discrimination. He wrote an essay on Buckle which was praised by the best judges in England; and when Spencer came along sweeping all these ideas into the one colossal generalization of Evolution, Fiske was wild with delight. His own studies of language had been wide enough to enable him to apply to it the new generalization, and he wrote an essay on *The Evolution of Language* which increased the effect of his Buckle essay on both sides of the Atlantic, and received the commendation of several leading men, including Spencer himself. How much in advance of the age these ideas then were, is well illustrated by the fact that somewhere about 1860, some of the authorities at Yale actually set the students, who were not Fiskes, as a theme for discussion: "Is language of divine or human origin?" This theme was not set by Whitney: he already knew better, and was very much out of gear with Yale because of the knowledge, though as far as his colleagues were concerned, he kept his out-of-gearness to himself.

Fiske was never absorbingly interested in the specific problems of the elevation of the less fortunate portion of mankind, but the wider philosophic and historic problems

to which he was devoted include those specific ones. The widest of all, of course, is Evolution, and probably he did more to diffuse a knowledge of that than any man of his time except its two greatest discoverers. Had he lived to apply, as he proposed, the all-comprehending law to the history of our nation from the time it became one at Washington's inauguration, his help in the perplexities which now, next to the war, most beset us, would have been invaluable. But what he did live to accomplish is of a value that probably none of us can realize, and not many even suspect.

The fundamental policy indicated by the law of Evolution is: Build on what you have. Next to the family, the one institution on which civilization rests is the right of private property — the opportunity of every man to obtain and hold it. The growth of this right made the advance from slavery and feudalism. Owing to the great difference in men's capacities, its present most marked attainment is capitalism, but with the gradual development of men's capacities, especially as promoted by the spread of education, capitalism seems destined to evolve into coöperation, of which the germs are already manifest in the savings-banks and stock companies, especially the avowedly coöperative companies whose special development has been in England. The only legitimate and permanent source of private property is production. The robbery of Russian landholders or American manufacturers to confer the semblance of property rights on the incapable, is not evolution, and can have no permanent results. In all such proceedings, the property has soon disappeared, or found its way back to the capable. Such processes are catastrophic: the only successful ones have been evolutionary. The general realization of this would probably do more to settle the irrepressible conflict between the haves and the have-nots than any other purely intellectual agency now within sight. While the word Evolution is on everybody's tongue, men whose thinking is saturated

through and through by a realization of the law, do not abound. If they did, there would not be so many Bolsheviks, and Russia would still be in her place with the allies.

One of the most important causes of the war which Germany is waging against civilization, is her imperfect grasp of the philosophy of Evolution, and one reason for her imperfect grasp is the scarcity of men like Fiske. The doctrine that the fittest should and must survive is sound. Germany's doctrine that she is the fittest, is not: for it makes the tests of fitness brute force, cunning and unscrupulousness, and ignores the fact that the course of Evolution has brought into the world such forces as love of justice, sympathy, the coöperative spirit, and altruism. Whether these qualities are yet so far evolved as to be the fittest to survive, is being tested by the conflict now going on. If Germany proves herself fittest to survive, it will be proved only that although the other qualities control in many advanced places, the time for the world's control by them is not yet come. If the Allies conquer, it will be proved that that time is already here.

In a rough way it may be said that Spencer, in restricting himself to demonstrating so much of evolution as could be expressed in terms of Matter and Motion, left open too much opportunity for the German conception that evolution stops at the point where those terms stop; and it can be said, with equally rough justice, that the philosopher who, up to this time, has traced the law farthest beyond that point, was Fiske.

Spencer said in a letter to Fiske, February 2, 1870 (*Life*, I, 368. The italics are apparently the biographer's. We condense a little.):

"The deanthropomorphization of men's conceptions has never occupied any conspicuous or distinctive place in my own mind — *they have been all along quite secondary to the grand doctrine of Evolution from a physical point of view.*

As I originally conceived it, 'First Principles' was what now forms its second part. I subsequently saw the need for Part I (The Unknowable) *simply for the purpose of guarding myself against the charges of atheism and materialism.* I consider it ['The Synthetic Philosophy'] as essentially a Cosmogony that admits of being worked out in physical terms, without necessarily entering upon any metaphysical questions, and without committing myself to any particular form of philosophy commonly so called. My *sole original purpose* was the interpretation of all concrete phenomena in terms of Matter and Motion, and I regard all other purposes as incidental and secondary."

Spencer would not go out of reach of experiment — at least collateral experiment, but Fiske went into intuition freely. Spencer avoided the labyrinth altogether, Fiske went into it boldly, but always kept within reach of the clue of experience.

But those who do not already know the contrary, should not infer from this that Spencer ignored the field of Ethics. Quite the reverse: he made probably the most important scientific contributions to that field yet made, in tracing the evolution of the conduct of sentient beings from its first manifestations in reflex action, in the avoidance of danger, and the procuring of food, through the seeking of mates, the care of offspring, the forming of groups, up to the highest development of personal and social relations and the moralities therein involved.

But for one person who has read Spencer's *Ethics*, a hundred, probably a thousand, have read his work in the unmoral fields, and tens of thousands have their ideas of Evolution restricted to the fields explored by Darwin and Hæckel, and in those fields it is the brute and the Prussian that survive. But civilization grows in other fields.

Although Fiske was as thoroughly convinced of Evolution as Spencer was, he did not stop at its demonstration within the limits which Spencer imposed upon himself, but followed it into the fields of the spirit, as illustrated

by the titles of some of his essays: *The Idea of God, Through Nature to God, Life Everlasting, The Origin of Evil, The Unseen World.*

When, in the fifties and sixties, Science abolished the anthropomorphic limitations of the Creator, it did not stop there, but abolished, for the time being, *all* the anthropomorphic qualities, including those that have not necessarily any limitations at all. While the universe, despite frequent inadequacy, disproportion and catastrophe, still abounds in obvious beauty and happiness, Science for a time shut its eyes to beneficence, and denied benevolence and even purpose. Fiske did more than anybody else has yet done to restore them — to show that they are corollaries of Evolution. He said, in his *Cosmic Philosophy:* "The process of evolution is itself the working out of a mighty Teleology of which our finite understandings can fathom but the scantest rudiments." He did more just there than any modern philosopher, perhaps than any philosopher, to show that this teleology is beneficent, and so to restore the attitude of mind which it may not yet be too late to call Faith in God and Immortality.

This attitude of mind, however, has received some impetus from new phenomena now open to Psychical Research, but hardly yet as much new impetus as the old one Fiske gave it with more limited materials.

The following passages indicate in brief what Fiske gave at length in his *Idea of God, Destiny of Man, Origin of Evil* and kindred writings. Contrast them with the quotation from Spencer a page or two back: This is the closing passage of *The Unseen World.*

"We must think with the symbols with which experience has furnished us; and when we so think, there does seem to be little that is even intellectually satisfying in the awful picture which science shows us, of giant worlds concentrating out of nebulous vapour, developing with prodigious waste of energy into theatres of all that is grand and sacred in spiritual endeavour, clashing and exploding

again into dead-vapour balls, only to renew the same toilful process without end — a senseless bubble-play of Titan forces, with life, love, and aspiration brought forth only to be extinguished. The human mind, however 'scientific' its training, must often recoil from the conclusion that this is all; and there are moments when one passionately feels that this cannot be all. On warm June mornings, in green country lanes, with sweet pine odours wafted in the breeze which sighs through the branches, and cloud-shadows flitting over far-off blue mountains, while little birds sing their love-songs and golden-haired children weave garlands of wild roses; or when in the solemn twilight we listen to wondrous harmonies of Beethoven and Chopin that stir the heart like voices from an unseen world; at such times one feels that the profoundest answer which science can give to our questioning is but a superficial answer after all. At these moments, when the world seems fullest of beauty, one feels most strongly that it is but the harbinger of something else—that the ceaseless play of phenomena is no mere sport of Titans, but an orderly scene, with its reason for existing in

> One far-off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves.

And the following from a letter to his mother:

"My chief comfort in affliction would be the recognition that there is a Supreme Power manifested in the totality of phenomena, the workings of which are not like the workings of our intelligence, but far above and beyond them, and which are obviously tending to some grand and worthy result, even though my individual happiness gets crushed in the process, so that the only proper mental attitude for me, is that which says: 'not my will but thine be done.'"

And this on Immortality (*Life and Letters*, II, 317):

"The materialistic assumption that the life of the soul ends with the life of the body is perhaps the most co-

lossal instance of baseless assumption that is known to the history of philosophy. No evidence for it can be alleged beyond the familiar fact that during the present life we know Soul only in its association with Body, and therefore cannot discover disembodied soul without dying ourselves. This fact must always prevent us from obtaining direct evidence for the belief in the soul's survival. But a negative presumption is not created by the absence of proof in cases where, in the nature of things, proof is inaccessible. With his illegitimate hypothesis of annihilation, the materialist transgresses the bounds of experience quite as widely as the poet who sings of the New Jerusalem with its river of life and its streets of gold. Scientifically speaking, there is not a particle of evidence for either view."

On this his biographer justly comments:

"This positive statement will be more seriously questioned now than at the time when Fiske wrote. The many able investigators engaged in probing scientifically the mysteries of psychical phenomena, are bringing forth a mass of evidence which goes to show the presence of a form of existence which transcends mere physical existence."

And as showing Fiske's attitude toward the religion around him, his biographer says:

"In Fiske's mind Christianity was the mightiest drama in human civilization: it was his rare gift that he could appreciate it with the feeling of the poet as well as with the critical judgment of the philosopher."

The passages quoted will seem almost pathetically limited, in view of the new phenomena of mind which, whether they be or be not found to demonstrate for our souls a longer existence than experience has ever demonstrated before, unquestionably already demonstrate for them a wider scope.

It has not been more than a couple of years since a leading American author, whose work has often orna-

mented the pages of the UNPOPULAR REVIEW, said: "I hate the very name of Evolution." This was because Spencer traced the law no farther than it could be expressed in terms of Matter and Motion, and our friend was a profound student of the Greek and Oriental imaginings which try to transcend all that can be expressed in those terms.

And yet a few years before, the same scholar was one of the earliest students in this country of M. Bergson — the Bergson to whom a friend lately said: "People run after you because you have covered the colossal forbidding structure raised by Darwin and Spencer, with flowers." "No," said Bergson, "I have shown that the flowers necessarily grow out of it."

The paradoxical student of Bergson, who did not see these flowers, has since grown to a better realization of them, and of the Law of Evolution. He lately said that he was tracing the course of thought from Plato to Christ, and when his companion remarked: "Oh! You're writing on the evolution of the Christian religion," he admitted the soft impeachment. But what Bergson did not do for him, has been partly done, though indirectly, as the same thing has been done for the world more than by any other man, by Fiske.

President Butler once said that Philosophy begins where Spencer left off. But he did not say, and could not justly say, that it begins beyond regions whither Spencer pointed the way. In fact he was not just in saying that Spencer's generalizations, in the regions to which he confined them, were not Philosophy, or that there was any real break between those regions and the regions beyond, where they were carried by Fiske, or even the regions still farther beyond where, whatever may be the outcome, they are now being carried by students given to legitimate Psychical Research. Spencer was too early for the movement into the latter, and as to his relations with the former, Fiske well says (*Evolution and Religion*, p. 277):

"There are some people who seem to think that it is not enough that Mr. Spencer should have made all these priceless contributions to human knowledge, but actually complain of him for not giving us a complete and exhaustive system of theology into the bargain."

Yet Spencer, though he restrained himself from transcendental speculations regarding Evolution, was by no means insensible to them when made by others. Some readers not altogether unfamiliar with Emerson will be surprised at the collection made by Fiske's biographer, of Emerson's inspirations regarding Evolution, especially as they were given on an almost negligible knowledge of the scientific development of the law. Spencer appreciated them so highly that among his few American pilgrimages was one to Concord, and this despite Spencer's distrust of intuition, and Emerson's faith in it.

By some even modern thinkers Intuition is boldly claimed to be an instrument of research; by others its very existence, outside of morbid imagination, is denied, and the only legitimate instrument of research is declared to be observation verified by experiment that can be repeated at will. The truth, as usual in controversy, includes both statements, and is covered by neither. Creatures with rudimentary eyes and ears must have "intuitions" of colors and sounds beyond their capacity of clear apprehension; and even our eyes, which must be rudimentary compared with possible eyes, have in regard to even our spectrum, intuitions, some of which have recently been made clearer by the photograph and the X-ray. These cleared-up intuitions are now added to positive knowledge. Intuition is here proved an instrument of research, and it is one in every discovery. But until verified by experiment, it is not a *reliable* instrument of research: for what seems to be intuition is often mistaken, and is generally so vague as to be subject of conflicting opinions, and hence of conflicting action. Moreover, as the subjects of intuition are beyond our knowledge, intuitions are often held to be

superior to knowledge, and worthy of greater enthusiasm. Consequently conflicting opinions regarding intuitions have probably led to more tragedies than any other blunder. There is no intuition more nearly universal than that of the immortality of the soul. But even so devout a man as Fiske pronounced it unverifiable, and it is so uncertain that all sorts of conflicting dogmas have grown up around it, until it has led not only to the self-immolations of India and the human sacrifices of Mexico, but to the Arena of Nero, the inquisition of Torquemada, the Thirty Years' War, and even within the memory of living men, the agonizing rupture of many a family.

Fiske did more, through deductions from the law of Evolution, toward putting this most important of intuitions upon the basis of established knowledge, than any man had done before him. He did this not only in his writings on *The Idea of God*, *Through Nature to God*, and *The Destiny of Man*, but in the whole tendency of his work, not only when expounding the Law of Evolution as Philosophy, but in tracing it through History. In this particular he was in advance of his great compeers in his own department: for he did not hesitate, as Darwin, Spencer, and Huxley did, to deal with the intuitions of his time. Such intuitions as are true being necessarily in advance of knowledge, there is danger of assuming to be true some that are not. This danger kept Huxley almost entirely away from them, and Spencer farther away than any other great philosopher. It was this abstention, certainly excusable and probably justifiable in one who prefers it, that makes his philosophy hated, and prevents its being even studied, not to say understood, by those who love the quagmires and mirages built up by mistaken intuition.

That essential instrument of research — invaluable, despite all its dangers — Fiske estimated more broadly and *justly* than, perhaps, any other philosopher, certainly than his great master. This makes it singularly pathetic

that his premature death should have cut him off from the investigations which have seemed to many leading minds to point to a verification — even to have reached a verification, of the greatest as well as the widest intuition of the ages. If he has risen to a bird's-eye view, or more probably a teloptic consciousness, of what is going on here, it must amuse and cheer him to see that the psychical researchers are not persecuted as the evolutionists were — as he himself was in his youth, but are at worst merely laughed at as a set of inoffensive idiots. Balfour, Crookes, Lodge, and Barrett are among them, and James, Hodgson, Myers, and Sidgwick are passed from among them; and we believe that Fiske and even Spencer, had their lot been cast in these days, would be among the most interested of them.

We were on the brink of writing that probably most of the readers of this essay will have heard some of those unprecedented lectures and addresses on American History delivered by Fiske during his last twenty years. But we were startled by the realization that almost another twenty years have elapsed since the last of those lectures was delivered, and that a large proportion of our readers were then too young to be interested in them. Some readers perhaps even need to be told that Fiske was the first eminent historian who had a clear conception of the Law of Evolution — so far as a clear conception was then, or is perhaps even now, possible. But his historical works containing those lectures are so well known that it would be as nearly superfluous as it is impracticable to descant upon them here. Though they were published irregularly, they make a continuous narrative from the influences leading to the discovery of America, down to the inauguration of Washington; and many high authorities give them the very first rank, and declare that the author's premature death before bringing them down to his own time is a great loss to the world.

Some of his historical lectures were delivered to "the very cream of London," as Huxley said, and to the unbounded enthusiasm of one of them, regarding whom Fiske wrote his wife:

"Spencer said after the lecture, that he was surprised at the tremendous grasp I had on the whole field of History and the art with which I used such a wealth of materials. Said I had given him new ideas of Sociology, and that if I would stick to History, I could go beyond anything ever yet done. Said still more: I never saw Spencer warm up so. I said I didn't really dream when writing about American history that there could be anything so new about it. 'Well,' said Spencer, 'it *is* new anyway: you are opening a new world of reflections to me, and I shall come to the rest of the lectures *to be taught!*' "

The estimation of Fiske's historical work in England is farther shown by his having received an invitation, which he could not accept, to deliver a long course of lectures at Oxford; and another, which he did accept but died before he could fulfil, to represent America by an oration at the millenary celebration in honor of King Alfred.

To appraise and compare the learning of great scholars is hardly possible. Fiske was unquestionably one of the most learned of men. In 1863 he pronounced Spencer the most learned man living. I knew them both pretty well, Fiske very well, and to my ignorant apprehension he always seemed the more learned of the two. One thing stood out in the learning of them both — so little of it was "useless knowledge." Many contend that no such thing exists, their general lemma being: "You never can tell when a bit of knowledge will come into play." But you attempt to tell every time you seek a truth: you estimate its value as compared with other truths that you might be seeking, and while you can know but a minute portion of all that is known, you do, if you are in earnest, take precious good care that your portion shall contain what

you deem to be of most worth. If you happen to have a genius for abstract speculation, whose bearing on human happiness may be imperceptible, you indulge your propensity, and justify yourself by the "You never can tell." But after all, probably it will never be told, and the results of your acquisitions may be as futile as those of the man generally called the most erudite of our time, all of whose learning did not prevent his maundering about "infallible authority" in a human brain, speaking tolerantly of persecution; and writing "different to." Nor did it enable him to produce any very great work, or give him a range of thought materially wider than if he had lived six centuries earlier. Fiske's erudition not only fortified his judgment, but was a basis for many productions of great scope and importance.

Fiske wasted very little time on learning that led nowhere. He knew most of the famous futilities generally called Philosophy, but he studied them as a pathologist studies his morbid specimens — to learn and teach what to avoid and how to cure. From his learning grew great and true and useful thoughts, whereas from the learning of many great scholars grow no thoughts at all.

He went to the root of the matter when he said (*Life and Letters*, I, p. 255): "There are so many things to be learned, that at first sight they may seem like a confused chaos. The different departments of knowledge may appear so separate and conflicting, and yet so mingled and interdependent, as to render it a matter of doubt where the beginning should be made. But when we have come to a true philosophy, and make *that* our stand-point, all things become clear. We know what things to learn, and what, in the infinite mass of things to leave unlearned — and then the Universe becomes clear and harmonious."

Before the vastness of Fiske's knowledge was summed up in his biography, even those who knew him best probably had a very inadequate idea of it. The traditional "everything about something and something about every-

thing" is all that is conventionally expected from great scholars, but Fiske probably came as near to knowing everything about everything as any man ever did. He knew more about philosophy than most good philosophers, more about history than most good historians, more about biology than most good biologists, more about languages than most good philologists, more about law than most good lawyers, and even more about music than most good musicians. Not only had he studied more widely than most of them, but he remembered with an ease and accuracy seldom equalled. He said that if he ever read a fact in connection with a date, the two were fixed together in his memory, and it was astonishing to test him on such points. For instance, in December, 1898, he might say, "You remember that on February 27, 1878, you wrote me so-and-so"; and this, with him, was a mere matter of course.

His liberality and happy ingenuity in sharing his knowledge with his friends were delightful. In many a talk into the small hours and even into the dawn, Fiske did most of the talking; and yet in such a way that nobody thought of his monopoly of it until afterwards.

Among the things that his biographer left out was that old black meerschaum pipe of the late sixties and early seventies. It was an equilateral triangle about two and a half inches on edge, cut from a slab of meerschaum a little over an inch thick. It had a cherry stem about a foot long. When Fiske got settled down, he would slowly pull the bowl and the stem and the tobacco separately from some of the infinite recesses of his person, and get them together and in operation, and then heave one of his immense sighs of contentment, and be ready for conversation. Yet there's a paradox in my recollections of this pipe. I'm sure all those I have stated are correct, and yet at that time "the recesses of his person" had hardly begun to approximate infinity, as they afterwards did: amid all the impressions is one that he was rather slight, but

that must have had something to do with the thinnish beard of the portrait before me as I write, which it is a pity was not put into the biography.

He was the "broadest-minded" man I ever knew — most alive to the good points of things he did not endorse. During his whole life his attitude toward the religion which had persecuted him, was one of reverent but discriminating affection.

Yet it is hardly fair to discourage readers, as it must be admitted Fiske's biographer does, by leaving the implication that this extraordinary creature was superhuman.

With all his colossal powers, he was not, perhaps fortunately for us, what is usually called a genius: his conclusions were reasoned and consistent, and his likes and dislikes reliable. But he had not that intuitive power which leads a man like a bee in a quick straight line to the essential thing, or to put vast accumulations of truth into epigrams. He was enormously instructive and always entertaining, but he was seldom suggestive. He dealt in food, rather than in condiments. He had to plod to his conclusions in his irresistible elephantine way. To get rid of Christian dogmatism, when the first page of the Westminster Catechism is enough for some men, he had to read a library; and when he was twenty-two, he wrote Spencer that he had "successively adopted and rejected the system of almost every philosopher from Descartes to Professor Ferrier."

He had his faults like the rest of us, but not as many mean ones as most of us. He was hardly ever selfish or irritable or impatient: the elephant bides his time, though he never forgets. But Fiske was better than the elephant, in that he never harbored revenge. His few faults were "childlike and bland," though, unlike those of the accepted exemplar of those virtues, never deceitful, and to a great extent they were forced upon him by circumstances, and of course were "faults of his qualities" — of a mind that could

not hold itself down to the business of life. But take him by and large — and he was so very large — he was not only a very great man, but a very good man. Yet he was not, nor was ever anybody else, such a man as biographers necessarily depict if they write while there are still living those whom the whole truth could hurt.

But our present biographer has not even brought out, except as they show themselves by implication, some of Fiske's remarkable virtues. During an acquaintance of very exceptional intimacy, I never heard him curse any human being or speak of one with merciless hate. Of one who, he thought, had injured him unjustifiably and cruelly, he generally made fun; of another, who presented fewer temptations to burlesque, he often spoke admiringly, and perhaps less often with a sarcasm doubly powerful because judicial.

He had absolutely no pride of intellect: partly, perhaps, because from childhood he naturally kept himself, by his chosen reading, in contact with the greatest intellects, and so was never struck with the greatness of his own. We had not been out of college long, and I had not made much progress out of the average new A. B.'s worship of intellect, when, as we were speaking of a common friend, I said something to the effect that I wished he had more brains (I now suspect that he had more than I had) when Fiske, who had more than both of us, made a few remarks, very kind though very instructive, on the superiority to mere intellectual power, of goodness, sympathy, and refinement. Once with a friend unknown to fame, who seemed a mere pigmy beside him, he had had a long talk with one of the world's greatest men, and Fiske was heard to say that he was struck throughout by the fact that his obscure friend showed more intelligence than *he* did. The fact probably was that his friend's intelligence really was quicker than the elephantine but irresistible movements of Fiske's great mind. But Fiske did not think of his own power, but only of the agility of his friend. The

friend subsequently said that he supposed he had understood all that was in the books of his two companions, but he certainly did not understand all that was in their talk — the talk in which Fiske had ascribed to himself the less intelligence. Another illustration: many years ago, when Taine was on the lips of all American readers, Fiske said: "He's a sort of big John Fiske — a diffuser of other men's ideas, without ever having originated an idea himself." Probably this was before Fiske had developed his own idea, generally recognized as original, of the effect of long infancy in evolving the higher qualities of a species.

Yet Fiske's distinction between finders and diffusers is not necessarily as modest as, at first sight, it appears, and certainly not as simple. Newton, Darwin, Spencer, and their kind undoubtedly form a very respectable group, but so do St. Paul and all the great apostles of all the faiths, not to speak of the historians. And on which side of the line, if you run it through all writers, will you put Homer, Dante, and Shakespear?

The world was never as full as it is just now of what pleases to consider itself "advanced thinking." Some of it is advanced, and a little of it is thinking; but most of it, all unknown to those who spout it, has been exploded over and over again. As a mass, its quality is such that one sometimes (but very rarely, it is to be feared) feels a half-humorous self-distrust in propounding the share of it that one believes in most. The risk has to be taken, however, and we venture to state what seem to us some of the profoundest and most important of our present views of the universe and man's relation to it, which, based very largely on the discoveries of Darwin and Spencer, especially of Spencer, Fiske, on the testimony of Darwin and Spencer themselves, did more than any other man had then done, or we think has yet done, to develop and disseminate. To extract them from his voluminous writings and state them in his own language, with the brevity re-

quired here, would be impossible. We have already said that he was not a maker of epigrams: the sweep of his mind was too broad and slow. When he gave you anything, he gave you the whole of it, because, strangely often, he knew the whole of it, so far as anybody did; but he gave only its essentials: he was never a bore.

The Law of Evolution contains nothing counter to the Moral Law: it only changes the old sanctions of it. In the control of the universe, it substitutes for an anthropomorphic, tinkering, and even "jealous" God, a Law that varies not, and, despite terrible apparent exceptions, on the whole makes for righteousness and for happiness. Even now, while most of the world is steeped more than ever before in anxiety and grief, and while scores of miles are covered with slaughter, the vast preponderance of the earth's surface is covered with beauty, and the vast majority of human beings are smiling. Moreover, the Law of Evolution indicates that the favorable conditions are to increase for a period longer than we can conceive, and then gradually and painlessly disappear, to be revived in a new evolution.

The discovery of the Law of Evolution has already done much to solve the mystery of evil. Catastrophism is a corollary of it: if there were no imperfection there could be no advance. Evil comes from a lack of balance between forces. When balance is disturbed — by anything from indigestion in a protozoon up to a storm on the ocean where he lives, there is a catastrophe. Evil is not a positive thing, but merely lack of the good, or lack of proportion in the good — inadequacy or excess, the excess being when a force or a passion good in itself exceeds the forces that usually keep it within bounds — when one force of those that hold the earth's crust in equilibrium becomes excessive, and there is earthquake; when love of country seeks to expand it, at the expense of other countries, and there is war; when the appetite that creates and conserves property exceeds the respect for

the rights of others, and there is theft or robbery or even murder; when the passion that perpetuates the race grows to excess, and its rightful result in the family is prevented or destroyed, often with attendant deceit, violence, murder.

When Rochefoucauld said: "Our virtues are most frequently but vices disguised," he said an impossible thing, and spoke, as most proverb makers do, from mere habit of paradox and love of it. He would have told a fundamental truth, however, if he had said: Our vices are most frequently but virtues disguised — by inflation.

But deeper in the individual soul than any of these problems, is one that Evolution has as yet directly done little to clarify. In substituting for Providence, a wisdom that (so far as our poor wits can state the conditions) provided for the exigencies beforehand by Law, instead of constantly handling them as they arise, Evolution raises the question: How far down into the details of our lives does the law go? Of all questions bearing upon our lives, there is but one deeper and more anxious: Does the law work out for good as far as it goes? Perhaps the answer can be settled only by experience, and judgment depends largely on temperament. And yet experience has provided all thinking peoples with expressions that assert a favorable solution. Job was not the first to say: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." All literatures abound in such expressions, as Pope's

> All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
> All discord, harmony not understood;
> All partial evil, universal good:
> And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
> One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

(Never deny that it's as near right as it *can* be.) And there are many such expressions as Tennyson's

> Oh yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill,

or as Paul's

Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth,

or Shakespear's

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,

or Thomson's

From seeming evil still educing good,

or Emerson's

Every evil [has] its good.

If the intuitions of these men in advance of the race are not foolishness, this matter must be regulated by some great principle — perhaps some corollary of "the law of compensation," that has been so generally guessed at — notably by Emerson, and which seems closely akin to the Law of Equilibration, whose demonstration by Spencer has no small claim to be considered the highest reach of the human mind.

Few men have given, or even recognized, an answer from their own experience. Few men, even, live long enough for experience to give very full indication. Whatever may be the egotism of obtruding here personal experience on a point so intimate, I follow what in this connection seems almost a duty, in stating the conviction of a very long life which has known its share of shadow, that in the average man under average circumstances the Divine Law does go down farther into the details of our lives than we can realize, and there work out good from apparent evil. Yet though the question as we stated it above, in terms of Law instead of Providence, is not entirely new to thinkers, before the latter part of the last century it had been as vague as had been the conceptions of Evolution. It seems but yesterday, and it is with a start that one realizes that this epoch is already superseded by one where the range of mind must be mapped out anew, and where reaches of it that Fiske pro-

nounced impossible are declared by no mean observers to have actually been accomplished.

It is, however, questionable how far the testimony of poets and imaginative thinkers is the result of optimistic generalization, and how far the result of strict experience. As sober a man as Socrates said that his attendant monitor always kept him right. Had he had the modern conception of the universal beneficent Law, and the very modern conception of impressions, *under Law*, from discarnate intelligences, perhaps he would have regarded that attendant of his as a manifestation from the source of all Law — of that Law whose penetration into the minutiæ of our lives we are now considering.

Now if you are in the habit of testing questions by the law of Evolution, ask yourself (if you have not already done so and obtained a satisfactory answer), at what point in your processes and the processes of your environment, the operation of Law, and the resulting evolution, stops. Don't bother with the paradox of Free Will and Determinism, or any other paradox that proves a question to be beyond the range of our faculties, but accept the fact which you cannot escape, that your life is the result of the interaction of two processes of Law that manifestly tend on the whole to happiness, and perhaps you will find it as hard *not* to believe that the beneficent Law goes down to the minutest details of your life, as it is *to* believe a conception so novel and so tremendous.

It may not be unthinkable under average circumstances, but when the world is cursed as never before with carnage and outrage, in relation to the millions suffering one hesitates even to suggest such an idea. But this is hardly the time to pass upon it. And yet many sane people do pass upon it, and believe that out of all this agony more good than evil is to come, and to come to each person concerned. Such a belief, however, is generally based on faith in the immortality of the soul. Here comes in the pragmatic argument, never so strong as now. If these millions

of bright young lives have been developed merely to be prematurely snuffed out at the behest of a barbarian mad with the lust of conquest, the universe is *pro tanto* a farce. But if, in the glory of heroism and self-sacrifice, they are advanced to a higher stage of being, the sanity and beneficence of the universe are vindicated. True, the pragmatic argument is a dangerous thing, but in this most important particular, it never had so much support from positive evidence as now. It looks as if humanity were at last evolved to the point where the intuitions of the gifted of the ages, from Socrates to Swedenborg, may soon be supported by experience open to the observation of all.

In his day, Fiske did probably more than any other man to rationalize these leading ideas that are still little more than faiths, and to keep men's minds open to the best within our knowledge, and the influences that must exist beyond it.

PLEASE EXPLAIN THESE DREAMS

YOUR travels, your babies, and your dreams, — these, it is said, you may talk of only at your peril. And yet I am emboldened in this instance to defy the adage, though in general I believe it to be nearly incontestable, because I think I may excite a certain curiosity by recounting a kind of dream that comes to me occasionally, a dream not wonderful in substance but one that raises a question in psychology, or in common sense, to which I know no answer. I may say at once that there is nothing preternatural about the dream, nor anything, I think, that Freudian analysts will revel in. But there is none the less a puzzle which for me and for the persons whom I have consulted has remained completely baffling. What the puzzle is had best be stated at the outset.

Everbody is familiar with the kind of story that depends for its effect upon a surprising "point" that comes at the end, unanticipated by the hearer and amusing to him largely in proportion as it is unexpected. Stories of this kind are frequently elaborate; a great deal of detail is introduced, as artfully as possible, every bit of which must tantalizingly lead towards the point that is coming, but no word of which must really divulge that point until the moment when the *raconteur* is ready to "spring" it, as we say, with a sudden burst. Obviously the listener must not guess the point before that moment, or the story will fall flat, and just as obviously the narrator must have it in mind continually, or he could not tell the story. He could hardly recount a tale of this variety unless he knew how it was "coming out." Especially if it were considerably involved, he could scarcely pick his way through it step by step towards an end that he did not

himself foresee, arranging in their places dozens of details leading he knew not where, and then come nicely to a climax that he himself did not anticipate — a climax which, in this hardly conceivable case, would obviously surprise him as much as it could his listener. The waking mind, unless by the rarest of accidents, cannot work in such a fashion. And my puzzle is, how can the dreaming mind do so? For I, at least, do dream occasionally in just this manner. I make up a story of this species in my dream, and usually a complicated story. In it I proceed from point to point without having any notion of my destination; I string together a small host of details, though I remain ignorant of their meaning and unsuspicious of any climax that is coming later to explain them; and when finally I reach that climax, and see the joke that I have plotted so unwittingly, I am myself ingenuously amused by it. And how I manage to do this is my enigma. For obviously I either do foresee the point of the story or I do not. If I do, how can I be surprised when it arrives? If I do not, how can I prepare for it so carefully? Either case supposes a manner of mentation hardly comprehensible.

Two dreams of this species I should like to offer for consideration. I have had not less than twenty others, widely different in substance though all alike in principle; but the memory of most of them is vague if not entirely obliterated. Of the first dream here related I may say that I am repeating it from a fresh memory and am following the notes I made of it in full immediately upon awakening from it. The account here given is therefore as accurate as I can make it. I may further explain that the setting of the dream is a very natural one for me. I happen to be a college professor, and lecturing to classes is my daily round. Also I have lived in France, and have studied and written about the educational system of that country; and I number among my friends a distinguished French professor now visiting

America. The bearing of these facts upon the dream will be clear in a moment.

I dreamt that I was lecturing to one of my regular classes in college. In the class, upon my entrance, I was surprised to find my friend the French professor, of whom I spoke a moment ago. With him there was an impressive individual whom I somehow recognized as a French inspector of schools — one of those officials whose visits to provincial schools and whose consequent reports to the minister at Paris are the chief hope and dread of the French pedagogue. How these gentlemen should have come to be visiting my class, I could not imagine, but I do not think I was much worried in the dream over that question. I do remember telling myself that as a mere American professor I had nothing to fear from the inspector's formidable authority, though perhaps with this reflection there went also a resolution to put my best foot forward in such distinguished company. But I had not much time to ponder these matters before proceeding upon my lecture.

It was then that a real surprise began. So far as I could tell, my opening sentences were sufficiently conventional, but the way the class was affected by them was singular to a degree. Hardly had I reached the middle of the first one before all the students had their eyes fixed on me in a way that might possibly have been complimentary had not their expressions been so various and so peculiar. A few students wore a look of great relief — for all the world as if they had expected to find me dumb on that day, and were agreeably surprised to be disillusioned. A considerably larger number frowned displeasure, just as if I had disturbed them in the pursuit of something that was no affair of mine. But the large majority showed mere astonishment, and of that emotion, indeed, a good measure was written on the faces of all. I had no notion what to make of these unusual appearances. Inevitably my first thought was to glance

furtively down at my clothes and shoes to see if everything was well in those departments. Also I raised my hand as unobtrusively as possible to discover whether perchance I had left my hair uncombed. In the absence of the mirror's final test I had to conclude that all was about as it should be.

Naturally my next sentences hardly came trippingly from the tongue, nor did any alteration occur in my listeners to facilitate my labors. On the contrary, what had at first been mainly mere surprise upon their faces was growing rapidly to obvious merriment with about half of the class, and to evident disapprobation with the others. "The explanation of what we call the Enlightenment of the eighteenth century," I remember hurling at them with a fine generality of dream-eloquence, "is to be sought not so much in the influence of the doctrines of Descartes proper, or of those who could call themselves consistent Cartesians, as in the general dependence upon the guidance of human ratiocination, of which dependence he was only an illustrious example." This remarkable statement did not seem to offend any of my hearers, but neither did it mollify them. By a considerable effort, however, I was regaining a measure of composure, as I proceeded into my subject, in spite of all the frowners and all the titterers in the class. There was nothing to do, I felt, but to brave both parties, and in some degree, as the minutes dragged on, I seemed to be succeeding in the effort. At least there was less staring at me, and one after another the faces of my students were turned down to the desks, and pens began to course across pages in what appeared to me to be good note-taking fashion.

But I was soon to find that my troubles had only begun. The class had indeed ceased to perform like one man in astonishment, but various individuals now began to act in fashions unaccountably extraordinary. Not only did resentment at my lecture keep lingering, and growing, on

many countenances, and not only did laughter keep bubbling up in others, but now certain more specific eccentricities began exhibiting themselves. A mild instance was the action of one of my most devoted note-takers, a woman who sat on the front row. She had always taken too many notes, as I had observed; she never missed anything important, and she frequently copied down much that was far from important. And now I noticed that in the middle of certain cardinal statements I was making, and even making slowly in order that every one who wanted them in a note-book might have time to get them fully, she took her pen from the paper, and meditatively putting the end of it in her mouth, proceeded to gaze out of the window into vacancy as if trying to think what on earth to write next.

But this, as I say, was mild. That particular student was too well-bred to be ruder. So was another girl on the front row who, a little later, laid aside her pen and paper and sank her head for several minutes into her hands in such a way as to make me wonder whether she was suffering from headache or whether she was politely veiling an outbreak of laughter such as certain other members of the class were at no such pains to conceal. Certainly when her face emerged it was clear that she had not even been smiling. She looked at me fixedly for a minute, with such an inquiring though guarded glance as one might give a stranger whom one half suspected of mild lunacy, and then resumed work with her pen. There were numerous examples of similarly harmless but abnormal conduct, and I had no choice but to endure them in wondering patience. But when one sedate and trusted student, also a woman, who sat in the rear of the class, deliberately caught my eye and then impressively laid her finger tightly over her closed lips, thus giving me the unmistakable signal for silence, my astonishment and bewilderment grew amain. What on earth could be wrong with me, I asked myself, that I should be bedevilling

my students in this fashion? What absurdity was at the bottom of all this? Had everybody in my class gone crazy? Or had I?

Somehow I went on lecturing. As I remember it now, the lecture seemed orthodox enough, in spite of the strange events that it inspired. I felt that I was acquitting myself moderately well, though I remember that I mopped my brow repeatedly, and longed for the end of the period as I had never longed for time to pass before. What would my visitors think of me, or of this precious class of mine? I alone had seen that mute sign for silence, to be sure, but no one could fail to notice the other preposterous things that were coming to pass. For now three men toward the rear of the class began, seemingly by agreement between them, to shake their heads at me in a solemn and unequivocal signal that I would do better to leave off my lecture. This, I thought, would be the worst; but no, in a moment one man actually stepped up to my desk, and when I paused, whispered a very apologetic request that I would not trouble the class further by lecturing on this particular day. He had listened with great interest to my former lectures, he was pleased to say, but he felt that he was speaking for the whole class in intimating that to-day I could not but disturb them, and in fact endanger them, if I continued. I told him that he could save himself from further danger by quitting the room; and this he did forthwith, his reluctance exceeded only by his apparent amazement.

The others seemed to understand what had passed between us, though I was sure that they could not have overheard a word we said. Four or five of them, indeed, rose and followed their departing brother from their room, with faces as full of bewilderment as his. But I was past wondering at anything by this time. Endeavoring to seem indifferent to their departure, I ploughed on, with a pertinacity far beyond anything I possess in a waking state, through the middle of my lecture. I had come to

Rousseau and his battle with the apostles of the Enlightenment. And about this point the craziest of all the occurrences of this remarkable hour began. A man on the front row picked up a card-board box from the floor near his feet. Opening it, he produced a roll of absorbent cotton. With bits of this he deliberately set about stopping up his ears as tightly as he could. When he had stuffed them full he resumed work with his pen, but passed the cotton, with a wink, on to his neighbor, who repeated the performance. A third student filled his organs of audition and handed the box on to a fourth. I watched that blessed roll of cotton make its round of the students. One and all of them, men and women, stuffed their ears with it!

How I managed to keep on talking is rather more than I can tell. I can only say that I continued automatically, and paid the slightest possible attention to the antics with which my auditors were pleased to amuse themselves. I was but little surprised when, after a while, they began to leave. Not concertedly, but one by one, they rose and passed out, still lowering, giggling, trembling, looking askance at me, or exhibiting some other inexplicable emotion as they departed. Each one, with whatever mien, took pains to leave a record in the form of a few sheets of paper deposited on my desk as he passed out, but I was too callous or too distraught by this time to do more than barely notice the circumstance. As for my visitors from France, they had long since disappeared — not by walking out, like the students, but simply by vanishing, as people in a dream occasionally do. I kept lecturing, doggedly, until I had only three students left. But when two of these arose together and took their departure, I knew nothing to do but cease. The one auditor remaining, for that matter, was even now about to rise from his seat. I paused. I waited as he came slowly forward, with wonder and distress written on his features — he was easily the best scholar in the

class. As I eyed him I could see that he, like so many of the rest, seemed to be half afraid that I had lost my mind. We shall see about that, I thought, as I addressed him.

"Will you kindly tell me, sir," I asked him, with some warmth, "Will you kindly tell me what I have done to deserve such conduct as I have seen this last hour? Have all my students gone mad, or have I?"

Evidently I had, he thought, as was obvious in his face. But he was too cautious to say so. Instead, he manifestly did his best to placate what to him was arrant lunacy.

"Well, professor," he faltered, "I've no doubt we've been behaving rather badly. But, you see, we — well, we simply couldn't make out why you should want to lecture all through the examination hour!"

So that, of all things, was the explanation! I had simply lectured straight through their examination, and small wonder they took it strangely. How I had managed to make such a fool of myself, I did not know; but at once all their queer actions of the last hour were explained to me. And what a joke on me! How like the absent-minded, umbrella-carrying professor of the caricaturists — I protest I am not that kind — to have forgotten that I had set the examination for that day, had even sent a secretary into the class five minutes ahead of me to distribute the question-papers, and to have gone in then and insisted on haranguing the class, in spite of all protest, through the whole session!

And thus laughing at my exploit, I awoke. Needless to say, my amusement continued into the waking state, though it was somewhat less whole-hearted. But it was soon cut short by my jumping out of bed to put down the notes of the dream that I have here expanded.

I fear it is not a very interesting dream in itself, but that I did not promise. Surely it is one that answers the description given at the outset, and illustrates the

species somewhat elaborately. Can any one imagine a person when awake making up such a story, planning so many details of it so carefully, without an inkling in his mind of the explanation that was to come to clear up all the mystery in the end? I do not believe so. But if not, how can one do in a dream a thing so impossible in a wakeful state? I, the dreamer, involve myself in a story in which I fabricate a series of occurrences incomprehensible to me unless I have the key that explains them, a series that nobody could well string together unless he had that key. One would say that I must have had the key in my possession as I pieced together the occurrences. Well, then, how could I be totally perplexed at those occurrences as they were happening, and how could I be astounded and provoked to laughter when I produced my own explanation of them? This is surely too much like believing that a magician will be amazed at his own trick.

Let me recount one other dream of this variety, a shorter one but possibly even more pointed. As it occurred to me some months ago, and as it comprises only an after-dinner speech, I cannot now pretend to report the words of it with literal accuracy. But that is not necessary if the reader will take my assurance that though I do not give the precise words of the speech as I heard it in the dream, I offer a version similar enough to be quite as satisfactory for the present purpose, and differing in no point of principle from the original. The very vacuity of the present version will be sufficient evidence, I hope, of my endeavor to be as faithful as possible to the original. I even feel that I must request the reader not to be disdainful of the puns that embellish the oration, since it is something other than the art of rhetoric that is here in question.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the speaker, a man who by the way is celebrated as a post-prandial artist, but who need not be blamed in person for this coruscation,

"we have with us this evening a man who bears an honorable and formidable name, a name which, in at least one person who possessed it, is enrolled on the tablets of immortality. It is a bellicose name, and therefore timely enough. But it need make no one tremble, since its most illustrious possessor loved to make the world shake with laughter as well as wince before the levelled spear of his sarcasm. I will not say that our guest of the evening has all the talents of what a tipsy man might call his great 'name-shake;' but I will answer for it that he can himself give a good imitation of what our school-boys sometimes call the 'music of the spears.' However, I will 'no be speiring,' as the Scotch say, into their further similarities; I prefer simply to present to you, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Shakespeare."

And then all the audience laughed, and I laughed with them. I laughed because I was taken by surprise when the name came and explained all the puns that had preceded it. Not by the slightest suspicion had I anticipated the name; on the contrary, I had been genuinely puzzled by the queer locutions introductory to it, for I did not even realize that they were puns upon a name that was to be pronounced later. No doubt the puns are vapid enough (though vastly amusing in a dream) but they are also fairly elaborate, and in the dream I think they were considerably more so than in the transcript here set down from memory. The question is, how can one dream a thing of this kind? For I, the dreamer, made up all those puns, since I, of course, concocted the speech I dreamed. And either I knew the name that I was punning on, or else I did not know it. If I knew it, how could I be astonished into laughter when it came to light in the dream? And if I did not know it, how could I invent a lot of puns on it? What process of cerebration was I guilty of?

I know no answer to this question, and therefore I submit it to the public. In the literature of dreams that I

have perused I have found neither a solution of the present problem nor any instance of the kind of dream here mentioned. Informally I have consulted two or three psychologists of my acquaintance, but though they have been interested in the question, they have been unable to suggest an explanation. Only one other person that I know experiences such dreams as these, and he is as much interested in them as I am; but although he is himself a bit of a psychologist, he has no answer to the question here propounded. Can any one do better?

As has been said before in these pages, considerable attention to the topics covered by "Psychical Research" has given us a very strong suspicion that the autonomy of each mind is telepathically shared by other minds, and farther that this is due to a degree of identity of all mind somewhat similar to the identity of all force and all matter — this identity of force and matter being now well recognized, despite the individual manifestations of all three in our personalities.

Between minds a degree of identity — or at least of telepathic connection or intermingling, is abundantly manifested by the appearance of several personalities, or seeming personalities, through the sensitive persons generally called mediums, and this whether the personalities additional to the medium's ordinary one are incarnate or apparently postcarnate.

From these indications follows very directly the guess that such dreams as our contributor recounts are not really of his construction, but are constructed outside of him, and not necessarily by excarnate agencies, or even by deliberate agencies. How or where or by whom must be left for future knowledge to indicate.

We have had dreams of the nature of those described by our contributor, and have correlated them with others entirely beyond construction by our own capacities.—EDITOR.

CORRESPONDENCE

More Freedom from Hereditary Bias

8 State Circle, Annapolis, Md.,
9 February, 1918.

GENTLEMEN:

I have your printed circular of 25 January, with an enclosed bill for a subscription to the UNPOPULAR REVIEW through 1918. I have, perhaps unfortunately, not received the January issue of the review, which you say you sent me. This is no doubt due to my removal from Princeton, New Jersey, and to the lethargic Princeton post-office.

I had several reasons for not renewing my subscription. One was a need for economy, and the feeling that I could better do without the UNPOPULAR than without such a periodical as the *New Republic*. Of the two, the UNPOPULAR mirrors much the more closely some of my own convictions and principles; but I find the *New Republic* indispensable if I am to keep in touch with the aims and purposes of present-day American Liberalism.

Another reason I had for not renewing was that the UNPOPULAR, starting its career with the very greatest promise, had, to my humble mind, managed very quickly to run up various side-tracks and blind alleys of opinion, and has since — amiably but with complacency — stuck there. And there I am content to leave it, for in losing reality it has lost life.

The lightness of touch which its editor has creditably sought to impart to its contents will not do as a substitute for life. And even that attempt has failed; it has resulted too often in mere pertness or a lumbering buffoonery never agreeable to contemplate, and least of all when invoked in aid of a cause that demands above all earnest conviction and anything but a stupid complacency from its adherents.

Yours faithfully,
(signed) ROBERT SHAFER.

It may be interesting to compare with this a letter from another correspondent with a German name, printed in Number 17.

EN CASSEROLE

If We Are Late

THERE is every prospect that this number will be out unusually late, on account of the choke-up in transportation. At this writing the printer ought to be at work on the paper, which has already been on the way to him — from Philadelphia to Massachusetts — twenty-six days.

We hope our readers will not blame the delay to us, and that their patriotism will cheerfully endure it.

The Kindly and Modest German

HERE are some commonplaces that should be iterated in some shape every time an American organ of opinion goes to press.

There once was such a man as the kindly and modest German, and through his virtues he had nearly obtained the industrial and commercial leadership of the world, when sudden wealth and power aroused in him the brute instincts that are latent in the best of us, and started him after more than can be had from industry, and can be had only by force. The brute instincts were nearer the surface in him than in those who have a recorded civilization of some seven or eight thousand years: for the poor Germans, at least the ruling branch of them, have barely as many hundred. Even Russia was Christianized four centuries before Prussia.

Now it is a rare parvenu who is not conceited. Germany has camouflaged the old idea of conquest by that of spreading her Kultur to the inferior portion of mankind — to the peoples that produced Homer, Dante, Shakespear, Newton, Darwin and Spencer — as if those peoples were savages whose territory could be brought under civil-

ization only by conquest, and as if Germany alone had civilization. And this absurd idea she backs up by a crude conception of the Law of Evolution — a conception that stops with the competition of brute forces. Coöperation, mutual help, emulation in well doing do not enter into her idea of evolution. She has thrown away her splendid success in the higher competition, and reverted to the competition of brute force, — camouflaged again by science and cunning.

When a conceited parvenu goes mad, his conceit is as mad as the rest of him. When he is at the same time bellicose and bloodthirsty, he will not stop fighting as long as the conceit is in his system, and the only way to get it out is to whip it out.

It looks as if in Germany's case we had seriously underestimated one important feature of that job. For a long time we thought that we had got to beat only the military class — that they had merely fooled the kindly and modest Germans we used to know. As lately as this Spring, a British general told the present writer that his people did not expect the war to be ended by a military victory — that without an overwhelming superiority on either side, modern warfare has at last reached the degree of perfection long ago attained by the Kilkenny cats (only the general did not put it in that way), and that before, so to speak, the tails get through fighting, the kindly and modest German people would take matters into their own hands and stop the war, give up the plunder they have got from their weaker neighbors (for after all, barring their sudden occupation of a little of France, they have with all their boasting whipped only little or undeveloped peoples), and pay damages — as far as they can be paid. But it has come to look mightily as if the general and his people were mistaken — as if the kindly and modest German no longer exists, as if the madness has seized the whole nation, and as if there will be no way out before we give one side the overwhelming superiority which was

the general's alternative. Plainly we can't be too quick about it.

Before the conceit is whipped out of the Germans, they are not going to submit to any peace short of holding on to their plunder, and as long as they have enough of that to be visible, they are victors, and with all their conceit in them. It would drive them into another war as soon as they could get ready, and even meanwhile the conditions would be intolerable — intolerable not only for the small peoples they have conquered, but for the rest of us.

But things are very respectably intolerable as they are. We have barely entered the war, and yet you are exceptionally fortunate if your income has not been pinched, your affairs generally disturbed, heavy anxieties thrown upon you, and perhaps, even thus early, mourning. Possibly you have found a grim consolation in realizing that most of the time since the beginning of human records, our present lot has been the lot of the greater portion of mankind. Perhaps you have found a consolation less grim in realizing that this state of affairs has been diminishing — very notably diminishing during the century preceding this war; and it is to be hoped that you have found a consolation almost triumphant in the realization that a large portion of the world at last realizes that such conditions can be put an end to, and are grimly determined to do it. But unless it is done thoroughly, unless the Kaiser and his gang are as safely disposed of as Napoleon and his gang were after Waterloo, these conditions are going to recur indefinitely.

Waterloo put an end to *gloire*, but it did not quite end the idea of the legitimacy of conquering civilized people and good neighbors — it did not make impossible the attitude of the German statesman who, when asked by our ambassador Hill why Germany did not conciliate Alsace-Lorraine, answered without the slightest suspicion that he was showing himself a barbarian: "But we have

conquered them." It was this attitude which gradually changed Germany's preparations against France's possible *revanche* after 1870, into a scheme to conquer the world. This antiquated idea of right by conquest, and this barbarous passion for it, have done more than anything else, except perhaps dogmatic religions, for the misery of mankind. This attitude survives, among lettered nations, only in Germany and her allies. We have got to fight until we kill it, no matter how many treaties of peace intervene: and it will not be killed as long as Germany is left in possession of a foot of the territory she has seized during the present war.

All these considerations render the idea of a "Peace without victory" worse than a mere disgusting piece of sentimentalism. They render it a danger, and one that unless obliterated, sooner or later must explode.

But behind all that, it is absurd in its very conception. What could be more ridiculous than a treaty with Germany? It would of course be ridiculous on the part of a nation that did not intend to keep it, but on the part of a nation that did intend to keep it, it would be doubly ridiculous. Nothing can be plainer than that real peace cannot be reached, no matter what treaties and intervals of nominal peaces intervene, before Germany has her conceit whipped out of her, and whipped out so thoroughly that, as in Napoleon's case, there will be no need for discussion or pretended agreements, but that she will simply be told what she must do, and made to do it.

At one time there was hope that the kindly and modest German the elders among us knew, would take hold and attend to the matter himself. But he is not here to do it: we have got to do it ourselves, and we cannot afford to flinch, or dally, or stop half way.

What the Cat Thinks of the Dog

I AM not altogether sure whether I like the Dog or merely tolerate him. It puzzles me to say just what I

do, in a manner, like about my house-companion. For a certainty, his manners are very distressing, and they evoke my most hearty disapproval. I cannot abide those rude volcanic barking fits of his. Often, when lying snugly tail-enfolded by the gently warming kitchen stove, lost in a comfortable dreamless doze — how delicious this semi-Nirvana of the senses! — I would suddenly be startled into undesired wakefulness by my friend's frenzied howls. You'd think he had wanted to call my attention to a mouse recently entrapped or, at least, to the arrival of the butcher with a fat quarter of lamb wherefrom one might expect the carving of good cheer for him and me. But no! nine times out of ten it would but be some uninteresting urchin whom he had caught sight of through the window, and who was sauntering a block away with an insolent swagger that could not but arouse my profound contempt. I sometimes find it far from easy to keep my temper in such circumstances and to refrain from wishing him and his urchin a watery grave the next time they betake themselves to the river for swimming and diving sports. Yet I must not judge him harshly. An unkind nature has granted him a most unmusical, a most nerve-shattering voice, incapable of the least culture.

I take much exception also to the ungentle and ungraceful manner in which he swings his tail, or rather flips it back and forth and jerks it up and down, for one can hardly talk of swinging where no smooth delicately rounded curves are perceptible. How inferior, both by heredity and by training, is the Dog's handling of his tail to that of the Cat! How little he understands the art of curving and waving and uncurving the tail in the nicely nuanced rhythms and exquisitely designed patterns that are so familiar to ourselves! If the aerial artistry of the Cat's tail may be fitly compared to the beautifully rounded brushwork of our Chinese laundrymen when, as I have incidentally observed him more than once, he prepares

his stock of wash tickets, the tail movements of the Dog remind me of nothing so much as the ugly zigzagging and unsymmetrical lines that my master's little boy produces, squeakingly, on his slate in his vain attempts to draw a locomotive (at least I gather, from various remarks that I have overheard, that this is what he has in mind). No, there is not the slightest reason to allow for an æsthetic strain in my friend's psychology. Frankly, I do not believe he knows the difference between an Impressionist masterpiece and a bill-board daub. Nothing, further, can be more absurd than the frequency with which the Dog's rapid and angular tail movements are executed. No sooner does the master, or his little boy, or the mistress, or even the garbage man appear, than this tail that I speak of is set furiously wagging and swishing, often at the cost of a cup or plate which may happen to be within reach of its tufted point. I wonder that they tolerate him in the kitchen at all. I shall never forget the time that, excited beyond control at the unexpected return of the master from a fishing excursion, he scampered about madly and lashed his tail from side to side with the utmost fury. Well accustomed by this time to his vulgar ways, I paid little attention to the hubbub but continued quietly lapping up my saucer of milk, when I was suddenly stunned by a powerful swish of the Dog's milk-spattered tail against my face. Angered beyond expression, both by the Dog's extreme rudeness and by the almost total loss of a savory meal, I was about to scratch out his eyes, but the evident unwillingness of the maid to suffer retaliatory measures, and the reflection on my part that the Dog's conduct, reprehensible as it was, had not been dictated by any unfriendly feeling for myself, prevented a scrimmage. It was as well, for nothing pains me more than to part company with my dignity, even if only for a moment.

In view of so many just grounds for complaint, — and there are many that I might add, — it puzzles me, I

repeat, to say just what I like about the Dog. Can it be that, living, as we do, under the same roof, and thus forced by circumstance to put up with each other for better or for worse, we have become habituated to a common lot, and learned to ignore the numerous divergencies of taste and philosophy? From a strictly scientific standpoint, this is an excellent explanation of our mutual forbearance, but I am afraid that sincerity prevents me from accepting it as a completely satisfying solution of the problem. How comes it that, when the Dog, in company with his master, has absented himself from the house for a period of more than usual length, as once for a week's hunting jaunt, I find myself getting fidgety and morose, as though there were something missing to complete my usual feeling of contentment? And how comes it that last year, when the Dog's right forefoot was caught in the door, and he set up a caterwauling (excuse the Hibernicism) that made him a frightful nuisance for the rest of the day, I, who would ordinarily have been the first to resent such a noise, as evidencing a deplorable lack of vocal self-control and taste, did on the contrary feel no small amount of sympathy for the suffering wretch? I imagine that there was something about the tilt of my tail and the glance in my eye that communicated my compassion to the Dog, for the next day he seemed a trifle more considerate of my preferences than had been his wont. I construed this as a species of thankfulness on his part. (Yet I would not lay too great stress on this; he may merely have had an attack of the blues, as a result of his recent misadventure.) And how comes it, farther, that I felt considerably nettled the other day when the neighbor's boy kicked the Dog three times in succession? Prudence, to be sure, prevented my taking up an active defence of my friend, but I certainly felt at least an indefinite impulse in that direction.

Such incidents seem to argue a genuine vein of fellow feeling, of sympathy, for the Dog, though, I must insist,

this sympathy never degenerates into a maudlin sentimentality. After all is said and done, there is never entirely absent a grain of contempt from my estimate of a mere dog, even of the Dog of the House. It is enough to admit that there is commingled with this contempt a certain something of more benevolent hue, a something which I must leave it to others to explain.

A Hunting-ground of Ignorance

Espapia Palladino is dead, and of course the usual amount of nonsense is being written about her. The woman certainly had some telekinetic power, and she certainly pieced it out with humbug, as is generally done when the power happens to exist in a low order of person. And as most persons are of a low order, the power is so pieced out in most cases. The same is of course true regarding telepsychic power.

But that behind the frauds and mistakes there is something genuine yet to be accounted for, is doubted by hardly anybody who knows anything about the subject. If writing about it, and all other subjects, could only be restricted to those who know something about them, how much better off we should all be!

And if dishonesty were only restricted to the inferior type of person! One of the committee who made out Palladino an unmitigated fraud, told us that he signed the report with mental reservations, and that he passed his hands under the table which she held suspended by her finger-tips on top of it, and found it absolutely disconnected with the floor!

Maximum Price-fixing in Ancient Rome

"Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? it hath been already of old time, which was before us." The prototype of the aeroplane is found in the myth of Daedalus' wings; the possibilities of the sub-

marine — some of them — are illustrated in Lucian's story of the sea monster; and maximum prices, in sober Roman history.

The Emperor Diocletian, at the beginning of the fourth century, made a serious effort to lower the high cost of living, by law. He was apparently one of that school of amateur economists which holds that the business man's greed is the root of the evil. In his opinion there were any number of people who were expert in the art of running up the rates and charging the poor ultimate consumer, whether civilian or soldier, all that the traffic would bear. And his eye was on them. A part of the preface to the edict which was to abolish all the difficulties at one stroke, reads thus:

Who is so dull of heart that he does not know that on merchandise prices have become more than exorbitant, and that unbridled greed can not be mitigated by abundance of supplies or rich harvests? And so to the greed of those who, though men of the greatest wealth so that they could abundantly supply even nations, still seek private gain. To their greed, O people of our provinces, our care for common humanity urges us to put an end. Who does not know that, wherever the common safety of all demands that our armies be led, there the prices of merchandise are forced up, not four times or eight times, but without limit?

A system of maximum retail prices was to be the cure-all:

We have decided not to determine exact prices for commodities: for it does not seem just to do this when at times many provinces glory in the good fortune of low prices; but we have decided to establish a maximum of prices, so that when there is any scarcity greed may be checked.

If the emperor could have looked down the ages to the year 1918, he would have found that a maximum price of ten cents for sugar is very likely to become the regular price everywhere. He did not know this; but that his law would only be effective if supported by a penalty for disobedience, he knew right well. He decided

on a penalty — a penalty which would appear adequate, probably even to the thorough-going Germans:

It is our pleasure that, if anyone in his audacity opposes this statute, he be subjected to capital punishment.

Not only price-raising, but hoarding and speculating were also held to be opposition to the law. The final statement of the edict makes this clear:

And from the penalties of this statute, that man is not free who, possessing the necessities of life, should think that he ought to withdraw them from trade for a time after this statute is in force.

But the emperor did not confine himself to fixing maximum prices for food. His was a more ambitious attempt than any of its modern counterparts. He fixed prices for liquors, and cloth goods and shoes. He fixed maximum wages for workmen in all sorts of trades, and even for men in the professions. In some cases pay was by the day, and in some, by the job. The record does not show that union men were paid more than non-union men.

But this economic Utopia, though supported by all the power of an autocratic government, was not for long. One slight miscalculation ruined the whole scheme. The maximum price, or maximum wage, was put quite low in the first place, and yet in any given case was precisely the same in every province of the empire. In London the barber would shave you for two denarii (less than one cent), and in Alexandria you need pay no more. Prunes from Damascus must be sold there and in Cologne for the same price. Under such artificial conditions legitimate business could not succeed. The result is briefly told by a church father:

Then was there much blood shed for trifles; and nothing was put up for sale, because of fear, and much worse was the scarcity, until the law was repealed of necessity, after the death of many.

Darwin on His Own Discoveries

In connection with the article in this number on John Fiske, we are fortunate in being able to give a letter from Darwin to Dana which is just appearing in the current *American Journal of Science.* To our readers, comment would be superfluous.

Charles Darwin to J. D. Dana

Down, Bromly, Kent, Nov.11, 1859.

My dear Sir: I have sent you a copy of my Book (as yet only an abstract) on the Origin of species. I know too well that the conclusion, at which I have arrived, will horrify you, but you will, I believe & hope, give me credit for at least an honest search after the truth. I hope that you will read my Book, straight through; otherwise from the great condensation it will be unintelligible. Do not, I pray, think me so presumptuous as to hope to convert you; but if you can spare time to read it with care, & will then do what is far more important, keep the subject under my point of view for some little time occasionally before your mind, I have hopes that you will agree that more can be said in favour of the mutability of species, than is at first apparent. It took me many long years before I wholly gave up the common view of the separate creation of each species. Believe me, with sincere respect & with cordial thanks for the many acts of scientific kindness which I have received from you,

My dear Sir
Yours very sincerely
(Signed) Charles Darwin

Reflections of an Old-Maid Aunt.

In the elaborately efficient curricula of our modern colleges, although there are courses of instruction in almost every branch from Book-agenting to Motherhood, and from Sewing to Integral Calculus, there is one of endeavor which is, as yet, hopelessly uncharted. I speak of the art, or, of course, it should be science, of being an old-maid aunt!

It seems a simple matter to the casual observer and,

perhaps, that is why no one has thought necessary to study the subject and offer a course. We remember how successfully it was done in our youth by those delightful old ladies who came for visits and taught us to knit and were almost sure to have some sort of confection concealed somewhere about their person or room. We remember how they implanted the idea that certain words were beyond the vocabulary of any lady, and that a child's whole duty in life was to be polite in such matters as "Sir" and "Ma'am", to be obedient to any of the species, Grown-People, and to be ready at all times to help in the search for spectacles. Their lot was easy enough and the very suggestion that they needed to be instructed in their capacity of aunt, would be ridiculous!

It is no wonder then, with that picture in view, that I launched forth upon a visit to my small nephew and nieces with no premonitions of the shoals which lay ahead. After five days in the presence of the strenuous regime which surrounds and enfolds the modern child, I have returned once more to the quiet back waters of old-maidenhood and to contemplation. And now a sadder and a wiser aunt, I offer some suggestions which might help another unwary one before she breaks into the complicated existence of the newly developed genus, Child.

In the first place, don't use that obnoxious word "DON'T". Its use you will find, or more likely be told, curbs the child's free spirit and destroys his personality. If, thereof you find him with a redpepper as a toy, don't try to take it from him, for being stronger than he you may succeed and thereby put a dent in his tender young willpower! Just trust that if he should get it into his eyes or mouth the result will not be fatal, and feel confident that thereafter he will seek some other form of toy! Or should you find him standing on a chair, before a blazing fire, reaching for something on the mantel piece, don't remove him forcibly at once and try to convince

him that he should never get there again. No! Rather divert his mind to something else in the room so that he will get down of his own accord, and leave the desired object until there is nobody present to divert him! For do you not see that if you tell him that there are things in the world which he cannot do, you will bind his free and birdlike soul and sadden his little life? Be comforted, though, for, perhaps, when he does fall the fire will be out, or the chair will tip the other way!

In the second place don't be surprised to hear him cry, nay rather howl lustily, all the while he is being fed. Of course you think at once that he must surely be ill; in your memories of childhood such an occurrence meant only some dread disease. But before you send a hurried call for the doctor, take a look at the food. You will find that a sad and terrible change has come over the stomachs of children! No longer can they digest oatmeal when accompanied by its time-honored companions, sugar and cream, but must eat it plain in a luke warm state. Other cereals have also lost these erstwhile friends, in spite of the alluring but deceptive impression which you may have gotten from advertisements, and are eaten, or rather absorbed, for the doing has lost its gusto, plain. So don't pity the child when you see him eating a teaspoonful of sugar just before he goes to bed, for that is his theoretical dole of sweetness for the day. Just hope that somewhere in the background is a friendly cook who is not yet aware of the fact that children have lost their powers of digestion!

And most important of all, don't offer him any sort of refreshment, most particularly not the innocent-looking but deadly animal cracker! When Mrs. Noah, for it must have been she who invented that confection for the small voyage-wearied Ham, Shem, and Japheth, made the first animal crackers, she probably thought that she was doing a great thing and that children throughout the age would

call her blessed. And so they have until now a fearful discovery has been made: animal crackers are absolutely indigestible! We shudder as we think of the menageries we ourselves have consumed! To what heights of perfection might our excellent health have risen, were it not for those wolves lurking in the form of sheep or elephants or overgrown curly-tailed dogs! To what size might our present too rotund forms have grown, were it not for those deadly processions marched hither and yon and then eaten in never varying order, head; tail, when present; feet; and then two bites on the body. Farewell, Animal Cracker, you are discovered at last! No more shall you with your treachery delight and entertain innocent little children, unless some fathers, defiant of the new laws of nature and the edicts of scientific mothers, procure you on the sly!

And so it goes. No! The duties of an old-maid aunt cannot be entered upon lightly. It would really be a charitable act for some one to study the subject and offer a course for those of us the numbers of whose nephews and nieces continue to increase. And we in the meantime can only hope that the pendulum of change will not delay too long in swinging back to the old-fashioned child, about whom, inside and out, we have a little knowledge if it is only empirical!

An Obscure Source of Education

Obviously a great deal of education, moral as well as intellectual, and even physical, is coming from the war, and it obviously comes in part from an immensely increased amount of reading on informing subjects, even in the newspapers. But the call for this reading contains a farther, and relatively obscure, source of education worth thinking of. We can no longer risk wasting our time, as it is to be feared most of us have done, by picking up to read the first thing that strikes

our fancy. The greatly increased mass of material has forced upon us the habit of selecting what we read. The usefulness and importance of that habit hardly need dwelling upon to the constituency of this REVIEW.

Heart-to-Heart Advertising

I AM all things to all advertisers. I like to submit myself to the experiments of some alert young psychologist, in response to whose plan (scientifically conceived, artfully presented), I greatly desire to eat, to see, to hear, to know, to do, to possess, that which he brings to my attention. Being a person trained to jejune classification, I automatically pigeon-hole the "appeal," and my mind therefore offers to advertisements a hospitable retreat under Ambition, or Culture, or Physical development, or the Senses, or Vanity.

The last quality and the first are not always distinguishable, the one from the other. When a page of insinuating text and startling illustration assures me that the reading of a specified set of books will enable me, — a person temperamentally shy and physically inconspicuous — to convince judges and jurors, and to combine into a glorious whole the abilities of St. Chrysostom, Abelard, Shylock, Daniel Webster, and a Confederate veteran, I am disposed to feel that though hitherto I have been unappreciated, it now rests with me (and the set of books) to alter, even to change, the opinion of my personal public. I glow, too, under the conviction that correspondence courses can transform me into a trained nurse, an O. Henry, a Thomas Nast. My vanity makes the conventional years of hospital service, or a "born" ability to tell a story, or to caricature, seem superfluous in an equipment for success. And I am sure I could raise wheat and apples in the north and oranges and pecans in the south, even though I should bring to my enterprise no capital, no experience, no commonsense.

But while I yield readily and sympathetically to the magazine advertisement, my heartiest response is given to the letter that altruistically offers me counsels of perfection. There is a certain lack of privacy about the magazine advertisement; but the letter advertisement is confidential, even sometimes secretive. True, my name is frequently misspelled, my sex is changed, and the ink and type are glaringly different in the heading and in the letter proper. But these are trifling vagaries: it is my own letter, and the writer knows me intimately. He says this plainly. And he proves it by offering me the book, or the beautifier, or the investment which I had not even known I wanted, but which I do want instantly, and with an intensity that falls short only of cutting from the lower corner of the page the slanting coupon that will procure me farther information.

It is this intimacy of attitude on the part of the writers of form-letters that gives me keenest pleasure. I like the way in which a kindly, tolerant young person — youth will always out — assures me that my manner of life and my personal predilections are as an open book to him. I like the first-aid flavor of his opening paragraph. I like most of all the jaunty soul-brother way in which he dallies with his point.

"The writer of this letter has been pondering a good deal", begins one of these experts in the personal appeal, "on the sort of letter he would like to get from So-and-So." And at the conclusion of his clever page, he inquires ingenuously (or artistically): "Is this the sort of letter *you* like to get from So-and-So?" Bless the boy! of course it is.

And I do enjoy the letter that is designed to make me leap from my seat with the first line: "Tomorrow may be too late!" or, "This idea was worth $100 to one person — it may prove even more valuable to you;" or, "Shakespeare died in 1616!"

Again, the subject may be approached obliquely: "You have read of course, the interesting story in the *Sunday*

Morning Sunshine, entitled "Sparkles." You'll remember how Dorothy —" And about the middle of page two I find that the reason why the heroine was a heroine was because she had a piece of furniture, the duplicate of which I am granted an opportunity to purchase, if I act quickly, at greatly reduced rates.

But although the letter-writing section of psychological advertisers gives me keen pleasure, they also give me some anxiety. It seems to me that they waste a good deal of good effort. The reason for this failure to conserve, lies, I think, in the lack of an ingredient that would fuse all of this experimental psychology and engaging personality into a practical working whole. And by "working" I mean money getting: for of course advertisers have their reason for being, in the persuading of somebody to buy something, or to subscribe to something. The ingredient which I miss is businesslike accuracy. Of course I realize that these are merely form-letters, that the mailing list is compiled from any available source. But the advertisers wish each person who receives a letter to feel that it was written for him or her personally, and they take a great deal of trouble to perfect the atmosphere. It is not artistic, or professional, therefore, to destroy the illusion by the address or the opening sentence. It was a disgusted gentleman who received a letter which began thus:

"Dr. John Doe
Professor of Latin
University of Utopia
Dear Sir:

A friend of yours — she prefers that we should not use her name — tells us that you are the best dressed woman in your city. Our new line of evening frocks . . ."

And women often receive letters such as the following:

"Miss Margaret Roe, etc., etc.
Dear Madam:

As a man who knows a good pipe from a

bad one, will you grant us an opportunity to show you . . ."

Undoubtedly these charming highly imaginative specialists in advertising give great pleasure. But when business houses month after month send advertising letters which set forth the glories of something glaringly impossible of enjoyment by the person to whom the letter is addressed, then that person is likely to reflect that squandered postage, and inefficient management, must be paid for in the price or quality of the thing advertised.

The literary value of a personal form-letter is not affected, however, by the question of practical usefulness. Nothing could lessen my pleasure in a recent letter that shows me how I may realize the "chummy comradeship of Emerson's nature poems," and the "dainty art of Shelley and Keats." The writer also tells me that he knows what my principal problem is. And the opening sentence of the same letter seems to explain why I enjoy all advertisements:

"To that 'marvellous interestingness of life' which Arnold Bennett says literature reflects, is due the fundamental liking for good reading of some kind. . . ."

The Curse of Fall Elections

We have received the usual number of exhortations to do our duty in preparing for the fall elections. Thank you. We will do the best we can, but on account of the war we are already late in getting into the country for the summer, and our doctor orders us away as soon as we can go.

Many of the people who exercise any influence for good are gone already, while most of those whose influence is evil — who live by politics are here and will stay here or within easy reach, to attend to business.

Moreover all those whose laziness, incapacity and crankiness prevent their having money enough to get

away — the whole Bolshevik crowd of socialists, synadicalists and anarchists, remain here under the influence of those who live by politics.

If there ever was an invention of the devil, it is fall elections.

Elections should be held early in April, before so many good people go away, and after they have had half the year at home to do their best in.

Larrovitch

Our habitual readers may be surprised at our serving them a book notice. But the circumstances leading to this one are peculiar.

In its thirty-six years, the Authors Club has published but two books: *The Liber Scriptorum*, and *Feodor Vladimir Larrovitch, An Appreciation of His Life and Works*, which has recently appeared. The name of Larrovitch was mentioned in the last Casserole; we are now able to describe the permanent tribute to his personality which the Authors has made.

The volume consists of papers read at the Larrovitch centenary celebration (April 26th, 1917 — postponed from April 1st) together with others since contributed. The contents page notes a sonnet by Clinton Scollard, Prolegomenon by Prof. Franklin H. Giddings, a personality sketch by Wm. George Jordan, translations and an article on "The Truth and False About Larrovitch" by Richardson Wright, translations of three Larrovitch poems by George S. Hellman, translations of Larrovitch letters by Thomas Walsh, a paper on his recollection of the great Russian by Dr. Titus Munson Coan, who, it will be recalled was one of the original "Friends of Russian Freedom," bibliography and bibliographical notes by Arthur Colton, whose name is already well known to readers of the Unpopular Review; and a table of references in English, French, German, Spanish and Russian compiled by Dr.

Gustave Simonson. There are twelve illustrations in the volume, showing Larrovitch manuscripts, portraits at various ages, portraits of Larrovitch's parents, the room at Yalta in which the author died, and his grave. The book was designed by William Aspenwall Bradley of the University Press, and executed by Munder of Baltimore, making it a unique piece of typographical excellence.

That the Authors should have picked out this Russian from all the writers whirling in the vortex of literature, is explained in the preface and the dedication. The book is dedicated to the lasting sympathy between the American people and the Russian. And the preface states that the path to peace along which nations can walk to mutual understanding, is the path of the arts — the path of music and painting and literature. This is indeed true.

Our Index

THE example of our "Father Parmenides," is always good, and we shall imitate it in the particular set forth in this extract from *The Atlantic* for last December:

> Following a convention, unquestioned and well-nigh universal, the *Atlantic* has for sixty years published semi-annually in December and June an index designed for the convenience of readers who bind their magazines. This index with title-page occupies six pages; and while of great service to a couple of thousand subscribers and to a few hundred libraries, it is to eighty-odd thousand readers [These figures make us feel very small.] merely a dead and cumbersome weight. This month, therefore, we are breaking sharply with tradition, . . . we are printing the index in its usual form, but in a small edition, and as a separate pamphlet, and hold ourselves ready to send it to *any reader who applies for a copy within thirty days of the publication of this magazine.*
>
> This change will involve the saving of a paper-wastage. . .

All paper saved tends to lower the price, which has already reached a height obstructive to the diffusion of knowledge.

A New "OUIJA Board" Book

By PATIENCE WORTH

HOPE TRUEBLOOD

A Mid-Victorian Novel by a Pre-Victorian Writer

By the author of "The Sorry Tale"
Edited by C. S. Yost

$1.50 net

In this new novel of mid-Victorian days with its pervading sense of dark mystery, "Patience Worth" abandons her archaic dialect, and writes in modern English.

"Whether in the body or in the spirit, the author of the present volume is singularly gifted with imagination, invention and power of expression. 'Hope Trueblood' is much superior to 'The Sorry Tale,' partly because it is written in good English and partly because it displays far greater ingenuity of imagination . . . a work approximating absolute genius." — *N. Y. Tribune.*

"A novel that George Eliot might not have been ashamed to own up to." — *N. Y. Sun.*

"From the very first there is established an atmosphere true to type and convincing. 'Hope' is one of the most radiant children we've met in a book in many a day. 'Patience Worth' has arrived." — *Chicago Daily News.*

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For Early Publication

Except as crowded out by more pressing topics, the following articles are expected to appear in early numbers of this Review:

The Pleasant Ways of Sauntering

Relics

An Individualist on Discipline

The Short Story Bacillus

Utopias

Demos and Academe

In Praise of the Rogers Groups

Early Anticipations of Prison Reform

The Problem of Church-going

Pickwickian Religion

The Penalty of Cleverness

Pragmatism and Literature

Poverty and the Modern Spirit

The Passing of Prince Charming

Fine Art and the Average Man

The Wicked Town and the Moral Country

Good Men and True

The Realities

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY 16 WEST 45th STREET NEW YORK CITY

T. MOREY & SON, PRINTERS, GREENFIELD, MASS.

The Unpopular Review

SOME THINGS IN WHICH WE ARE TRYING TO DO OUR BIT

In disarming Germany — and, after that's done, everybody else, except an international police.

In securing to all nationalities the right to choose their own governments and affiliations.

In making trade free.

In securing the rights of both organized labor and the individual workman, which involve on the one hand recognition of the Trade Unions, and on the other, of the Open Shop.

In cleaning up and bracing up literature and art.

In modernizing and revivifying religion.

To Subscribers

75 cents a number, $2.50 a year. Bound volumes $2. each, two a year. (Canadian $2.70, Foreign $2.85.) Cloth covers for volumes, 50 cents each. No one but the publishers is authorized to collect money for the Review. Persons subscribing through agents or dealers to whom they pay money, do so at their own risk.

For the present, subscribers remitting direct to the publishers can have any back number or numbers additional to those subscribed for, except No. 9, for an additional 50 cents each (plus 5 cents a number for postage to Canada, 9 cents to Foreign countries), *provided the whole amount is paid direct to the publishers at the time of the subscription.* Number 9 is out of print, and can be furnished only with complete sets, which are sold at the rate of 75 cents a number.

Owing to the Post-office department spending many millions annually in carrying periodicals below cost, it has become so loaded with them as to be obliged to send them as freight. Therefore subscribers should not complain to the publishers of non-receipt of matter under from one to two weeks, according to distance. This subject is fully treated in No. 2 of The Unpopular Review, and in the Casserole of No. 3.

To Correspondents

Please send volunteered contributions directed to the Review, not to the Editor, unless by previous understanding.

The ordinary page folded twice is more welcome than one of unusual size or flat.

Manuscripts in faint ink or otherwise not clear are returned unread.

☞ In order that the new writers may stand an equal chance with the old, and the old not unduly depend upon their reputations, the names of writers are not given until the number following the one in which their articles appear.

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY
19 WEST 44th STREET
NEW YORK CITY
LONDON: WILLIAMS AND NORGATE

LATEST COMMENTS FROM OUR READERS

. . . owing to the necessity of cutting down expenses, I half decided to do without it for a year. Reading the April–June number made me determine to cut down in some other manner, in spite of the remark of my nine-year-old niece, who, seeing a copy of the "Unpopular" disdainfully exclaimed — "'THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW' — I'd be ashamed to be caught with a copy of *that* in the house." *Mrs. Geo. F. Weeks, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.*

I gather from a note in your No. 17, Vol. IX that the REVIEW is yet in the struggling stage. I have seen some numbers which I obtained from a circulating library, and have enjoyed them. I do not know any way in which I can help other than by becoming a subscriber. . . . I am not subscribing from any utilitarian motive, for I don't imagine you represent in any way what America is thinking on current problems, and that is a point on which one feels curiosity. I am not very confident that you represent what America will think some considerable number of years hence. But anyway it is good to have interesting matter discussed candidly. . . . You speak of the possibility of appearing monthly. I have no qualifications for offering advice, and therefore do so and would say. Don't. . . . Stick to your line, and cater for your own public. *S. Gray, Essex Road, Mount Eden, Auckland, New Zealand.*

. . . I'm tired of saying to myself "you can enjoy the *library* copies," I want this magazine at *home* . . . please find my cheque for $2.50 and gladden my vacation with the July–September number. *Greta E. Brown, New Britain, Conn.*

A joy from cover to cover — nay, even the cover is a joy, for it is a fitting introduction to the perfection of the magazine's make-up — press-work, paper and all — in being all that the cover of such a magazine should be, even to precisely the right shade of brown. The circumstance that several pages are occupied by my own remarks does not militate against my admiration and enjoyment of the whole. . . . THE UNPOP. resembles Mrs. Browning's justly celebrated nightingale in that it "stands alone" — "there is no one beside it and no one above it." *Robert Emmet Ward, Highlands, No. Car.*

"Do I still like it" — the UNPOP.? It is as tho' made for me — and I wish I had every number that has been published. I did not subscribe last year because of unsettledness. I would be "enchanted" to have it. I grabbed Miss L's last one. She is thanking some angel for its appearance. *From a personal letter.*

"I am delighted to hear that you are going to carry on with the UNPOP., and trust that the end of the war will relieve you from some of the difficulties which must now press upon you. Here the difficulty about paper has become so great that our newspapers are reduced, even the biggest of them, to a mere shadow of their former selves, and I should have thought that you might, without injuring the claims of the UNPOP. upon the great bulk of your readers (who, after all, are the élite of your people) have reduced its size and selected only the very tip-toppest of the articles for publication." *Right Hon. Viscount Bryce, London.*

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS TO THE PRECEDING NUMBER

Mr. Powers needs no introduction to the readers of this REVIEW. Among the half dozen valuable articles he has contributed were "Why our Shipping has Declined," in No. 10, "The Singing Man with the Hoe" in No. 9, "Feminism and Socialism" in No. 5, "The Curse of Adam and the Curse of Eve" in No. 4.

Dr. Brown was formerly Dean of Women in the University of Nevada. She is the author of "History, War and Women," published in our No. 10. She writes: "I have interrupted my work as a teacher of history to engage in research on problems related with the war. I am collaborating with Miss Davenport upon a book on the Freedom of the Seas, for which the article you published is a preliminary sketch. She deals with the early period and I with the period since 1713. This doesn't sound anything like as exciting as I assure you it is, and I am sorry not to supply you with more interesting copy, but those bald statements seem to cover the ground."

Miss Frances Davenport is a member of the Bureau of Historical Research of the Carnegie Institution and author of works on English manorial history. Her most recent publication is a collection of European treaties bearing on the history of the United States and its dependencies, published last winter by the Carnegie Institution.

Mrs. Mavity was educated at Western College for Women, Wellesley College, and Cornell University. She was formerly Professor of Philosophy in Connecticut College for Women, and is now on the editorial staff of a New York publishing house.

Mr. Ward writes from Highlands, North Carolina: "Robert Emmet Ward, whose 'gamut of crimes' has hitherto consisted of verse, chiefly in *St. Nicholas*, *The Century* and *Scribner*, burst into prose for the first time in No. 19. The author of *The Neo-Parnassians* specializes in sculpture, dialect and mushroom-hunting; pursues in 'Darkest Appalachia' the activities begun in Gramercy Park, Manhattan; and wishes, in view of the recent postal zone law and its inevitable consequences, passionately to repel being accounted a North Carolinian — having been, like the famous umbrella, 'born in Baltimore, raised everywhere!'"

Miss Burnham writes: "I have studied at the University of Chicago, Yale, and elsewhere (Yale gave me my doctor's degree); and I am a confirmed pedagogue (Assistant Professor of English, University of Kansas). But any one who does me the honor of reading "The Purest of Human Pleasures" may find these data frivolous and irrelevant; he will probably wish rather to know whether I persist in my heresy as to never having a garden again. Very well; I recant. I intend to have a garden every year, as long as my right arm and the government bulletins hold out."

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NATURALIZATION IN THE SPOTLIGHT OF WAR, H. P. Fairchild, Professor in Yale University.

WAR PROPHETS, Fred Perry Powers.

MY FRIEND THE JAY, Horace W. O'Connor, Instructor in Indiana University.

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JOHN FISKE, The Editor.

PLEASE EXPLAIN THESE DREAMS, Ernest Hunter Wright, Asst. Professor in Columbia University.

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The Unpopular Review

No. 20 OCTOBER—DECEMBER Vol. X

PEACE *VIA* AUSTRIA

As we go to press, an outlook for peace fully as promising as the favorable one at the West front, and perhaps more immediate, is the removal of Germany's main support, through the disruption of that cruel and unnatural aggregation called the Austrian empire. This seems impending at the hands of her slavic victims. We are fortunate in having the following justification for such a disruption, and encouragement for our helping it, from an exceptional Czecko Slovak authority. Editor.

I

Remota justicia, quid sunt regna, nisi magna latrocinia. *St. Augustine.*
Nowhere in the world has Austria ever done good. *Gladstone.*

AN old inscription over the gates of the Imperial Palace in Vienna truly says: *Justicia regnorum fundamentum* — Justice is the foundation of kingdoms.

No more inspiring truth could have been chosen for the motto of rulers of ten distinct nationalities molded together in one vast Empire, nor could a greater sarcasm have been written over the abode of rulers who have usurped and maintained their power by continuous treachery, breaking of pledges, favoritism and disregard of all right and justice. Unheeded, the old wisdom has for centuries been showing the only solution of the difficulties which naturally arose from the heterogeneity of their domain; until to-day like the *Mene tekel upharsin* it is spelling the end of the mediæval, artificial, and therefore immoral political structure.

If history does not teach, it sometimes explains. The history of Austria would make a very poor example for constructive political thinking. Austrian history in its broadest outlines is the history of a dynasty. The reign of the house of Hapsburg has been but a long and stubborn struggle of the mediæval conception of the state against the modern one. Up to the present, the old conception has prevailed — a history of imperialistic greed turning against its own subject peoples as it was slowly being defeated outside of them.

When, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Hapsburgs were elected to the thrones of the ancient kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary, they were to constitute an outward emblem of a unity of purpose. The Turkish invasion having already reached the heart of Hungary, these two states joined with Austria in a defensive federation; the three were to have a common dynasty, but each was to retain its complete independence.

The Hapsburgs were a house of strong mediæval family traditions. They were ambitious and greedy. For centuries they held the crown of the Holy Roman Empire. They were staunch advocates of "the divine right of kings." They were divinely appointed to rule; and to rule meant to them something quite different from what it meant to the other contracting parties. To the Hapsburgs the subject peoples and their welfare were never an end in themselves: they were means to an end — an immense mediæval Empire "over which the sun would never set," — nor would their rule. The Hapsburgs were, moreover, fanatical Catholics, narrow and bigoted. After having ordered a wholesale execution of the Bohemian rebels, Ferdinand spent days at Maria-Zell in prayers for their salvation — and his own. The Hapsburgs considered it their sacred duty firmly to establish Catholicism in Europe, and to exterminate heresy — political as well as religious — which was rapidly spreading from Bohemia.

II

To further their ends they had to interfere with the local affairs of the federated states, thus breaking pledges to abide by their constitutions; but what were pledges to them? They were taught by their Jesuit teachers that "the end justifies the means," they were powerful, they had the army, and they had the support of the church.

Austria proper was their family estate. Hungary, practically wiped off the map, and awiting for her redemption from the Turks, was completely at their mercy. Only Bohemia remained to be dealt with, — the proud, Hussite Bohemia, "heretic" to the core, slowly realizing the mistake she had committed in entrusting her destiny to the Catholic Hapsburgs, finally renouncing her allegiance, and rising in revolt against the dynasty which was slowly and cunningly cutting down her political and religious freedom.

And before King James of England had time to decide upon the rights and wrongs of the case, the rebels were dying in the fatal and unequal battle of the White Mountain (1620), which delivered Bohemia completely to the Hapsburgs and to an unprecedented punishment: Czech "heresy" was stamped out, the country depopulated, the nobility executed or exiled, the land divided among foreign adventurers; and after the Thirty-years' war which followed, Bohemian was the language of but a few hundred thousand peasants; — Bohemia ceased to be a problem.

Austria remained, organization of Brute Force again triumphed over the subtle development of thought, and a mediæval Empire stood ready to meet any new onslaught of Modern Ideas, that might come from Western Europe.

With a single exception — the "enlightened despotism" of Joseph II — the Hapsburgs were always true to type; and even this one exception was not complete: it disregarded and contradicted the spirit of nationality which was slowly rising in the western mind: the internal policy

of Joseph II tended only to a more thorough centralization and Germanization of the Empire. Towards the end of the eighteenth century the transformation of the confederation into one centralized state had been accomplished; it had been only formally announced by Francis I proclaiming himself the Emperor of Austria; and Austria was ready for Metternich, for the Holy Alliance, and for a new crusade against Modern Ideals.

III

Francis Joseph ascended the throne of Austria at a time when all Europe was in a ferment, and the vast structure of the Empire seemed to be falling apart. In the first half of the century Metternich's "system" had succeeded in strangling all open expression of the new nationalistic idea in Central Europe. But it had failed to stifle its growth, and was now overthrown. Revolutions in Prague, Vienna, and Budapest, following close upon the Paris Revolution of 1848, had forced the weak-minded Ferdinand ("The Benevolent") to recognize the national claims of Bohemia, and to grant Austria a constitution; Hungary under Kossuth had acquired practical independence; Italy had renounced Austrian control, and the leading position of Austria in the German confederation had been weakened.

A boy of eighteen, whose extensive and uneven education had never been completed, the new ruler was strongly and painfully impressed by the revolutions. He was a pupil of Metternich, and therefore not inaccessible to reactionary counsel, and this helped to transform a constitutional monarch into an absolute ruler. Metternich's system was reintroduced in a more perfect form under Bach; revolutions in Hungary and Italy were crushed; and Ferdinand's constitution was replaced by one that made Austria again a united centralized Empire, firmly resting upon the foundations of "the dynasty and the

church," between whom the power over the life and conscience of the population was about evenly divided.

For ten years Austria continued to live under the most oppressive police system; and it was not until the defeats of Magenta and Solferino that her rulers awoke to the fact that what they thought to be the strength of the Empire was its weakness, and that reform was necessary. Anybody but a Hapsburg would have listened to the mature advice of the leaders of the majority of his peoples, and satisfied the just claim of the Slavs for racial and political equality with the ruling Germans. Francis Joseph was a Hapsburg: not even the defeat of Sadowa, which drove him out of Germany and forever buried his dream of becoming a leader of the German princes, was enough to make him realize that he ruled over an Empire *in which the Germans formed only a fifth of the population.* Too blind to see anything but his own most immediate interest, too shallow to understand the force of ideas, too selfish and stubborn to yield anything from his position of an absolute monarch, he refused to meet the issue squarely, and resorted to a measure which made all justice cry out in horror, made all reform illusory, and transformed his Monarchy into the *real* "sick man of Europe," whom nothing but death can save from the agonies in which, for the last fifty years, he has been writhing on a bed of dishonor.

IV

Austria, as one of the ablest Viennese writers not long ago remarked, is a conglomerate of nations each of which feels that it would be far better off if it belonged to another state or to itself. Created as a means of defense against the Turkish invasion of Europe, with the disappearance of the Asiatic danger, she lost her *raison d'être* and has existed since only as a dynastic prestige. Had she been fortunate enough to be governed by rulers who possessed some foresight, she could have found a new mission in laying a foundation for some future United States of

Europe, where a harmonious coöperation of all the nations would enable the different states to work out a new solution of problems in which they were all equally concerned.

That, in fact, had been the dream of political thinkers and idealists. Some of them even felt such a federation to be necessary for the good of all peoples of Central Europe. In 1848 the Czech statesman and historian Palacky made the significant statement, the fallacy of which he was later forced to acknowledge: "*Were there no Austria, we would have to create one*" — a statement which was justified in 1848, while there still was some hope of reconstructing Austria into a voluntary free federation.

To the rulers of Austria the Austrian problem appeared in quite a different light. To them it was a question of how to keep intact this artificial structure, in spite of the centrifugal tendencies of its component parts, in as nearly its old form as possible — how to keep together all these ten distinct nationalities, each of which had gained its political and national self-consciousness, and was ready to go its own way if left to itself.

As already said, the necessity of settling its domestic affairs was called forth for Austria by the outcome of the Austro-German war of 1866. Ever since the birth of the Monarchy, the Hapsburgs, who never denied the German tradition of their house, were working for the realization of their hereditary ideal of uniting with Austria all the Germanic states, and forming under their scepter a powerful German Empire. The idea of German "Mitteleuropa" was born long before Bismarck and Naumann.

The non-German nationalities of Austria were naturally opposed to any such scheme, which would mean their complete absorption in the German sea. Words of caution were not lacking. In 1865 Palacky, in his book on *The Idea of the Austrian State* wrote the following prophetic warning:

When this unique . . . Monarchy, instead of affording equal justice to all, will allow one nation to dominate the others, when

the Slavs will be made a subject race . . . then nature will claim her own, and her reaction will turn civil peace into discord, hope into despair, and will finally cause hatred and strife, the direction, magnitude and end of which it is impossible to foresee. . . We Slavs are looking toward these events with a sincere regret, but without fear. *We were before Austria was, and when Austria no longer is, we still shall be.*

The defeat of 1866 was for Austria a moment full of great and happy possibilities. Although at Sadowa Bismarck destroyed all Hapsburg hopes and ambitions of becoming rulers of Greater Germany, he furnished Austria with an opportunity of freeing herself from German influence, and returning to her historic mission, forgotten and neglected by her rulers in their megalomaniac dreams. Instead, the Emperor now dreamt of revenge for Sadowa: he saw the necessity of some kind of an arrangement which would enable Austria to present a united front to the outside enemy. For a while it seemed that the federalist idea would win. Premier Belcredi came with a program of granting autonomy to the Czechs, the Germans, the Poles, the Magyars, and the Southern Slavs, and of making Austria a federation of the five national states so formed. Francis Joseph hesitated. But then the wind suddenly veered, and Belcredi was dismissed, and gave way to Beust; and the selfish shortsightedness of the dynasty, combined with the farsighted selfishness of the Magyar gentry, and assisted by Bismarck, gave birth to a new form of state — the *dualism*, another testimony to the cunning duplicity of the Hapsburgs, who always took a perverse pleasure in inventing phrases, in direct contradiction to which they were from the very beginning determined to act.

Dualism translated Francis Joseph's motto "*Viribus Unitis*" into "*Divide et Impera.*" A true Hapsburg, he turned to the traditional policy of his house — to Germanization under a new form, which promised a more speedy solution of the problem of how to do away

with the recalcitrant nationalities of Austria without losing any of their territory. From uncompromising rebels, the Magyars were made German allies by obtaining from the dynasty a right to Magyarize one-half of the Monarchy. The Hapsburg Empire, *an empire with a Slavic majority*, was made into a Germano-Magyar Power. The *Ausgleich* and the dualistic Constitution of December 1867, sanctioned by the Reichsrath in which the Czechs refused to participate, and in which the Poles deserted their Slav brethren for the price of hegemony over the Ukrainians of Galicia, saved the absolute position of the Monarch, and completely delivered the Slavs of Austria-Hungary into the hands of the German and Magyar jailers in the jail of nations which Austria has become. What is more, it surrendered Austria into the hands of Prussia, and made of her a tool of pan-German ambitions in the Near East.

Beust, one of the authors of dualism, fitly expressed the philosophy of the Austrian state in the phrase: "It is necessary to press the Slavs to the wall." His advice to the Magyars, which loses none of its force by his later denial of its authorship, presents the historic mission of the Dual arrangement: "*You take care of your barbarians* (The Slavs): *we* (the Germans of Austria) *will take care of ours!*" The Slavs soon understood this German philosophy. Palacky saw his apprehensions justified by the event: in 1872, in his political testament, *My Last Word*, he openly admitted the futility of his hopes for Austrian justice. He says:

My greatest error — and to-day I can say it openly — was my confidence in the rationality and righteousness of the German nation. The well known words of mine, "If there were no Austria, we would have to create one," were uttered with the supposition, nay, with the unshakable confidence, that in this federation of liberated nations there is to rule, and forever will rule, justice. . . In those glorious days of freedom rejuvenated (1848) how could I have thought that the Germans would condemn us Slavs to a new slavery — that from the absolutism of a

Monarch, we are to pass under an absolutism much more execrable, the dictatorship of a hostile race? How could I have foreseen that the Germans would talk of freedom and constitution, and practice only the rule of one over the others? — that they would extol the rights of individuals, while trampling the rights of nations under their feet? — that, therefore, they would build the structure of their State-Right on lies and absurdities? — that while proclaiming equal rights for all, to us Slavs they would award only the duty of subservience? Preposterous was and is their expectation that our nationality will not be a treasure as priceless to us as theirs is to them, and that we would not miss, even feel, its exclusion from public life. Their contemptible presumption that a few crumbs and a little refuse from the German table, which they may graciously grant us, will satisfy our national needs, testifies not to rationality and righteousness, but to foolish pride and arrogance.

The whole tragedy of the Slav, and especially Czech, politicians of Austria, is contained in these words of Palacky: "The tragedy of men hoping for justice, and working for the attainment of the most fundamental rights of their nation, with a confidence in German righteousness, only to see, at the end of their life's work, the utter hopelessness of their endeavor." Palacky was not the last of the men who, when rendering account of their political careers, had to acknowledge the utter defeat of their confidence in Austrian justice, and in the possibility of reform of the Austrian Empire. He was followed by all the great political leaders of Bohemia: Rieger, Kramar, whom only a death sentence convinced of the inadvisability of trusting to Austria, and finally Masaryk.

The dual arrangement was to strengthen the Monarchy in the renewal of the struggle against Prussia, by enlisting the aid of the most recalcitrant of Austrian nations in the interest of the dynasty. This was done by sacrificing the most faithful of the Emperor's subjects: the Magyars were given a free hand in the most unscrupulous exploitation of the two races which had always been the most loyal supporters of the dynasty—the Croatians and the Slovaks.

But in accepting the dualism, the dynastic shrewdness

of the Hapsburgs was outwitted by the shrewdness of the Magyar politicians, backed by Bismarck. The plan of the Middle European dominion, placed in a more skillful hand, turned against the Hapsburgs: the compromise of 1867 took the reins of government from the ruler and put them into the hands of the Austrian Germans and Magyars, who were guided by Berlin. Bismarck did not save Austria after the defeat of 1866 from sheer kindness of heart. Austria in the hands of Austrian Germans and Magyars was more useful to Germany than Austria subjugated by force. Dualism secured the domination of Prussia over the Monarchy. In 1866 Bismarck waged war against Austria. Ten years later he declares, facing Russia, that Germany is ready to pay with her blood for the maintenance of the Dual Monarchy. Thenceforward Austria continues on her downward course, with greater and greater speed. In 1871 the Magyars, with Andrassy at their head, stayed the hand of the Emperor, which was preparing to sign a treaty of alliance with France. And in 1879 the same Andrassy, backed by the Magyar gentry, and after a preliminary agreement with Bismarck, forced the emperor to sign the treaty of alliance with Germany — a treaty which completed the surrender of Austria to the Prussian yoke. From that moment Austria continued only as a vassal of Berlin, without her own will, and against the will of the majority of her people, who, deprived by artificial state machinery of their voice in any matters concerning the policies of the Monarchy, were unable to resist.

In matters of domestic as well as foreign policy, dualism strengthened absolutism. The Monarchy is governed by two parliaments, which never will nor can agree. And over them is the Emperor, who, with a Vienna bureaucracy, acts as umpire, every disagreement between the two Parliaments giving him a right to decide arbitrarily and absolutely in any question concerning the political and economic life of the Monarchy.

Austrian parliamentarism, always entirely perverse and false, thus becomes farcical. In the Austrian half of the Monarchy the Parliament is elected by universal suffrage, which, however distorted, makes it at least a seemingly democratic form of government: in Hungary there is not even an attempt at democratic representation on the basis of equal universal suffrage. Matters of foreign policy are not controlled by the people's representatives: they are dependent upon a caste, a diplomatic bureaucracy, and upon the will of the Emperor, and he has absolute power to decide also in military questions.

Thus dynastic selfishness and Germano-Magyar shrewdness destroyed all hopes of reconstruction of Austria on federalistic lines: it introduced dualism, and dualism in its turn not only makes a return to a federalist program impossible, but it takes the government from the representatives of the people, and stands in the way of every political and social reform.

VI

By placing all power in the hands of two privileged races, which, as already said, *constitute a minority of the population*, and by allowing these two races to oppress and exploit the other nationalities of the Monarchy, Austria-Hungary becomes a veritable seething pot of nationalist hatred and strife. To what excesses this strife has led on the part of the Germans in Austria, and especially on the part of the Magyars of Hungary, in their treatment of the subject races, is not necessary to recount. The Magyars especially established a record in this regard. In the words of Deputy Stanek's address to the Constituent Assembly of the Bohemian Lands (6th of January, 1918).

Hungary of to-day is the last remnant of Asiatic barbarity in Europe. There is not in the whole world a worse racial tyranny and a more brutal political oppression than in this pashalic of the utterly corrupt aristocratic Magyar oligarchy. A constitutional solution of the question of self-determination of national-

ities in Hungary is a mockery of all principles of justice, liberty and humanity in the face of the whole world.

The conditions are only aggravated by the fact that dualism splits seven of the Austro-Hungarian races into two parts. The South Slavs are split into *four* parts by the still more anomalous position of Bosnia and Herzegovina in the Monarchy. At the same time the government uses all its power of invention to restrict the natural cultural coöperation between nationalities of racial and spiritual kinship. On the other hand, racial differences were exploited by the government caste to the disadvantage of the governed. Opposition to every reform in Austria is always working under the cover of racial animosities, and while Parliament struggles with the insuperable difficulties of racial and linguistic differences, all-important economic and social questions are pushed into the background.

Under such conditions it is only natural that the non-German and non-Magyar nationalities were dissatisfied, and that irredentism was daily growing stronger and stronger. And it is characteristic of the mentality of Austria that, instead of seeking how to improve the relation of the subject nationalities to the Monarchy, all powers of the government are constantly busy trying to discover signs of rebellion and high treason. Monster high treason trials were staged from time to time in Bohemia and Croatia, the most notorious of which, the Friedjung trial of 1909, exposed the ways of Austro-Hungarian justice and foreign policy in a lurid light. In it the sordid forgeries provided by the Austrian Legation in Belgrade were used to prove the existence of Serbian propaganda in Austria-Hungary, and thus to establish a case for the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

It may seem curious to those unfamiliar with the mentality of Vienna and Budapest, that everybody there is so ready to believe the accusations of high treason flung into the face of whole races of the Monarchy. If such

accusations were true, they would only prove that some of the Austrian peoples are morally and politically lost to Austria; that some of these peoples are ready to betray the Monarchy to any enemy; and every reason, political and military, as well as moral, would call for a parting of the ways — for the immediate parting of such peoples from the Monarchy. What seems simple and logical to every sound mind, however, is not so simple and logical to those in power. In states like Austria there comes another factor into play, a factor quite different from all ethical considerations, and that is the so-called "interest of the dynasty." As already stated, the dynasty never considers the people as an end in themselves: they are the means to an end. This end is power, dominion. For this they are ready to sacrifice morals and reason. If it is proved that there are people in Austria who cannot and will not be Germanized or Magyarized, they must be destroyed. Moreover, some intestine danger is necessary to keep the liberally inclined among the population from occupying their minds with questions whose answer would not be very agreeable to the ruling classes: an internecine enemy is necessary, even if one has to be invented, to arouse racial hatred and apprehension to take the place of discontent with social and economic conditions for which the ruling class is directly responsible. The thing is right grotesque: it would be humorous if it were not so tragical, if millions did not suffer by it. It is a queer vicious circle from which there seems no escape — racial hatred causing social misery, and social misery manifesting itself in racial hatred.

And all this time the distortion of the electoral statutes which deprived the non-German nationalities of Austria and the non-Magyar nationalities of Hungary of proper representation in Parliament, made all hopes of reform through constitutional channels illusory, especially because of the constant use by the Emperor and the government of the old formula of "Divide et impera." The

Ruthenians were incited against the Poles, the Croatians against the Serbians, the South Slavs against the Italians, by unjust favoritism of one as against the others. And in all this confusion the people were helpless and powerless: only a great catastrophe which would change the whole complexion of the modern world, was believed to be able to deliver them from a situation which had become intolerable.

VII

To recapitulate a little general history: Once upon a time there was a vast Hapsburg dominion in Europe, which suffered the fate of all great Empires, and was slowly disintegrating as the dynasty was becoming weaker and incapable of ruling it wisely. The more degenerate the dynasty became, the greater was its ambition to unite under its sceptre as much territory and as many peoples as would submit to its rule. Where breaking of pledges was not sufficient, force was used; and where force failed, it ruled by a division of its peoples. This policy did not prevent the Spanish possessions from freeing themselves from the rule of Austria; it did not prevent the Swiss mountaineers from rising against her arrogance, and becoming independent; nor did it prevent Holland and Belgium from breaking away, so that finally her dominion was restricted to the Hapsburg Empire of to-day, with predominance in Italy, and a strong position in the German confederation. In 1859 half of her Italian possessions freed themselves; seven years later the rest of them, with the exception of Trentino, were lost, while the defeat of Sadowa forced her to give up her claim to a dominating place in the Germanies. Brought to her knees by Prussia, she was allowed to maintain her integrity only at the price of surrendering the control of her foreign and internal policies to Berlin, under whose dictatorship she became the vassal of the Hohenzollern, and a bridge for the triumphant march of pan-German imperialism to the

Balkans, with Bagdad and the Persian Gulf as its immediate objective, and world domination as its final one.

To complete her willing surrender to the pan-German ideal, she provoked and started a terrible conflagration, the flames of which are to-day spreading over the whole world. The war was declared by the Austrian government, and without the consent of Parliament, and against the will of the majority of the peoples of the Dual Monarchy. As a matter of fact, the ultimatum to Serbia caught the people quite unawares, and disorganized by internal conflicts. The Austrian Parliament was adjourned three months before the declaration of war, and was not summoned for three years after. The government, knowing the real spirit of the people, took stringent measures against any possible rebellion, and established the most violent reign of terror in provinces like the Bohemian and Jugoslav lands, which made an unorganized attempt at resistance. These three years of terror and of a most unscrupulous police and military régime did not succeed in bringing the recalcitrant provinces to submission; they yielded no gain for the Monarchy, except in sending thousands of youths to the gallows, and crowding her prisons with tens of thousands of starving old men and women. The noble finale of the rule of the demented octogenarian on the Austrian throne accomplished nothing save that it deepened and widened the gulf already dividing the non-German and non-Magyar nationalities of the Monarchy from their German and Magyar oppressors, and made the Slavs and Latins of Austria realize the irreconcilability of their national ideals with the ideals of the dynasty.

The Slavs carried out their revolution against the dynasty and the system which was imposed upon them in the first year of the war. Six hundred thousand Czech and Jugoslav soldiers voluntarily surrendered to the Russian and Serbian armies, to organize in the ranks of the Monarchy's foe their revolutionary armies of "victory

or death", against the inhuman Force which attempted to compel them to fight against their own brothers and natural allies.

To understand Austria we have to keep clear in our minds the one all important fact that Austria is not a nation in the sense that France or Italy or England or Germany are nations. There is no "Austrian" nationality, and there is no Austrian patriotism. There is a certain degree of loyalty to the dynasty on the part of the nationally nondescript Austrian nobility, the army officers, and the bureaucracy; there is German, Magyar, Czech, Polish, Croatian patriotism, and sometimes chauvinism, but there is no common Austrian national moral sentiment. Austria is but a geographical and administrative expression, it is hardly even a state. In the excellent aphorism of Prince Gorchakov: "*L'Autriche n'est pas un état, c'est un gouvernement.*" The phrases "Austrian fatherland," "our dear Monarchy," etc., appear only in the school books published by the government, and in cheap inspired articles in Vienna newspapers: to the peoples of the Monarchy they are meaningless and ridiculous. The Germans of Austria sing their "Wacht am Rhein," the Czechs are moved by hearing "Forward Slavs," — the Austrian anthem scarcely moves a Vienna policeman. With the exception of a common currency, the peoples of Austria have nothing in common that appeals to their hearts or reason.

Until the outbreak of the war, the Austrian Slavs and Latins still entertained some hopes of finding a common ideal which would give Austria a right to exist, and furnish a reason for their living together. Again and again they were thwarted in their endeavors to reconstruct Austria on the basis of equal justice and equal opportunities for all her peoples; but it was not until they were rudely awakened from their vain dreams by a dagger aimed at their very heart, that they abandoned their old

hopes, and adopted a new program of absolute independence, or unification with their kin outside the Monarchy; and they are determined to carry on their struggle to the complete realization of their aspirations. The Czech Declaration of the January Constitutional Assembly at Prague expressed the spirit of all the subject races of Austria, when it proclaimed that "any peace which would not bring freedom to our nation would not and could not mean peace for us, but only the beginning of a new, mighty, and consistent struggle for State independence, in which our people would exert all their moral and physical powers to the utmost: and this determined struggle should not end until our aims were achieved."

VIII

What we witness in Austria to-day is, in the first place, a revolt of the non-German and non-Magyar nationalities against the Empire, and the insistence of the Germans and Magyars upon the prevailing conditions. We see a silent revolution of the races that had been deceived too often to retain any of their confidence in the sincerity and justice of the dynasty and the two ruling races. Centuries of oppression, and particularly the bitter experiences of this war, when they were forced to fight for a cause which is not only foreign to their national ideals, but contrary to their interest, have made them distrustful of every reform proposed by Vienna or Budapest. Convinced of the fallacy of their confidence in Austria by the complete failure of their endeavors for a federal solution of the Austrian problem, they have replaced their old policies by a positive program of independence, and the dismemberment of the Empire into a number of racial states.

All the Slavic peoples of Austria have their positive national program: the Czechs of the Lands of the Bohemian Crown ask for the unification with their Slovak brothers of Hungary in an independent republic, with all the attributes of sovereignty; the Poles desire to leave

Austria, and be united with their brothers of Russian and German Poland in an independent Polish State; the Ukrainians of Galicia wish to be united with the new Ukrainian Republic; the Roumanians of Hungary, with Roumania; the Italians of Trentino and Istria, with Italy; the Jugoslavs — the Serbians, Croatians, and Slovenes demand union in one independent state with the other Jugoslavs now divided up in Serbia, Hungary, Austria, and Bosnia-Herzegovina. Only the Germans of Austria and the Magyars of Hungary lack a positive national ideal in harmony with the modern conception of the State. The Slavs and Latins demand the union of all their nationals in independent political units; but the Germans of Austria have no desire for an independent State composed of the German provinces of Austria; they do not even desire to be united with their brothers of Germany; all they and the Magyars insist upon is the maintenance and amplification of the prevailing order of things, which insures for them the hegemony over the dissatisfied majority. Their national ideal is *to stand in the way of the realization of the legitimate aspirations and national ideals of the other races.* Why it should be so, why they should take pride in obstructing the entrance of others into the society of nations as free political entities, is because, we repeat, it would destroy their plans for the creation of a German Mitteleuropa, and jeopardize their place in the pan-German drive toward the Balkans and the Persian Gulf.

Austria's very existence is based upon the denial of the right of other nations to dispose of themselves. By virtue of this fact she has lost her right to exist as a political entity, and her dismemberment must be a part of every program which aspires to lay the foundations of a stable and democratic peace, and to promote the welfare of the peoples, rather than the interests of governments.

Unfortunately, there are many idealists and sentimentalists who seem to have the interest of the Hapsburgs very

much at heart. Most of them act and speak in perfectly good faith; with some of them it is a case of political sentimentality, with others a case of a few good friends among the Vienna or Budapest nobility. All of them oppose, as too radical, the conclusion which has been reached by all honest and conscientious students of Austria and the Central European problem — by Cheradame, Masaryk, Steed, Eisenmann, Seton-Watson and a host of others. Many still dream of a reconstruction of Austria on a federalistic basis, of a transformation of the Dual Monarchy into a new Switzerland, where the battle of nationality would be replaced by a democratic alliance of the peoples living in mutual peace and harmony; but in this they ignore the complete and repeated failure of such plans.

To those who are willing to hear, it is only necessary to say that the Germans and Magyars of Austria-Hungary would be the first to oppose any solution which would place them on an equal footing with other races of the Dual Monarchy: they will never agree to a State in which they would not be the privileged races — in which they would be placed in the minority where they rightly belong. They would even find the maintenance of the Monarchy no longer desirable because for them its only *raison d'être* consists in the part Austria can take in the realization of pan-German ideals: an Austria which ceased to be a bridge to the Balkans would lose its value.

On the other hand, it is more than certain that the Slavs of the Dual Monarchy, even were they granted equality with the Germans and Magyars, would never reconcile themselves to remaining under one roof with those by whom they have been oppressed for centuries, and of whose faithlessness, to say nothing of their cruelty, they have had so ample an experience. Their only desire is a complete deliverance from the State which they hoped to make their home, and which has become their jail. And everybody who knows anything about

Austria will agree that any arrangement which would force these peoples to continue to live with their oppressors, would be rank betrayal of the peace of the future.

IX

The Austrial problem is a world problem, and for more than one reason. Its solution in the coming settlement will constitute the most sensitive test of victory or defeat of the fundamental principles of democracy and self-determination of nations for which all the Allied Powers are professing to contend. It will be a test of the sincerity of the new diplomacy, and an answer to the problem whether it is the interest of the people or the interest of dynastic governments that in the end really counts.

The right of every nation which has achieved political maturity freely to dispose of itself, is one of the axioms of modern statescraft. From this standpoint, the question of the preservation of Austria-Hungary becomes a question of merely preserving an empire for the Hapsburg family, a question of the State as a dynastic estate — a property of the reigning house. Two-thirds of the people of the Dual Monarchy have actively repudiated such a solution: to prevent it they have ranged themselves on the side of the Entente Allies, suffered enormous sacrifices, and brought upon themselves the wrath of the dynasty and of the ruling minority. Are the democracies of the world willing to sacrifice these peoples to the interest of a decadent, irresponsible, and incapable dynasty, and in so doing repudiate the fundamental principles of democracy, justice, and humanity? Are they ready to sell the security of generations to come, for the comfort of a few privileged individuals?

The problem is infinitely more grave than it would appear from the amount of attention it has received. The present conflict started over a question of unsatisfied nationalism; any return to the *status quo* in Central

Europe, which means the preservation of Austria, contains indestructible germs of future conflicts.

The objection is often raised that frontiers mean friction: the more states, the greater the number of frontiers, and the greater the possibility of friction. The dismemberment of Austria is therefore paramount to unstabilizing the peace of Europe. The fallacy of the argument is obvious: it avoids the issue instead of solving it. The number of nationalities in any given territory, and hence the length of the frontiers dividing them, is not reduced by incorporating them into one state. It is not the friction that is liable to take place at the political frontiers, but the friction between the nationalities, that is the dangerous factor: the first is preventable and easily susceptible of solution, while the other, being the result of causes of a more fundamental nature, cannot be done away with so easily. Except in the case of people of different races thrown together by a common danger or a common ideal, the creation of heterogeneous states is more likely to increase the friction; Austria-Hungary is a leading example. The argument tries to do away with an evil by covering it up — to localize it, instead of removing the cause.

The problem of border friction has, however, a special significance in the case of Austria and Germany. Every nation in Europe has to cope with problems of frontier conflicts. Germany has rid herself of a great part of her problem by making it an internal problem of a neighboring state, which is left to struggle with it and to disturb the peace of the world, while Germany is calmly going about her conquests and plans of world domination. Austria thus becomes useful to Germany in many ways. Her dismemberment, as the Germans themselves admit, is equivalent to the defeat of Germany.

AN EARLIER LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE

THE revolution of three centuries has brought the world, in the crisis of today, to a repetition of some old situations and a rebirth of some ancient plans. Negatively as warnings and positively as guides, the likes and unlikes of historic circumstances are supremely educative. There is some truth in the theory that the affairs of men move in cycles where events, situations, and constructive or reconstructive principles recur with monotonous regularity: for most national and international problems have their dim analogues somewhere in "the dark backward and abysm of time."

All of the peoples that can properly be called civilized now hold firmly the following propositions: The house of Hohenzollern has created an intolerable despotism, its present rule is evil to bear, and its plans for the future would be fatal to the liberty and the peace of the world. There can be no end to this dominion, and no protection against this aggression until Germany has been decisively defeated on the battlefield. Self-defence and national honor compelled the Allied powers to unite against her. After her fall, it will devolve upon them to determine the territorial and political adjustments of a new Europe.

One great purpose of this coalition, if not the greatest, is to put an end to incessant and desolating wars. After national aspirations have been satisfied, and the right of nationalities to self-definition, and of peoples to choose their own governments, have been established, the new regime can be made secure only by an agreement between all the principal nations, and a united policing by them of the world in the interest of permanent peace. German defeat, a map of Europe based on nationality and its free political expression, and a League to Enforce Peace are the main conditions upon which every Allied power will

insist. They represent the new order without which, it seems to us now, the world would not be worth living in.

It is an interesting fact that the equivalents of all these latter-day essentials were held to be both practically necessary and practically possible, almost exactly three centuries ago. If we may credit a famous contemporary record, preparations to carry out a programme similar in all its details to that given above were well advanced; in fact the moment for action had already struck, when the knife of Ravaillac set the clock back three hundred years. Put the great Elizabeth in the place of the government of Lloyd-George, President Wilson in that of Henry IV of France, better known as "Henry of Navarre," and read "House of Hohenzollern," for "House of Austria," and this bit of history, genuine or apocryphal, repeats itself with a weird and startling fidelity. Whether the existing circumstantial report of this ancient League to Enforce Peace be fact or fiction, certain it is that the idea existed, full and definite and appealing, in the mind of the writer.

Europe in the sixteenth century was overshadowed by the House of Austria. Supreme in its own domain, commanding through Spain the resources of the mines of the New World, battling fiercely to crush out every form of freedom in the Low Countries, intriguing incessantly to bring France under its power, or, in default of that, to keep it always divided between bitterly warring factions, such was the position and the policy of the Hapsburgs. Their resolve to dominate Europe was perilously near realization. The wars of the League had made France almost a desert, and imbued its people with wild and bloody passions. Again and again Flanders had been on the point of collapse. All the valor of England could do little more than defend her own coasts from invasion. The House of Austria, enthroned in Spain, dominating the German princes, at home in the cities and principalities of Italy, besieging France with intrigues, wars, alliances, every form of wheedling or treachery or open hostility,

was herding all Europe toward perpetual unrest or final submission.

Two rulers outside the house of Nassau, felt the intolerable situation more keenly than any others: Elizabeth of England, and that Henry of France, still best remembered by his earlier title, "Henry of Navarre." Neither their dominions nor their lives would be safe from attack until the common enemy should be disabled. Nothing short of a decisive defeat at arms would stay the ambition or break the strength of Spain and Austria. And by no other exit could the war-weary people of all countries reach the permanent peace they sighed for with a longing proportioned to the ravages that centuries of struggle had spread over all Europe. So a peace plan was formed then, just as one has been framed now. The interesting thing is that it was the same plan.

Practically all the powers of Europe were to unite, each furnishing its quota of troops for the great war against the House of Austria. Henry, the most consummate captain of his age, and excelled by few in any age, was to lead in person, with all the resources of a France rejuvenated and enriched by his wise administration under the guidance of the great Sully behind him. When Austria should be compelled to sue for peace, she was to be restricted within the narrowest limits. All the rest of Europe was to be reconstituted into states fashioned by the ties of nationality, of political custom and of religion, then even more powerful than ties of blood to bind or to loose political union. Some of these nations would be monarchies, some republics; but their international relations, with the peace of the whole new world, were to be declared, safeguarded, maintained, by a great assembly, modeled on the Amphictyonic Council of Greece, in which all were to be represented. Here was a "League to Enforce Peace" fashioned to the last detail at least as long ago as the early years of the seventeenth century.

It is to Maximilien de Béthune, Baron de Rosny, best

known to us under the name of the Duke of Sully, that we are indebted for an account so extraordinarily interesting and pertinent now. He tells his story as explicitly and gravely as if no portion of the life or work of Henry of Navarre were more amply documented than what he calls "le grand dessein" of a new Europe, and a world dedicated to peace. Sully was the confidant of the king in matters of the highest state policy, as well as in household and extra-household personal embarrassments. He was an austere man, flinching from nothing that he saw in the line of duty, daring to reprove the king to his face, refusing the offer of a marshal's baton in exchange for a proposed religious apostasy. His narrative tells freely the weaknesses he deplores in the man he so greatly loved. That such a man as Sully should invent out of whole cloth a plan like that of this old League to Enforce Peace, and credit it to Henry, seems out of keeping with his character, historically and psychologically. Sully could be bitterly prejudiced, and even let prejudice warp his judgment of men and his account of their acts. But of downright sycophantic lying, with luxurious invention, he was as incapable as John Calvin.

In the six volume edition of the Memoirs published at Paris in 1822, the "great design" is treated, not parenthetically, but with elaborate detail. In four different volumes the subject reappears as a serious topic, and not mere embroidery. The editor, who made use of the original four volume edition, the first two of which were published, with the Amsterdam imprint, by Sully himself, explains that he found this project spoken of in so many places where it seemed to break the thread of the story, that he gathered together all these references into what constitutes nearly the whole of the thirtieth and concluding book of his work. It is set out with the same method and preciseness that Sully applied to his tax rolls and his enumeration of funds in the treasury. Historically it would be almost as absurd to credit Napoleon's plan for

an invasion of England to the laudatory imagination of some biographer, as to join with those authorities who find no foundation at all for "son dessein" except Sully's hero-worshipping imagination. As well suspect Oliver Cromwell of writing *Eikon Basilike* to stamp forever upon the name of Charles I the brand of traitor and Papist.

If, however, one supposes that Sully invented the whole tale for the greater glory of the lord and master he idolized, which seems at war with his whole character, it makes the tale no whit less interesting or significant for us: for the thought was certainly there, and the date cannot be challenged. It was written down while Sully lived. He died in 1641, and the first two volumes of the Memoirs had already been published. The conceptions embodied in *The Republic* and the *Utopia* are independent of the authorship of Plato or Sir Thomas More. The most interesting comparative feature of the origin of great world-ideas is not the man or the place, but the time. Let the credit be Henry's or Sully's, the fact remains that three centuries ago a mind of very high reach and a very practical turn, no matter whether king's or minister's, believed that war could and must be brought to a final termination; that the earth and God were weary of it; that it could be abolished only through the armed conquest of imperial militarism; and that the efficient substitute for it would be a confederation of all the nations of the civilized world, united specifically to exercise the two functions of a board of international arbitration and a league to enforce peace.

Sully is not quite decided whether to assign the origination of this plan to his master or to Queen Elizabeth of England. He says: "If the first idea of it did not come from Elizabeth, it is at least certain that that great queen had conceived it by herself a long time before, as a means of avenging all Europe for the crimes committed by the common enemy." On the whole, he seems to lean to the conclusion that she originated it and suggested it to

Henry. It would appeal to him immensely both as the imaginative soldier and the ruler who loved to see his people prosper in peace. Sully claims that he himself paid a visit to Elizabeth at Calais in 1601, where the subject was considered at length. He asserts that the two sovereigns conferred with each other upon it by letter. "Preparations were made for their main object," he says, "but so secretly that the whole matter remained, up to the death of the king, and long after, one of those concerning which people offered only conjectures as idle as they were contradictory."

Sixty pages of this old copy of Sully are filled with a description and discussion of the plan, collated from repeated mentions in different places in the original edition. It is possible to give only the briefest summary here. "Henry himself" says Sully, "expressed his idea by saying that Europe should be divided and governed as one family." Given three permitted religions, the Roman Catholic, the Reformed and the Protestant — for in those days, as Henry knew to his cost, religious agreement was a necessary first condition of territorial or political solidarity — the Turk was to be driven from Europe, and the Czar, or "Grand Duke of Muscovy," could join the federated nations or share the same fate. This is a curious foreshadowing of destiny now fulfilling itself. The great general confederation of all the other countries of Europe was to be called "The Christian Republic." The limitations of the House of Austria were Spain, her possessions in Africa and America, and her islands in the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, and the East and West Indies. The rest of her domain in Europe was to be divided between Venice and some of the German states.

Bohemia, with Moravia, Silesia and Lusatia, made an elective kingdom.

Hungary, together with part of what is now known as the Balkans, to become an elective kingdom on the

nomination of the Pope, the Emperor, and the kings of France, Spain, England, Denmark, Sweden and Lombardy.

Poland, an elective kingdom on the same conditions as Hungary.

Switzerland, with Alsace, Franche-Comté and the Tyrol, a sovereign republic.

The Pope, one of the monarchs of Europe, with title of head of the Italian republic, or republic of the church.

The seventeen United Provinces, united in a free and independent state, named the Belgian Republic.

A kingdom of Lombardy and a Republic of Venice.

Europe would thus be divided between fifteen great powers: six hereditary monarchies, — France, Spain, England, Denmark, Sweden and Lombardy; five elective monarchies, — the Empire, the Pontifical State, Poland, Hungary and Bohemia; four sovereign republics, — Venice, Italy, Switzerland and Belgium.

In all these arrangements it was pledged that neither England nor France would ask any additional territory; although there was doubtless an expectation of some slight additions in Flanders, as what the Germans of today would call a "rectification of frontiers." But this was no part of the plan; and Henry sometimes said that "if the new order were once established, he would be willing to submit the question of the territorial contents of France to the decision of a majority of the popular vote."

There must be laws and regulations to unite these powers closely, and to maintain order; reciprocal engagements and solemn guaranties of good faith in both religious and political affairs; mutual assurances of free trade; and measures to assure equal and just treatment of each state by all the others. For the adjustment of these matters and for the settlement of differences arising in the future, there would be the "General Council of Europe" already referred to. Each of the governments included would send to it a number of representatives

proportioned to its size and place. This body was to remain in continuous session, as a senate occupied with "informing itself upon and settling all the civil, political and religious troubles of Europe at home or abroad." The contemplated assignment of commissioners would constitute a body of about seventy persons, the membership of which should be subject to renewal every three years. It would be divided into three sections of practically equal size, one of which should sit at Paris or Brussels, the others at Trent and Cracow. But if the council should decide it better to remain undivided, it could assemble as a whole in any of the great centrally located cities of Europe. Sully suggests that a number of subordinate councils might well have been added, with right of appeal from their decrees to the central body.

According to Sully's story, the plan was explained more or less fully, as seemed wise or safe, to most of the powers concerned, and received their more or less formal adhesion. He went to London and found James I favorably disposed, but hesitating and timid. Naturally it was not a thing to cry from the house-tops before Austria should have been actually humbled; and it is easy to see why, with Henry out of the world, and Austria unhampered, angry and revengeful, knowledge of such a pact, or even the existence of it, should have been strenuously denied by those to whom it could no longer bring anything but hatred, war and loss. But, so long as there was alive the first soldier of his time, who proposed to bell the cat with his own hands and at his own cost, Austria was not so loved that any sovereign in Europe would go out of his way to prevent it. Henry, for his part, solemnly guaranteed that "while his armed forces, his resources in money and munitions and his skill and renown as a great captain should all be at the service of his allies, he would not ask for himself or for France a single city or a foot of ground, even as compensation or indemnity."

It adds to the semi-prophetic quality of this plan, that one of the most important items of its crusade was what we should call propaganda. "Manifestoes were prepared to spread over all Europe, in which the real purpose of Henry and his allies was to be declared, up to a certain point." In these it was stated that France and the Northern Powers wished to be considered only as mediators in the general hostility toward Austria. They intended to do nothing, not only without the unanimous consent of all the powers, but of the common people themselves, whom they invited to send their representatives to the allied kings. Similar circulars were to be distributed everywhere, so that the common people of all Europe, understanding what was on foot, should give their consent to the project by acclamation. It would be difficult to describe more accurately and definitely the process by which, in the war of today, popular opinion has been influenced. The airship scattering documents behind the trenches adds the only modern touch.

The details of Elizabeth's or Henry's or Sully's plan, so far as it relates to the enforcement of peace, were less minutely worked out. This was not so much by reason of confidence that the new adjustment of Europe would prevent wars from arising, and that the General Council of the Christian Republic would set matters straight long before any strain reached the breaking point (although that was implicitly believed) as because this confederation was to be established, in the first place, as a peace league, by an international army; and that army would naturally and automatically be charged with its maintenance and defence. The allied powers, says Sully, had all agreed to furnish their contingents, and he enumerates them in detail. Their combined forces would amount to 100,000 infantry, 20,000 to 25,000 cavalry and about 120 cannon; quite a force for those times. France could furnish a third as many more soldiers, who were to take the

field first. The amalgamation of armed forces by which such a reconstituted Europe should be set up would be more than able to support it, under the direction and control of the central council. If Sully is less explicit about this, it is obviously because he considers it so necessary and evident a consequent as to go without saying.

These memoirs contain the only record of the "great design." The editor of them points out that no contemporary writer could have known enough to discuss it, about a project that must, by its very nature, be carefully concealed, After the "Memoirs" were printed, debate centered, not upon the assertions of Sully, but upon the feasibility of executing the design if Henry had lived. To discredit the authenticity of the idea, to declare that Sully made up the tale "out of his own head," to credit this prosaic, truth-loving, crabbed Huguenot, with such a wild imaginative flight, was reserved for a later period. But as already intimated, the truth about its authorship has not the least importance here: the interesting thing is the extraordinary correspondence between a dream of world-regeneration at the beginning of the seventeenth century and another at the beginning of the twentieth, — the rock basis to which the conduct of society and government is reduced under ultimate stress — Germany, like Austria, to be shackled in the interest of world safety and world peace; a division of territory on the lines of race and institutions; a world-wide popular propaganda as an aid to arms; and a league or council of all nations to maintain peace by removing or composing causes of quarrel — this is the historic parallel.

The number of troops to be furnished by each of the principal Allies, Sully asserts, was decided on. He gives a great mass of detail upon the arrangements, in which he had a principal share, as he always did when Henry was carrying through either a domestic or a foreign enterprise of the first importance. The dispute over the suc-

cession to Cleves gave the opportunity to declare openly against Austria, and carry the design from speculation to fact. Henry was ready to march at the head of his troops, when Ravaillac struck, and the world went topsy-turvy. Henry murdered, the Spanish party reigned supreme in France. Sully was forced to retire from his great employments, and leave the court. "Le grand dessein" became as if it had never been. It was a dangerous subject to be acquainted with. Only now is the world beginning to judge rightly the greatness of the mind that fathered it, no matter whether it was that of queen or king or minister, or some obscure unknown who first suggested it to one of them. Whoever he was, his mighty spirit walks abroad today in a vaster world, a more terrible crisis than ever came within the horizon of his dreams. So little is there new under the sun; and so wonderful, when we are willing to search for them, are the ancient true and unfamiliar things.

The Abbe de Saint-Pierre, who, like all of his age, accepted literally the whole of Sully's story, said of Henry: "If he had executed that wonderful project, he would have been incomparably the greatest man of all the past and all the future." He added: "however, that prince has still the honor of making the most conspicuous device and the most useful discovery for the happiness of the human race, in the history of the world. The execution of that great enterprise may well be reserved by Providence for the greatest man of posterity." Three centuries of war, growing always more awful, more destructive, more intolerable, more unpreventable, have racked humanity since Henry's or Sully's mighty thought passed into the silences with them. Is this the fulness of time, and President Wilson "le plus grand homme"? — or President Taft?

HENRY ADAMS

THE display of a copy of *The Education of Henry Adams*, ever since the book was printed and distributed to a few friends of the author in 1907, has been a kind of hall-mark of distinction for any private library. Even to have read its jealously guarded pages was something to boast of, and the initiated were wont to wag their heads over its revelations as over some exotic drink which they were expected to admire, but which teased their palate by its strange flavor. And now the volume is published to the world, and one wonders what the world will make of it — perhaps nothing. Yet simply as the record of an unusual life, it is certainly entertaining above the average, and would be doubly so were it half as long. The virtue of cynicism is its point, and only the genial can afford to be diffuse. Mr. Adams was nothing if not cynical; had he learned the rare art of compression, he might have produced a work worthy almost of a place beside the autobiographies of Gibbon and Franklin.

No other man of this country and generation, save his brothers, one of whom, the late Charles Francis Adams, has followed his example, had quite such material at his command. Son of the elder Charles Francis Adams, grandson of a President, and great grandson of the mighty John of Revolutionary fame, his conscience was a kind of historical epitome. As private secretary of his father at the court of St. James's during the Civil War, he saw the inside of that society and government towards whose public manifestation his family had lived in a state of hereditary feud. As a member of the Harvard faculty for several years, he is said to have introduced the first historical seminary into an American college. As an author, not to mention his privately printed *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* (recently republished by the authority

of the American Institute of Architects) and his anonymous novels *Democracy* and *Esther*, he produced a history of the United States under Jefferson and Madison notable for its broad and accurate use of sources, for its judicious characterizations, and its sustained interest. As a citizen of Washington, where his later and some of his earlier years were spent, he saw familiarly the working of a government which he admired no more than he did that of London. As a friend, he was close to John Hay and Clarence King, great men in this field, the latter especially, though little known to the world, by the few idolized as a *deus praesens* of social joy and wisdom. Not many men of the past generation enjoyed such opportunities of watching the drama of life, and perhaps none of them excelled him in the power of penetrating beneath the surface of things; and this power is none the less amazing when the lifted curtain, behind which we expected the revelation of some well-staged scene of history, exhibited only the disarray of planless confusion. That indeed is the moral of the book — if moral it may be called — the baffled sense of mystery behind the veil of apparent design. "King and Hay and Adams could neither of them escape floundering through the corridors of chaos," he says, with an ungrammatical reminiscence of Longfellow, "that opened as they passed to the end."

But this is to anticipate. What we have to note now is the pungent interest of Adams's comments on the figures thrown up in flashes of light beside him as he journeyed through these shadowy corridors. Sometimes it is a whole society that furnished him with a discharge of epigrams. First it is the people among whom he was born, and who stamped their traits upon his soul: "Resistance to something was the law of New England nature; the boy looked out on the world with the instinct of resistance; for numberless generations his predecessors had viewed the world chiefly as a thing to be reformed, filled with evil forces to be abolished, and they saw no reason

to suppose that they had wholly succeeded in the abolition; the duty was unchanged. That duty implied not only resistance to evil, but hatred of it. Boys naturally look on all force as an enemy, and generally find it so; but the New Englander, whether boy or man, in his long struggle with a stingy or hostile universe, had learned also to love the pleasure of hating; his joys were few." Beside this one might set his summary characterization of the opposite type as he came into contact with it as a Harvard undergraduate: "Strictly, the southerner had no mind; he had temperament. He was not a scholar; he had no intellectual training; he could not analyse an idea, and he could not even conceive of admitting two; but in life one could get along very well without ideas, if one had only the social instinct." To complete the gallery I may quote his report of a national trait which had exercised the wit of Shakespeare and Swift and Horace Walpole and a long succession of observers of human nature in England. "The English themselves," he remarks while in London, "hardly conceived that their mind was either economical, sharp, or direct; but the defect that most struck an American was its enormous waste in eccentricity. Americans needed and used their whole energy and applied it with close economy; but English society was eccentric by law, and for sake of the eccentricity itself. The commonest phrase overheard at an English club or dinner-table was that so-and-so 'is quite mad.' It was no offense to so-and-so; it hardly distinguished him from his fellows; and when applied to a public man, like Gladstone, it was qualified by epithets much more forcible. Eccentricity was so general as to become hereditary distinction. It made the chief charm of English society as well as its chief terror." The epigrammatic flavor is sufficient to lend some freshness to a truism as old as Hamlet's clown; but Adams's further query whether this eccentricity is a sign of strength or weakness, and his remarks on its working when brought into conflict with the plainer

methods of his father and Thurlow and William Evarts, add a quality of reflection that is not at all trite. Nor did his keen understanding forsake him when dealing with individuals, as might be instanced by his characterizations of the men just named, or of such other politicians as Grant and McKinley and their cabinets.

Of mere anecdote the pages contain comparatively little, although here and there a good story gets entangled in his web of criticism. Those who have some knowledge of Henry Reeve, the solemn, bulky, busy, doctrinaire editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and of the Grotes, will be amused by this rencontre. "Everyone," says Adams, "had heard of Mrs. Grote as 'the origin of the word grotesque.' Everyone had laughed at the story of Reeve approaching Mrs. Grote, with his usual somewhat florid manner, asking in his literary dialect how her husband the historian was: — 'And how is the learned Grotius?' 'Pretty well, thank you, Puffendorf!' One winced at the word, as though it were a drawing of Forain." Best of all, best of all at least for the lover of literature who tempers his enthusiasms with a grain of hard-headed cynicism, is Adams's account of meeting with Swinburne at the home of Lord Houghton, and this pendent to it of a later date:

"Ten years afterwards Adams met him [Swinburne] at the Geneva Conference, fresh from Paris, bubbling with delight at a call he had made on Hugo: — 'I was shown into a large room,' he said, 'with women and men seated in chairs against the walls, and Hugo at one end throned. No one spoke. At last Hugo raised his voice solemnly, and uttered the words: — "Quant a moi, je crois en Dieu!" Silence followed. Then a woman responded as if in deep meditation: — "Chose sublime! un Dieu qui croit en Dieu!"'"

But it is not as a gallery of character etchings or as a repertory of stories that Mr. Adams's book mainly interests us; it is always the observer more than the observed that holds our attention, the effect being much

the same as if we were reading a novel of Henry James, in which we are less concerned with the narrated acts of a group of men and women than with the color these actions will take in the mind of some outside spectator, revealed or half-revealed. With both the novelist and the biographer the impelling motive is curiosity rather than sympathy; but with a difference. In James we feel rather the detachment of a mere psychological experimenter, the unconcern of one who creates a world of complex emotions and wills for the somewhat chilly pleasure of taking apart what he has so carefully put together; whereas in Adams there is always present the eager desire to discover in the drama some elusive truth which, if found, would give a meaning to its unfolding scenes. The autobiography is well named *The Education of Henry Adams*, though we surmise from the beginning that no lesson will ever be learned, and that the learner has set himself to decipher a text in a foreign tongue without grammar or lexicon in his hands.

In a way the text before him was not one of his own choice, but forced on him by birth and inheritance. This breed of New England, of whom he was so consciously a member and titled representative, had once come out from the world for the sake of a religious and a political affirmation — the two were originally one — to confirm which they were ready to deny all the other values of life. For the liberty to follow this affirmation they would discard tradition and authority and form and symbol and all that ordinarily binds men together in the bonds of habit. But the liberty of denying may itself become a habit. The intellectual history of New England is in fact the record of the encroachment of this liberty on the very affirmation for which it was at first the bulwark. By a gradual elimination of its positive content the faith of the people had passed from Calvinism to Unitarianism, and from this to free thinking, until in the days of our Adams there was little left to the intellect but a great denial:

"Of all the conditions of his youth which afterwards puzzled the grown up man, this disappearance of religion puzzled him most. The boy went to church twice every Sunday; he was taught to read his Bible, and he learned religious poetry by heart; he believed in a mild Deism; he prayed; he went through all the forms; but neither to him nor to his brothers or sisters was religion real. Even the mild discipline of the Unitarian church was so irksome that they all threw it off at the first possible moment, and never afterwards entered a church. The religious instinct had vanished, and could not be revived, although one made in later life many efforts to recover it. That the most powerful emotion of man, next to the sexual, should disappear, might be a personal defect of his own; but that the most intelligent society, led by the most intelligent clergy, in the most moral conditions he ever knew, should have solved all the problems of the universe so thoroughly as to have quite ceased making itself anxious about past or future, and should have persuaded itself that all the problems which had convulsed human thought from earliest recorded time were not worth discussing, seemed to him the most curious social phenomenon he had to account for in a long life."

So the original affirmation had been swallowed up in its own defences, while the negative impulse grew "to a degree that in the long run became positive and hostile." But with this intellectual negation there remained almost in full force the moral anxiety which from the first had been so intimately associated with a negative separatism. This is the key we must hold in our hands if we would enter into the inner life of Henry Adams and the other New Englanders of his generation, taking the word "generation" broadly — we must, if possible, put ourselves into the state of men whose conscience was moving, so to speak, *in vacuo*, like a dispossessed ghost seeking a substantial habitation. Adams "tended towards negation on his own account, as one side of the New England mind

had always done." In this vacuum various minds sought relief in various ways, connecting themselves naturally with the contemporary currents of European thought. Emerson, as the purest spirit of them all, would rest in the bare liberty of prophesying, in the security of an intuition content in itself and careless of all preceding experience as formulated in law and custom. He was *par excellence* the pure Romantic, yet withal a New Englander at heart, not a German. John Fiske, if we may extend the limits of a generation so far, looked to the new discoveries of scientific evolution to give substance to the vague cosmic deity which had swum into the place of the Christian Jehovah. Most significant of all in some respects for our present subject is the case of Charles Eliot Norton, whose letters, published in 1913, will, we think, come to be recognized as second in interest to no other document of New England literature. With him the native scepticism merges into the contented agnosticism of his British friends, particularly of Leslie Stephen, while the sting of conscience takes the form of distress at the license of an agnostic society. So he writes, in one vein, to Goldwin Smith:

"Possibly I regret less than you do the giving up of the old faith, and the being compelled to renounce as hopeless every attempt to solve the problems which excite our curiosity. The position toward the universe in which we find ourselves seems to me on the whole the manliest which has been attained. We are thrown back on our own resources to make the best of our lives. A new sense of responsibility is aroused in us, and, by the narrowing of the limits of our hopes and expectations, we find ourselves more capable of using our faculties for legitimate and rational ends."

But when the conscience of Norton is speaking, we hear words very different from those of his reason just quoted. So, for instance, he writes to Leslie Stephen:

"It looks as if the world were entering on a new stage

of experience, unlike anything heretofore, in which there must be a new discipline of suffering to fit men for the new conditions. I fear that America is beginning a long course of error and of wrong, and is likely to become more and more a power for disturbance and for barbarism. The worst sign is the lack of seriousness in the body of the people, its triviality, and its indifference to moral principle."

Norton was not consistent, you will say, and rightly. There is a question to ask of a man who finds a new sense of responsibility in an individualism which acknowledges no authoritative duty, yet who laments the lack of responsibility in a world that acts in accordance with such a creed; there is a beautiful inconsistency in the heart of one who professes complete agnosticism, yet spends his life in the devoted study of Dante. It is the inconsistency of a conscience that has outlived faith, and has not found philosophy, the will of New England working out in its own peculiar manner the problem of the nineteenth century. To Adams the question of meaning in the world came with a somewhat different emphasis. Norton was the product of a long line of theologians, and doubt, when it crept in, took primarily the form of religious scepticism. But Adams was not born into the priestly caste. From the beginning, as seen in his great grandfather and in his ancestral cousin, the revolt against traditional authority had been primarily in the field of politics, and it was in his blood, so to speak, that his agnosticism should strike first upon the belief in a providential purpose in history. That indeed is the stimulus of what he calls his education. His inquiry was to branch out into a wider sphere, and in the end was to make its return, as did Norton's, to a medieval mysticism; no man of New England could escape the problem of belief and conscience. But in his earlier years he was sufficiently absorbed in seeking some theory to explain the sequence of historical events. What was the meaning of this opposition which his forbears and

his father had maintained against the settled institutions of government? To whose profit did it accrue, or was there any profit to be found anywhere? In what way had the world grown wiser and truer from this struggle and from all the struggles of men since the beginning of time? Where should he put his finger on the thread of progress in the terrible tangle of human misadventure?

He began his inquiry — at least in old age, looking back over his experience, he seemed to have begun it — when as a boy he watched the political manoeuvres of the Abolitionists. At home he "lived in the atmosphere of the Stamp Act, the Tea Tax, and the Boston Massacre"; only now "the Slave Power took the place of Stuart Kings and Roman Popes." He observed his father and Charles Sumner and their clique play the game of politics against the intrenched aristocracy of Boston; he saw from the inside the working of the coalition which sent Sumner to the Senate and made George Boutwell the Democratic governor of Massachusetts; he thought their ends noble, such as his great grandfather would have approved, but he knew that their means were ignoble; and he wondered. "Thus before he was fifteen years old, he had managed to get himself into a state of moral confusion from which he never escaped."

Formal instruction gave him no clue to the labyrinth. "Four years of Harvard College, if successful, resulted in an autobiographical blank, a mind on which only a water-mark had been stamped." He got no wisdom from his teachers, none from his fellow students, though these included such promising names as Alexander Agassiz, Phillips Brooks, H. H. Richardson, and O. W. Holmes. "The chief wonder of education," he remarks, "is that it does not ruin everybody connected with it, teachers and taught." That is the world-old ingratitude of the scholar, commonly pronounced most vigorously by those who have profited most from instruction; it falls naturally from the lips of Henry Adams, and perhaps with him was

justified. At any rate he left college still "watching vaguely for a path and a direction." Travel might bestow what the class-room had withheld. He traveled. In Rome, more than once, he sat at sunset on the steps of the church of Santa Maria di Ara Coeli — there where Gibbon had mused on the fall of empire — sat, and reflected, and concluded nothing: "Rome was a bewildering complex of ideas, experiments, ambitions, energies; without her, the western world was pointless and fragmentary; she gave heart and unity to it all; yet Gibbon might have gone on for the whole century, sitting among the ruins of the Capitol, and no one would have passed capable of telling him what it meant. Perhaps it meant nothing."

We need not follow Adams through all the stages of his historical education. One great lesson in negative wisdom he was to learn in London, while helping his father to unravel the machinations of Palmerston and Lord John Russell and Gladstone against the government of the United States. He was to observe men sensitive to any imputation of untruth and otherwise highly moral, yet in public speaking one thing while in private acting another; men whose courage, as it seemed to him, lay in subterfuge, and whose honor went no further than indignant denial of imputed dishonor. "If one could not believe them, truth in politics might be ignored as a delusion"; and he had ample grounds for not believing any word of Gladstone at least, the most self-righteous of them all. What was to be made out of such a contradiction in terms by a student of life who "liked lofty moral principles and cared little for political tactics"? "Here, then, appeared in its fullest force, the practical difficulty in education which a mere student could never overcome; a difficulty not in theory, or knowledge, or even want of experience, but in the sheer chaos of human nature."

That difficulty was not diminished when he returned to Washington, and saw a blunt plain soldier like Grant entangled in the most questionable business. For one

moment, indeed, at the time of our Spanish War, he felt a sense of possible purpose working itself out in history. To him, if to no one else, "still living in the atmosphere of Palmerston and John Russell, the sudden appearance of Germany as the grizzly terror which, in twenty years, effected what Adamses had tried for two hundred in vain, — frightened England into America's arms, — seemed as melodramatic as any plot of Napoleon the Great." But his satisfaction was more temperamental than intellectual — than intelligent, one might say — and in the embroglio of foreign intrigue that followed, and that wrecked the health of his dearest friend, John Hay, he was forced to see again only the conflict of blind wills and the shifting combinations of chance. The last word of his study of history in the making, the bitter disillusion of the descendant of John Adams, is spoken in the conclusion of his political novel, which, published under an assumed name, made a sensation in its day: "Democracy has shaken my nerves to pieces."

If Adams's observation of history in the making, supplemented by his study of history in the past, led to these sceptical conclusions, a sudden event of a more personal sort seemed, as it were, to rend the veil of cosmic charity and to show him that the foolishness of human affairs was but a little centre of chaos encompassed by a vast and malignant chaos of nature. Called from London to Italy by a telegram, he found his beloved sister, a woman of forty, for whom life had been only gay and brilliant, dying in extreme torture from a miserable accident. As he sat by her bedside and watched the agony of her dissolution, while out of doors the world was glowing with the sensuous joys of an Italian summer, it seemed to him that now for the first time he beheld Nature face to face; and what he saw in that vision was to haunt him for the rest of his years:

"Impressions like these are not reasoned or catalogued in the mind; they are felt as part of violent emotion; and

the mind that feels them is a different one from that which reasons; it is thought of a different power and a different person. The first serious consciousness of nature's gesture, — her attitude towards life, — took form then as a fantasm, a nightmare, an insanity of force. For the first time, the stage-scenery of the senses collapsed; the human mind felt itself stripped naked, vibrating in a void of shapeless energies, with resistless mass, colliding, crushing, wasting and destroying what these same energies had created and labored from eternity to perfect. Society became fantastic, a vision of pantomime with a mechanical motion; and its so-called thought merged in the mere sense of life, and pleasure in the sense. The usual anodynes of social medicine became evident artifice. Stoicism was perhaps the best; religion was the most human; but the idea that any personal deity could find pleasure or profit in torturing a poor woman, by accident, with a fiendish cruelty known to man only in perverted and insane temperaments, could not be held for a moment. For pure blasphemy, it made pure atheism a comfort. God might be, as the Church said, a Substance, but he could not be a Person."

In those hours of biting agony, while the individual life so dear to him was wrestling unequally with the unsympathetic powers of death, Adams saw the destiny of mankind merged into the destiny of the sum of things. From an early period he had added to his reading of history a faithful study of science, and as he had sought for a thread of providential guidance in the one, so, under the influence of the newly based theory of evolution, he looked for signs of design and progress in the non-human order of creation. At first the two fields of inquiry had lain apart, but now, as I say, they appeared as phases only of the one problem which engaged his passionate attention. But the search baffled him, baffled him the more as it became more complex. As in history he thought he saw the evil persisting unchanged along with the good, so in the field

of science he beheld the lower order of existence continuing on with the higher, and throwing an element of unstable confusion into progressive mutation. More than that. When he went beyond the material of biology into the dark background of inorganic forces, he learned that the physicists themselves acknowledged only an inexpressible mystery. In Germany he heard Haeckel avowing that "the proper essence of substance appeared to him more and more marvellous and enigmatic as he penetrated further into the knowledge of its attributes, — matter and energy, — and as he learned to know their innumerable phenomena and their evolution." In France he heard the clearer and more authoritative voice of Poincaré making the same confession of ignorance: "[In science] we are led to act as though a simple law, when other things were equal, must be more probable than a complicated law. Half a century ago one frankly confessed it, and proclaimed that nature loves simplicity. She has since given us too often the lie. To-day this tendency is no longer avowed, and only so much of it is preserved as is indispensible so that science shall not become impossible." Then, turning to England, he read such words as these in the work of Karl Pearson: "In the chaos behind sensation, in the 'beyond' of sense-impressions, we cannot infer necessity, order, or routine: for these are concepts formed by the mind of man on this side of sense-impressions. . . . Briefly, chaos is all that science can logically assert of the supersensuous." Thus as the "unknowable" came nearer to man's inquiry it seemed to put on positive and menacing hues; the pronouncements of the most advanced physical thinkers echoed to Adams what he had learnt from his own study in history — chaos in the background here and there. And if he went to the pseudo-science of psychology he was faced with another "sub-conscious chaos below the mind"; man's "normal thought," he learned, "was dispersion, sleep, dream, inconsequence; the simultaneous action of different thought-centres

without central control. His artificial balance was acquired habit. He was an acrobat, with a dwarf on his back, crossing a chasm on a slack-rope, and commonly breaking his neck." Here was a question that sprang from something very far from idle curiosity. Had Adams not witnessed the terror of the mystery, when this thing called chaos had suddenly lurched forward out of its background of mystery and enveloped his little oasis of well-loved order?

What was the proper attitude towards this enigma? Was it that no one can reach beyond himself? "All that Henry Adams ever saw in man was a reflection of his own ignorance" — such was his political discernment far back in his London days; should that be the final verdict of all his seeing? In a way he had acquired what ages ago had been proclaimed by Socrates as the beginning of wisdom: not to think we know what we do not know. Into this sea of negation he had sailed from the ancient moorings of his people; but not even the New Englander of the nineteenth century could rest in pure negation. Emerson, like Socrates, had found no difficulty in combining scepticism with an intuition of pure spirituality, though, unlike Socrates, to maintain his inner vision intact he shut his eyes resolutely on the darker facts of nature. That serene indifference to evil was the last thing possible to Adams. Another New Englander, nearer to Adams in date, John Fiske, had accepted the most rigid deductions of biological evolution, and then on Darwin's law of natural selection, which for humanly felt good and evil substituted a conception of blind unfeeling mechanism, had superimposed the conception of a cosmic deity unfolding the world to

> one far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves.

Whatever may be said of such a philosophy, it was impossible for Henry Adams; he could not marry the faith in a benignant pantheistic will with the sort of chaos that

lurked for him behind every door of his ignorance. Still another New Englander, Charles Eliot Norton, as we have seen, was content to profess a complete agnosticism of theory along with an unswerving belief in human responsibility — to what? Alas, that "what" was the little irksome word that Adams could not get out of his mind.

The answer, or the direction towards an answer, came to him as he walked the halls of the Paris Exposition of 1900. There, at least, under the guidance of his scientific friend, Langley, if he saw nothing that pointed to a rational design at the end of things, he beheld in the great gallery of machines a symbol of what science had substituted for design. "The planet itself seemed less impressive, in its old-fashioned, deliberate, annual or daily revolution, than this huge wheel, revolving within arm's-length at some vertiginous speed, and barely murmuring, — scarcely humming an audible warning to stand a hair's-breadth further for respect of power, — while it would not wake the baby lying close against its frame. Before the end, one began to pray to it; inherited instinct taught the natural expression of man before silent and infinite force. Among the thousand symbols of ultimate energy, the dynamo was not so human as some, but it was the most expressive." Force, he would say, blind whirling force, strapped and bound in iron, is supreme over all:

Dinos has driven out Zeus and rules as king.

We should need, in fact, a living Aristophanes to celebrate this step of a New Englander's education. Other men of the century had discovered this same god, but their worship had taken strangely different forms. "Power is power," says Tolstoy, reading for himself the lesson of history at the conclusion of his *War and Peace:* "that is, Power is a word, the true meaning of which is to us incomprehensible"; and then, as a good humanitarian, he personifies this Unknowable in the instinctive soul of the People. Nietzsche, too, had found only *Macht* at the

heart of the world, but he worshipped this Power not at all in the impulse of the People — quite the contrary; and some of his interpreters have deified a *Schrecklichkeit* very different from the pity of Tolstoy. Perhaps the true lesson of our age would be to learn why and how this modern Janus of Power has tricked us into believing that he has only one face. But Adams was too knowing to bow the knee with Tolstoy, and too timid to salute with Nietzsche. He took another way.

Norton, as we have seen, had found agnosticism compatible with devotion to Dante, being able at least to sympathize with the energetic moral sense and the aesthetic vision of that poet; and Adams, like him, turned at last for consolation to the age of Dante, if not to Dante himself, though with a difference. From the Exposition, "caring but little for the name, and fixed only on tracing Force, Adams had gone straight to the Virgin at Chartres, and asked her to show him God, face to face, as she did for St. Bernard." What the Virgin revealed to him is told clearly enough in the autobiography, but for its fullest elucidation one should read that extraordinary disquisition on the art and poetry and philosophy and religion of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries which he entitles *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*. In the Virgin Mother of God, to whose honor the cathedrals pointed their arches towards heaven, before whose throne the windows were made to glow like the jewels of a queen, for whose delight romance wove its shimmering web of words, to whom great scholars sacrificed their learning, our far-travelled doubter saw at last the one symbol of Force comprehensible to the human heart, if not to the human brain. "The Puritans," he says, "abandoned the New Testament and the Virgin in order to go back to the beginning, and renew the quarrel with Eve"; our latest Puritan rediscovers woman on her medieval throne, and chants to her in modern speech the ancient paean to Alma Venus Genetrix. It would be a pretty business to unravel

the various motives that had impelled him on this devious way from the sturdy, if unloving, protestantism of his race. He himself makes much of the motive of love as the aspect of infinite power which man can understand. That may be; but I suspect that another attribute of the Virgin meant even more to his mind. Read, if you will, his charming pages on her interventions and miracles; you will observe that almost without exception these were performed to override the course of law and justice, and you will learn that behind her woman's pity there was another quality which Adams, at any rate, does not hesitate to glorify as equally feminine:

"The fact, conspicuous above all other historical certainties about religion, that the Virgin was by essence illogical, unreasonable, and feminine, is the only fact of any ultimate value worth studying, and starts a number of questions that history has shown itself clearly afraid to touch. . . . She was imposed unanimously by all classes, because what man wanted most in the Middle Ages was not merely law or equity, but also and particularly favor. . . . The individual rebelled against restraint; society wanted to do what it pleased; all disliked the laws which Church and State were trying to fasten on them. . . . If the Trinity was in its essence Unity, the Mother alone could represent whatever was not Unity; whatever was irregular, exceptional, outlawed; and this was the whole human race."

Conscience was the last tie of New England to its past. Was it the perfect irresponsibility of the Virgin, human no doubt, feminine perhaps, certainly not Puritan, that gave to our tired sceptic the illusion of having reached a comfortable goal after his long voyage of education? There is a fateful analogy between the irresponsibility of unreasoning Force and unreasoning love; and the gods of Nietzsche and of Tolstoy are but the two faces of one god. To change the metaphor, if it may be done without disrespect, the image in the cathedral of Chartres looks

perilously like the ancient idol of Dinos decked out in petticoats. If we regard Adams's scholarship, his imagination, his verbal dexterity, his candor, his cynical vivacity, his range of reflection, we must give him a high place in the American literature of the past generation, a higher place probably than his present limited popularity would indicate. But one winces a little at acknowledging that the latest spokesman of the Adamses and of New England ends his career in sentimental nihilism.

From Harvard College, which to Adams had been only one stage in the way of disillusion, the boy John Fiske had written: "When we come to a true philosophy, and make *that* our stand-point, all things become clear. We know what things to learn, and what, in the infinite mass of things, to leave unlearned; and then the Universe becomes clear and harmonious." The tragedy of Adams's education is that of a man who could not rest easy in negation, yet could find no positive faith to take its place. From one point of view he may appear to be the most honest and typical mind of New England in its last condition; yet withal some manlier voice, some word of deeper insight that yet faces the facts of life, we must still expect to hear from the people of Mather and Edwards and Channing and Emerson.

THE PLEASANT WAYS OF SAUNTERING

"LIFE is sweet, brother," said Mr. Jasper Petulengro, and capped his instances in proof with a mention of the wind on the heath.

More than the chronicler of Mr. Petulengro have written to celebrate the exhilarations of "the open road" — of the long, brown path threading the green meadows, and the cart-track climbing the windy moor. They have shown the romance of roads everywhere, dusty highways in Spain, shaded lanes in New England, and high wandering sheep-trails on the Sussex Downs. They have told very much of the zest of walking tours and of musings in the inn parlor at the day's end. But of the special flavor and privileges of sauntering, that is of going nowhere in particular, less has been said. There are times and seasons when the broad highway beckons us to adventure. There are days when hearts sing to the double-quick, and when martial music is to be desired and followed; and there are other times when it is worth very much to slacken the pace, to look about composedly and to entertain quiet thoughts. Let us go on to speak a little of the pleasant ways of sauntering.

That outdoor master, Thoreau, in his essay on "Walking," seeks to show a connection between that form of exercise and sauntering. Looking at the somewhat clouded past of the word "saunter," he prefers as a derivation the explanation that connects it with "idle people who moved about the country in the Middle Ages, and asked charity under pretense of going à la Sainte Terre, till the children exclaimed, 'There goes a Sainteterrer,' a Holy Lander." But the spare New Englander did not really know how to saunter. He was too intense, too self-centred, too avid of prying out Nature's secrets. And, indeed, he shows that he does not apprehend the

spirit of sauntering, for he goes on to say, "Every walk is a sort of crusade, preached by some Peter the Hermit in us, to go forth and reconquer the Holy Land from the Infidels."

Now a crusade is just what a saunter is not; and the etymology suggested by later lexicographers, while it is unconvincing as to its reasonableness, is nearer the inner spirit of the word. They track it to the old French reflexive *s'aventurer* — to adventure oneself: and this is exactly what the saunterer does; he throws himself into the stream of happenings for the mere pleasure that it gives him, trusting to chance for his reward.

Sauntering is not unlike angling, a recreation for a contemplative man, for a flaneur. It is for one who likes to proceed slowly, with his eyes open, and his curiosity awake but not fretful and harassing, reading the faces of men and women, and the stories of the streets; tasting the breath of flowers in the air; listening to bird-song at twilight; or in for a good talk with a companion in some shady way. To saunter requires a calm and mildly philosophic temper which does not seek profit. The walker sets himself a goal, and must get there or be something uncomfortable and disappointed; the saunterer is not concerned with going to a place, but in moving deliberately through a world of impressions, material and mental. Walkers, of course, must have the open country to walk in, the good Earth under foot, the blue tent of sky, and the beckoning hills. They are active and adventurous, and are, in a manner of speaking, crusaders. The saunterer is rather urban or sub-urban, and more placid. Do not imagine, however, that he is any the less red-blooded; it is only that at times his blood courses in places other than his legs.

Most walkers, including Hazlitt and Stevenson, have said that they liked to walk alone; and they give better or worse reasons for the preference. To be alone is not so necessary to the saunterer, though in the city he will

get most meat if he go by himself; for, besides the crowd in the street making it difficult to keep together, two people are never quite agreed as to what they shall gaze at, and, where one man wants to linger before a bronze bust of Buddha in the hallway of an antiquary, another will much prefer a picture of Miss Martha Hedman in a photographer's case.

There is no place, by the way, that more repays sauntering than the streets of a great city. "Give me —" says Lamb — "a ramble by night, in the winter nights in London — the lamps lit — the pavements of the motley Strand crowded with to and fro passengers — the shops all brilliant and stuffed with obliging customers, and obliged tradesmen — give me the old book-stalls of London — a walk in the bright Piazzas of Covent Garden. I defy a man to be dull in such places — perfect Mahometan paradises upon Earth."

Your true Londoner, like Goldsmith, or Lamb or Leigh Hunt, is the happiest type of the saunterer. In fact London is the town where the art can best be practised. Take the Strand and Fleet Street as it unrolls itself in lively panorama, or at least as it did when I was thirty years nearer the age of gold. There was all the spectacle which Lamb enjoyed, and more — shops and shops — the endless procession of buses, the red-faced cabmen, the woozy old women smelling of gin, silk-hatted gentlemen from the City, 'Arriet selling flowers, and men from the Temple in bobwigs and gowns. There was all that to keep a rambler awake and interested; but there was also a little company of friendly ghosts, called up by the names of the streets and taverns. In such a place one had to go slowly, to pause at this archway, to dive into that court, or to make a peregrination through by-lanes. And, so sauntering up the Strand and the Fleet, he met — near the Adelphi, David Garrick and the elegant Mr. Topham Beauclark; at Howard Street, the sybaritic William Congreve and his light ladylove, Mrs. Bracegirdle; at St.

Clement Danes he saw the pious Dr. Johnson at worship, and at the Mitre Tavern he found that convivial Londoner and the lovable Goldsmith in talk. What matter if the present Mitre, deliciously quaint though it be, is not the public-house they frequented? What matter if the present fine buildings near Chancery Lane look nothing like the modest shop where Isaak Walton sold linen and dreamed of running brooks? The old names are as good as a feast. And in the Temple you still see scenes very like what Goldsmith and Cowper and Lamb saw, when they harbored there.

The world is adorned with cities; and the imagination faring farther, is tempted to linger on the shining half-circle of the Boulevards, on the green and jolly Prater, in the narrow Corso, or in the orange golden Serapis in Seville. These are all fascinating thoroughfares, full of allurements, and if some have less of the historic, they all have a great deal of the picturesque. But fine as it is to saunter in deeply storied streets, one has not to journey so far from home, and, for myself, I will place beside the best of them a ramble up Fifth Avenue on a warm day in April, or in some mellow, ripening October. The Strand, let us say is like red Burgundy, or stout brown ale, while our own Street is golden Rüdesheimer or, at its top moments, a vintage even more sparkling from the fields of Northern France.

For a picture where is its equal? The shops — and such shops! — with fine ladies going in and out of them — and some who are not so fine; the great stream of motor vehicles; the errand boys and the clerks; the hopeful young artists with portfolios; dandies with spats and *boutonnières;* blonde, full-bosomed females, with striking clothes and flinty, watchful eyes; an occasional English-looking gentleman in loud tweeds; father, mother, and the girls from Steubenville or Kokomo; and an untold number of persons of an Israelitish cast.

Now and then you will mark a spruce oldish gentleman

with white hair and moustache, and you fancy a real New Yorker who lives somewhere near Gramercy Park, or Washington Square, or wherever real New Yorkers do live now.

Again, have you ever noticed how, at certain happy afternoon hours, and in certain up-town precincts, bevys of young girls suddenly debouch upon the Avenue? — misses of fourteen and sixteen, wide-eyed, milk and rose damsels, all awake to the wonder of living! They are from the private schools in side streets; and they always walk arm in arm, some very excited and titilant, others very superior to a world that is soon to be their oyster. And always they are shepherded carefully under the eye of an oldish young woman with pince-nez. Youth is always inspiriting, and a little more so when it is feminine and innocent with a promise of beauty, and with an air of good breeding.

Another adventure that often happens on the Avenue is the seeing of a familiar face — familiar because you have seen it in the picture magazines or on the stage. With a thrill you discover that you can recognize Julia Marlowe in street clothes, or Miss Marie Tempest without grease paint. Or perhaps you see Mr. Winston Churchill leading a little boy by the hand. It is almost as if you had begun to know these celebrities personally; and you may even go the length of buying Mr. Churchill's next novel because you have once seen him peering into a shop-window.

Men and women, yes; but buildings too! — impressive shops — hotels magnificent — clubs that seem forbidding until you become a member — the gray pile of St. Patrick's; and, most beautiful architectural sight of all, the lacey white tower of St. Thomas!

Hotels and shops! the first quite beyond most of us; the second, in part at least, for everybody.

Only the saunterer can appraise the wealth of shop windows — the displays at the great dry-goods stores, and the florists, where the coming seasons are colored

forth, whether in bunches of pale yellow primroses and broad-brimmed rose-wreathed hats, or in the flaring chrysanthemums and the soft pelts of the black fox and the lowly skunk. Such windows make patches of color to delight the eye; but it is before others that the loiterer pauses to enjoy by inspection what he usually cannot afford in reality. I do not speak of the displays of diamond merchants; the saunterer cares little for such hard stones. It is the book and print-shops that hold him longest, for here are the rare and precious things that he cannot own — the birds of Audubon, William Gilpin's "Forest Scenery," the sporting pictures of John Leech.

In the art stores he finds a pretty portrait in oil done in the manner of Romney; or a group of rural characters by George Morland; or a color-print showing some high green valley with its wayside cross in the Tyrol. I am not sure but that to see pictures in this casual, very-much-by-chance fashion is not better than to own them. The eye soon fails to see that to which it is accustomed; but the idler on the Avenue has always a changing feast. And then, if he sees a print which particularly pleases him, he can go that way again and again, making a little pilgrimage, as it were, to worship at a shrine which is not continuing.

In a little less degree — it is wholly a matter of taste — he enjoys the riches of the oriental and antique shops. Here one person will delight in silk shawls embroidered with marvellous birds and golden dragons, and another in spindle-legged chairs, and another in bowls of blue porcelain; and still another in kindling jewels — topaz and emerald, or in clouded turquoise and gray green jade. He can even play at a rapturous game that he remembers from boyhood, and choose fit ornaments for a real or an imagined sweetheart.

Speaking of America and the Orient — Grant Avenue in San Francisco is not a bad field for the saunterer. It is conventional enough not to worry the idler by demand-

ing too sharp a look-out; but it has an atmosphere very romantic, even edging the mysterious; a savor of its own compounded of sandal-wood and musty interiors; it is gaudy and splendid and dingy by turns; the children are as sweet as the dolls in a toy-shop; the slant-eyed maidens, with their clear, faintly tinted, porcelain skins, have a certain reticent beauty and provocation; the men partake of the inward serenity of the East.

And what of Royal Street, New Orleans — place of romantic balconies? In fact, we have so many thoroughfares which make an especial appeal to the saunterer that one does not willingly leave off talking of them.

If life is a great book in which to read, then a stroll in the street of a world's city is a lively chapter; or, better, it is a sort of preface, foretelling a large part of the varied contents. And, since nowadays we must show that everything we praise has a use — or be set down as thoughtless cumberers of the ground — I contend that the educational value of sauntering is to be reckoned on. To the inquiring mind it suggests many delectable bypaths and gives a nice stimulus to the fancy. I can imagine a man seeing a copy of a Nicolas Maes or a Jan Steen in a window, and so getting curious about Dutch art. Or, who can note the cover designs of certain French masterpieces, bound in paper, without a desire to make an immediate acquaintance?

Does all this sound as if the saunterer were occupied merely with the iridescent surface of life? That is, perhaps, in the main, very true. But any thinking idler in the world's lively thoroughfares will find a great deal that sobers thought. The moralist in Fifth Avenue cannot escape knowing that its beauty and color are but inadequate cloaks for some of the seven deadly sins. He will find vanity and sinful extravagance and much wisdom about the lusts of the flesh. He will see that Mammon is the god of many, and that pleasure is their selfish aim.

They pursue it regardless of the future or of others. They are grasshoppers wasting the sunny season. They have time only for acquaintances, and do not know how to make friends. They do not relish or understand the quieter and more fundamental joys. In short they have forgotten how to walk, speed and display being their chief concerns. This moralist will see in the sumptuous caravansaries that line the street mere symbols of the evils of our present-day life,—its materiality, its instability, its love of luxury, its wastefulness, the gradual dimming of hearth fires, its lack of the finer culture. Even the hired men in uniforms, who open the doors of limousines, seem to sniff at simple folk and simple things. These hostelries are certainly very tempting, with their palatial foyers and their velvet floored dining parlors, rich with silver, and shining with glass and white linen. But the people who frequent them — the silken women, nice artificers of beauty, and the prodigal men — how much of charity and simplicity is in their hearts?

In the distance, to the East, the moralist glimpses the spider-thread of the Third Avenue El., and he remembers the sort of people who mostly journey on it. The contrast between these avenues cannot but give him pause. Is it right that there should be two such planes of living side by side, the first wilfully ignoring or looking askance at the other? So he asks himself. How specious, moreover, and insincere, seems the first in comparison with the second.

Yet I doubt if the moral contrast is so much in favor of Third Avenue. The rich are not always evil, nor the poor virtuous, as much of our sentimental modern teaching would have us believe. The poor to-day will probably be the prodigals to-morrow; and, if you go deep enough into the hearts of both, there is very little to choose between them. We are all cut from pretty much the same piece of cloth, and a shoddy piece it sometimes seems.

A bad outlook, says the moralist; and then, just as he

becomes depressed, if not cynical, the fine, sweet face of a woman, or a happy old gentleman leading a child, makes the thoughtful one spy a kind of hope. Then a man in khaki, young, clean, straight, swings into sight; and he must be a very despairing person who does not see that under all the superficiality of the Avenue there is much good blood coursing.

So the saunterer — who is not too stern a moralist, but rather inclined to kindliness in his philosophy, and doubtless, too, at heart a little indolent, — finds that life is at worst a mixed business, tragic and humorous, fascinating and inexplicable, but not necessarily desperate; and he goes on calmly, thinking that one may as well trust life as doubt it. Very probably at this stage of his cogitation he will slip into some comfortable and quiet refuge to pay extravagantly for tea or something stronger.

Thank Heaven! there is no law which restricts the saunterer to cities; for him, also, are the streets of little towns, particularly towns which are the seats of universities. In such places leisure is usually plentiful, and the surroundings invite the stroller. Here he is less taken up with the play and pageant of life than with ideas which he flushes and pursues in friendly fashion, alone or in company. What a place for meditation and a good talk is Christ Church meadows, or the tow-path to Iffley, or the old wall round Jena, under the lime trees. And how many good red-blooded men have sauntered and talked in those places! A mere list should give pleasure, for one would say rolling names like Johnson and Jowett and Arnold and Goethe and Humboldt, and tens and scores of others.

But again I leave foreign parts to dwell with more gusto on places nearer home. Cambridge and Ithaca are good in their kind; and even such seemingly unlikely seats as Champaign, Illinois, and Eugene, Oregon, are not to be scorned. The mildly Athenian atmosphere, if a little exotic, is nevertheless real and beneficent.

Here in spring twilights or in hazy autumn afternoons,

the saunterer takes time to observe such important matters as the circling flight of swifts, or how the white clouds pile themselves on the horizon. In such an environment, however, one will do best to saunter in company, since the excellent shaded streets and the enveloping quiet give an enviable opportunity for talk.

"I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time," observes the particular Hazlitt; but he was the man who craved a three hours' march to dinner, and a chance to think. The case of the saunterer is different. Talk, for the latter, should be no more lively than one of those sleepy French canals that run by turns in the sunshine and in the lee of willows. With one important exception it does not deal with vital matters. Like the talk of Praed's vicar it slips from rocks to roses, and from Moses to Mahomet. Oftenest, I suspect, it is mere personal gossip, which — superior persons notwithstanding — is the liveliest and most engrossing talk known; titbits of near scandal that spice the dull daily eating of academic life, such as the president's plain political dodge in appointing Peploe professor of history; or how it is becoming shockingly noticeable that Mr. Gibbey of the chemistry department, is calling very often at Prof. Bunbury's when the professor himself is engaged with an afternoon class. Yet it is likely to come nearer the reality of life in the discussion of a certain knoll as a sight for a roof-tree; or an argument as to whether Eunice shall be trusted to the doubtful influences of a co-educational college, or be sent to Smith or Bryn Mawr.

It is a fine time to estimate the future, and to hearten oneself against the present. Many a young instructor, drying out an existence in some dusty, niggardly institution, has found the bread and wine of life in sauntering thus with a wise old scholar or a lonely comrade — hacking at life's enigmas, settling his own affairs, or those of the universe, to the time of a slow-step.

It is in these quiet towns at such moving seasons — and

oftenest on moonlit eves when the little winds stir the boughs and bring down the apple-blossoms — that your philosopher meets with those others in whose practice sauntering has its apotheosis, and for whom I have made an exception in the matter of the importance of their talk. I speak, of course, of lovers! They get in the wise man's way, and, very much oftener, he gets in theirs. He may tip his nose a little and grumble, but in his secret heart he envies them, and, if he is a man of any generosity, he remembers nights when he, too, knew the rarest joys of sauntering. Did she have golden-brown eyes and dark hair that had a way of curling prettily about her ears? or were the eyes gray-blue and was the hair inclined to amber? He, or You — for you are guilty, whoever you are; or if not, God pity you — were not aware that you walked slowly. Time went on the wings of a swallow; you wished that the road home was miles longer, and that the shadows of the maples were twice as broad. You were perhaps vaguely conscious that there was a pearl and silver light on the lawns, and in the air a perfume distilled from lilac and apple-blossoms, from honey-suckle and bursting lime-tree buds. Perhaps a black cat going to his station as a troubadour, or a thrush singing in his dream, got notice; but it is doubtful. Sauntering lovers have better trade than to be curious about the outward world.

Looked at from one viewpoint, their talk is soft nonsense; yet it is the most important communication of the universe. Who was Moses, and who cares if the rocks are a billion years old? — What then do these inspired young lunatics say? Sometimes nothing at all — a dropped word, a sentence that cannot possibly be parsed, a heated explanation, a plaintive appeal. But, oh Diana! the meaning of it! What talk is so momentous and so long remembered in all its minutiæ! Was love ever made at a gallop? The vital conversation of young people requires that they saunter. And well for them if they come to

their big understanding while walking under green trees. This is better than dim parlors, or than bright restaurants with the din of voices and the clamor of music. It is better than front stoops or back stairs. It is well for them, too, if, after marriage, they can maintain in their daily intercourse something of the equability of saunterers. It will prove a strong anchor to the windward of trouble, and they are less apt to get into those misunderstandings which lead to sour endurance or a court-room. Love to be lasting requires moments of composure, of a return to remembered idylls.

"Life is sweet, brother," said Mr. Petulengro, who found his chief reward in the wind on the heath. Nor could he have instanced a sweeter thing. There are few thrills to match a march in the wind across an open moor; but on the other hand, its complement, its quite necessary relief, its own calm brother, is a ramble up the Avenue, or in a pleached alley of leafing maples.

AN INDIVIDUALIST ON DISCIPLINE

WHEN some kind friend advises me to do this or that for the sake of discipline — to rise early, to walk four miles a day, to deny myself the effeminate luxury of a cab, or to place a special limit upon my use of tobacco — I usually tell him, rather shortly, that I have a family to support, the affairs of a college department to look after, and classes to teach in a subject which grows ever more perplexing; and I invite him to take his homily upon discipline elsewhere. Thus also I dispose of that pious and edifying remark of James — one of the few occasions, happily, when James was pious or edifying — that one should do something difficult and disagreeable every day simply to keep in moral training. How many persons, I wonder, rich or poor, are so favored that they must search for the difficult and disagreeable? Surely they must be those who make no demands upon life. Most oppressive, however, are the self-gratulations of my friends, men leading sedentary lives, who point to the physical and, especially, the moral vigor which they have acquired from the practice of cold baths and calisthenics before breakfast. To them I reply that I sacrificed half of the energy of my adult life upon the altar of cold baths, and that I never really enjoyed my always good health until I had learned to treat bathing primarily as a matter of pleasure, and had subscribed to the wisdom of a colleague who holds that a man is never in really good health until he can live without exercise — and I am tempted to add that, in the moral world as well as in the physical, anxiety for discipline betrays a consciousness of unsoundness.

Since the beginning of the Great War the Scribes and Pharisees of discipline have been more in evidence than ever. "Democracy" I have always supposed to imply individual liberty and individual responsibility. The

American ideal of democracy, it often seems, is to become a nation of brothers' keepers. Or a nation of good examples; abstaining, rather wistfully perhaps, from meat not really felt to be unwholesome, lest the brother be made to offend. How many, at any rate, of those who are eager for prohibition feel that they need it for themselves? Moderation in drinking as well as in eating — well, that would do for you and me, of course, but never for "the masses." In this tenderness for the masses, which may at times be extended to cover all of our brothers, I fear there is something of Macaulay's Puritan, who forbade bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectator.

As against all this tribe of disciplinarians I find myself inclining to the more congenial theory of discipline which teaches that training for life depends upon the kind of life one is to live, and that for such training one may depend upon life itself. I shall call this the theory of natural discipline.

And yet — I suspect that what makes the natural theory so entirely comfortable is the pleasing conviction which most of us love to cherish in middle life, that we have paid the tribute to discipline — coupled with the less pleasing anticipation of tribute still to pay. And by discipline I mean, generally speaking, doing things from "external" compulsion. We college professors love to imagine that we in particular need no compulsion. Other men may require the stimulus of pecuniary and similar motives; others may need contact with the world to give them ideas; but we do our work from the pure love of it, and our ideas are drawn from within ourselves. For myself, however, I will confess that the obligation to render a return for my salary is sometimes a strengthening motive, and that, in the economy of ideas, the necessity of making them clear to others is at least a useful factor. And when I am confronted with fellow-disciples of the natural theory who are so far superior to external conditions as to

be unable to meet them — the student whose mind, fitted for the subtle questions of philosophy or literary criticism, is too fine for the mastery of elementary geometry, or the professor who knows his subject too deeply to be able to teach it, or is too disdainful of "mere mechanical facility of composition" to be able to write — then I have to confess to a reluctant sympathy with the preachers of discipline, even while disputing the value of discipline for discipline's sake.

And I am the more disposed to sympathize because it seems that the opposition to discipline is based upon the ground that discipline is hostile to the development of individuality. As for individuality, I wonder who that stands for culture and humanity is not an apostle of individuality. To me these three terms stand for one and the same thing. All real thinking is individual and original thinking; every real expression of taste is of individual taste; and all real living is free and original living. But I have to confess that of the more avowed and, so to speak, professional individualists, half of them tempt me to seek cover under the pretence of devotion to only the most commonplace and conventional ideals. The crudest specimens, of course, are those who find it necessary to express their individuality by wearing strange clothes, or those who believe that an unconventional code of sexual morals should accompany an artistic temperament. In the divine life of perfect leisure I dare say that perfectly expressive garments might be a matter of duty. Under present conditions I am obliged to question the depth of reasoned conviction in the man who puts much of his individuality into his clothes. I am reminded, too, that the great Beethoven was sensitively strict about sexual morality; and Joachim, as I remember him, looked much like a prosperous banker. Nor can I take overseriously those of my students, always the professional individualists, who refer me for the solution of ethical

problems to Elbert Hubbard, Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells, while preferring to ignore the issues raised by Plato and Aristotle, Immanuel Kant and John Stuart Mill. Peculiarity in clothes, in manners, or in spelling, in ethics, in artistic taste, or in social philosophy, furnishes, I shall venture to say, very insufficient evidence that a man is doing his own thinking. And upon no other ground may one base a claim to individuality. Individuality is the distinction of one whose views and whose tastes are his own. But no one can pretend to have views of his own except as he has thought them out for himself. Nor can he think them out, I should say, except as he meets the issues presented by the views of other men. Individuality is nothing if not seasoned by social experience.

For this reason I feel bound to question that theory of education, chiefly in vogue just now, which lays the burden of emphasis upon the "realization of the self" of the child — education for individuality, it is conceived to be. According to this view, we are to consider as the first and guiding principle the individual bent of the child, and then — not necessarily to make his work easy — one need not impute this motive — but at any rate to guide him along lines congenial to his tastes, and to protect him against the intrusion of the uninteresting; in brief, to excuse him from the discipline (as I should call it) of meeting "merely external" requirements. Unhappily it seems that actual life is nearly everywhere a matter of dealing with conditions that are "external"; external in the sense that, *prima facie* at least, they are uninviting. Such, indeed, in the first instance, is every species of human food with the exception of our mother's milk. Nearly everything that the adult enjoys the child has been "taught to eat," by cajolement if not by compulsion. He whose education has been confined to congenial tasks is like the pampered child who finds little that he cares to eat. His "individuality" is then a matter, not of choice, but of ignorance. Individuality means that you have

developed an individual attitude towards life. But who may lay claim to an attitude towards *life* who has not faced its uncongenial aspects?

When, therefore, a student of philosophy asks me to aid him in procuring an excuse from the required mathematics — on the ground, of course, that he has not a "mathematical mind" — I advise him to go and get a mathematical mind. Otherwise my mathematical friends may feel themselves to be justified in the contention that all mind is mathematical mind; and if he lacks the capacity of mind for the elementary requirement of mathematics one may be led to doubt whether he has any mind whatever. And when another student pleads that he has no mind for foreign languages (as if the interpretation of ideas from one mind to another, from one point of view to another, were not the most typical exercise of mind), I suggest to him the duty of mastering at least one foreign language as a condition of his soul's salvation. In the modern college world one meets many students afflicted with these peculiar mental disabilities, who none the less profess a special aptitude for "philosophical" thinking. I seem to have met none such who was really first-class in philosophical subjects.

An architect of my acquaintance, himself a man of marked eccentricities, used to justify them by claiming that "you may break all the rules of architecture — if you have mastered them." I call this the first principle of the philosophy of individuality. One may deal freely with all of the social conventions and with all the rules of polite society — if one is at home with them. He who is not at home with them may, however, be wisely counselled to follow the letter of the law; he has as yet no warrant for individuality in this direction. Individuality is not a matter of being different from other persons. Any fool may set up a mark of difference, and the difference may be only an evidence of his folly. By individuality, properly speaking, we mean independence

of taste and independence of judgment. But if we would be qualified to assert our own ideas against those of our neighbors, we must be able to do what they can do, and perhaps somewhat more. At least we must be able to make some showing at their game, however contemptible, if we are to take an independent attitude towards it. I wonder, by the way, if we shall anywhere find a greater number of men of marked independence and originality than among the graduates of Eton and Oxford; yet surely no system of education has shown fewer of the supposed marks of "education for individuality."

But now, having conceded so much to the preachers of discipline, I propose still to contest the need (and, I might add, the utility) of discipline for discipline's sake. And in particular the idea that a democratic population stands in an especial need of discipline. Democracy, we are hearing now, makes men flabby, and a tenderness for individual rights makes us a nation of moral weaklings; we must dismiss such feeble superstitions once for all if we would take our place among the robust nations of the world. Since the beginning of the European War we have had a flood of this supposedly "strong" talk. Our friends who go to Plattsburg look upon the rest of us with pity — they, of course, have been disciplined and strengthened. For the sake of the national character and the good of our souls individually, it is now proposed — something unthinkable less than four years ago — that we adopt the German institution of universal and compulsory military service. Not for the special emergency of war, be it noted, for but the purpose of national discipline in time of peace. For it seems that our moral character is in greater danger than our national safety. The war has brought the revelation that "the free-born American citizen" is a poor specimen of manhood by the side of the drilled German peasant.

I had vaguely wondered why so many persons felt the

need of discipline, but recently I began to understand. First it occurred to me that those who could spend half a Summer at Plattsburg were probably not tied down to a fortnight's vacation from an office or a store. Then I noted that the demand for discipline seemed to come chiefly from "the intellectuals" (to give them their own name); broadly speaking, from those men and women whose occupation, or lack of occupation, not involving the daily task and the eight-hour day, afforded leisure for a large measure of anxiety for the souls of their neighbors. At the same time I remembered that it is our college students who seem to need most the "moral discipline" of the foot-ball field. But the solution was suggested finally by the Sunday-Supplement pictures of rather elegant young women going abroad to be war-nurses — young women whose appearance hardly suggested a special taste for hardship — reminding me of some other young women I had known, daughters of more than well-to-do families, who, not going abroad, felt called upon, however, for some obscure reason, to undergo the rather severe course of training for hospital nursing. The inference will doubtless be obvious. Clearly it is the well-to-do and the leisured classes to whom is revealed the need of moral discipline; those who are hard pressed to earn a living remain blissfully unconscious of it.

I submit the discovery to the preachers of discipline. No one who faces the compelling pressure of "external" obligations — who has a family to support, his own way to make in business or profession, and who knows that his social standing as well as his living depends upon what he can achieve — no one who is thus committed is likely to feel the need of special measures of discipline. To him the natural discipline, acquired in the living of life itself, seems all-sufficient. More broadly, no one feels the need of disciplinary exercise who has a serious purpose in life. But how to get the serious purpose from without when it fails to arise from within — this is the baffling problem;

a problem confronting all of us so far as we are able to give our children the advantages of a leisure-class education, but most perplexing for the very rich. It is not difficult for the rich man to find a place in the heavenly kingdom of serious purpose, if he has made his own money; but his efforts to find places there for his children are often pathetic. I have witnessed the struggles of more than one rich man to bring up his children *as if* they were to be dependent upon their own resources; to persuade them, for example, to prepare for a profession with the same zeal as if their living depended upon it. They, unhappily, knew better. And I must confess that my sympathies were with them. No honest mind can find a stimulus for work in mere make-believe. And as for the part that work plays in the development of manhood, the appreciation of this presupposes a mind already disciplined. If any of our people need a standing army as a school of discipline, it must be those whose wealth makes a gainful occupation unnecessary. In the continental countries of Europe the "officier-corps" serves at least this useful purpose.

Those who tell us that democracy fails to provide discipline must surely forget that democracies as a rule are commercial and industrial. Modern democracy, indeed, has developed coincidently with the course of modern industry and commerce. If we pause to consider what life means to those engaged in these economic fields, we must smile at the idea that they are not subjected to discipline. When a young man enters a store or an office or a factory, the first thing that he learns is that in business the sole criterion for judging a man is results. He must "deliver the goods." And if he fails to deliver them, few will be sufficiently interested in him to ask him why. Moreover, he must deliver them on time. He must report promptly at a given hour in the morning, remain at his work a full working day, and get the day's work done; and he must expect to do this day after day with only an

occasional holiday, and perhaps a week or two once in the year. For purposes of initiation he is given, as a rule, the most irksome tasks, and he knows that his only hope of graduating from them is by doing them well. For the matter of that, to the great mass of men the clearer fact must be that the chief reward for doing the irksome task faithfully will be the chance for one to "hold his job" at just that task. This means that if he is to realize any measure whatever of personal freedom and economic security, it can only be through the farther discipline of frugal living, a discipline demanding self-control for every hour of the day and every day of the year.

Let us remember that this is the kind of discipline to which the masses of the people are being daily subjected in a democratic country, where nearly every one has to earn his living; and not for two years or three, but for the best part of their lives. If the moral quality of discipline is what interests us — and it is chiefly upon moral grounds that universal service is being advocated as a permanent institution — then I may point out that there are few of the moral qualities supposed to be developed by military discipline which are not covered by the discipline of industry and commerce. Punctuality, obedience to orders, alertness, self-restraint — and courtesy without the ritualistic clap-trap of military etiquette — all of these are included; and they have the advantage of resting upon self-evidently rational motives. To these we may add the capacity for strenuous effort, the refusal to admit that anything that must be done is ever impossible. Any one who hopes to come to the front in economic competition must develop these qualities. It is true that in the economic world the penalties for infraction of discipline are not so immediately severe. There is no death-penalty for desertion, no guard-house for drunkenness or insolence — only dismissal. But dismissal may mean starvation. It commonly does contain an imminent danger of social and economic degradation. If we remember what sac-

rifices men and women will make just to hold their jobs, we shall not doubt that the penalties are sufficiently severe.

The chief point to the credit of military training is that it hardens the body. From a military standpoint this is doubtless important. It is much of a question whether physical hardening fits one for the duties of civilized life — whether, indeed, beyond a limited extent it is not a positive disadvantage. Certainly we are beginning to doubt whether fitness for civil life is obtained from college athletics. And after all, the question remains, whether the result at which we aim, even in military discipline, is a general physiological result so much as a condition of mind and nerves. In Plato's *Protagoras* we find Socrates contending that the most courageous man will be the intelligent man, because it is he who best appreciates the importance of what he has to do. The argument sounds archaic, but certainly it seems that the point at which a man will give up under hardship must depend not only upon his strength of body but quite as much upon his strength of mind. Among college students it has always seemed to me that those who had been brought up on farms and were used to heavy manual labor were, if anything, less fitted for nervous and mental strain than the city-bred boys; and one hears that in the French army the clerks from Paris have shown quite as much power of endurance as the peasants. Similar conditions prevailed in our civil war.

Perhaps, however, you will tell me that the discipline of economic life fails to fit a man for the performance of heroic deeds. This is just the point at which I wish to question most deeply the meaning of discipline. For myself, I will admit that I have not only no taste for heroism, but also no capacity for it. I hope I shall never be asked to be a hero. And therefore, perhaps, I ought not to speak. Yet when I note how inevitably, one might almost say, the miscellaneous personelle of a conscript army is grad-

ually trained to face dangers which would produce a panic in a civilian crowd (one hears of few or no rejections for moral unfitness), I wonder whether heroism is so remarkable as it seems. I wonder also whether heroic deeds are not made somewhat easier by the fact that they are usually histrionic; and, in the end, whether heroic tasks are as much a test of character as some not accounted heroic. Although I am no hero, I believe that if I faced the alternative of walking, say, twenty-five miles, through rain or snow or mud, if you please, and of spending the same time at a steady task of correcting examination-papers, I should choose the walk. Experience does not seem to show that, when rumors of war arise, those who first offer to sacrifice themselves on the altar of patriotism are those most marked for steadiness and devotion to duty in civil life. Among our college students there is a suspicion that to the idle and careless patriotism offers an opportunity for distinction. And if I may speak again of the Sunday-supplement pictures of rather elegant war-nurses, let me ask (perhaps an unchivalrous question), how many would retain their courage as the wives of poor men under the never-ending task of cooking the meals, washing the dishes, and minding the babies. Discipline is a seasoned fitness for a task. It is a popular assumption that the tasks of civilized life are light and make men soft. I suspect, however, that to meet successfully the complications of an ordered social life requires a more disciplined nervous system and a firmer and more lasting moral courage than are needed to meet the more stimulating emergencies of war. Certainly there are men who attain distinction in times of disturbance but seem incapable of achieving success under the social and economic routine of peace.

So much for natural discipline in a democracy. When, however, it is proposed to apply the idea of natural discipline to the ordering of our schools, I feel called upon to

protest. In this proposal we are again confronted with the conception of education for individuality and the allied conceptions of "natural education" and "democracy in the school." In the theory of education held by our fathers, children were bidden to obey their parents and teachers, who were also supposed to be entitled to their personal services. The newer theory tells us, however, that teachers and pupils are equally citizens of a democratic community. Therefore we must let the child, like the grown person, find his discipline in the performance of his social function; we have no right to impose upon him an "artificial discipline." Between the two theories I should say that the older was nearer the facts. What is meant, I should like to ask, by the "social function" of the child? Is it not mainly determined by what his guardians are willing to do for him? And what is meant by democracy in the school? Genuinely democratic citizenship implies, I should say, that the citizen is able to pay his way. As for "natural education," if I may thus formulate the underlying idea, I believe that we shall never be clear about the position of the school in the community until we remember that all education — all scholastic education, at least — is artificial. Several years ago a well-known writer upon education suggested that for the purposes of a genuinely vocational education the academic point of view must be replaced by the point of view — the rules, the hours, and the clothes — of the workshop, and that the product must be salable; in brief, that a genuinely vocational discipline implied the economic test. Similar considerations apply to all scholastic education. A truly natural education for a boy of ten or twelve would consist in turning him loose to find his own living. Under older conditions of household life the child obtained a natural education — and a real discipline — in doing his chores. The newer conditions not only leave him no chores to do, but by separating the occupation from the home they deprive him of the most stimulating

source of natural education; and therefore the burden of his training is thrown more and more upon the school. The school is an institution peculiarly human. Biologically, it is "artificial." Man, I believe, is the only biological organism that set up a school. It is therefore somewhat beside the point to talk about the "natural" development, the "natural" function, and the "natural" rights of the child in school. The child in school is leading, not a natural life, but an artificially protected life; and he is in school for the express purpose of receiving a training which his protected condition would otherwise not give. To suggest to him that his responsibilities are such only as arise out of the "natural" realization of himself, is either, it seems to me, to fool him by the old make-believe of calling his medicine "sweetmeats" (a device not seldom used in "natural education") or else to unfit him for the sterner demands of unprotected "life."

Education, we hear on all sides to-day, is a training for life. I am in a little doubt about what this means. Nevertheless I find it often interesting to compare the standards supposed to prevail in "life" with the standards that prevail in the schools — and perhaps I can better speak of the colleges. At the end of every term, after reading a set of final examination-papers, I find myself passing through a period of reflection. I wonder, for example, if the pile of papers before me represented the medical knowledge of men going out into the world to practice the profession, instead of the more harmless knowledge of philosophy, how many of these men whom I have passed (and whom all academic traditions compel me to pass) I would dare to recommend to my friends. And then I wonder, supposing that these papers, representing the results of a term's work, were some kind of manufactured product, how much of it could be sold upon the market. In most of our colleges the passing-mark is fifty or sixty percent. Percentages, perhaps, do not mean much. But

in practice they are likely to mean about this: that we ask a man, say, ten "fair" questions — questions which any student who had done his work faithfully should be able to answer correctly (questions that call for any original thinking are accounted unfair questions) — and we pass him, that is to say, we certify that he is proficient in the subject, if he can give correct answers to five or six. If he can maintain this standard for four years we confer upon him the degree of Bachelor of Arts. As a basis for comparison between academic standards and commercial standards, I am tempted to ask, how long could a manufacturer of shoes remain in business, or what would he be able to pay in wages, if of the shoes turned out by his operatives only half were salable?

Not only, however, are examinations made a test of mechanical "faithfulness," but we tend increasingly to ignore the examination, and to measure the merit of a student by the more mechanical "faithfulness" of his daily work. The examinations, again, are given term by term, upon each course as soon as the course is finished, so that a student may as soon as possible dismiss the subject from his mind. The result is that, if we except the college-entrance examinations, which are taken by an ever diminishing number — and which are also undergoing a process of subdivision — there is no point in the student's career at which he is obliged to pull himself together and show what he can do in any considerable field. All of this is part of the program of making education a free development of the personality of the student. The idea is that examinations are "merely external" tests which play no part in the process of education. For my own part, I never read a set of examination-papers without feeling — not what a discipline — but what an illuminating experience and what an accession of power it would be for most of those students if they could be compelled — by threats of physical violence, if you please — to rewrite their answers with the sole aim of replying to the questions

that were asked, and not to some other questions which they preferred to answer.

Yet I doubt if I am even here false to the theory of natural discipline. To those who would object, I shall reply that in subjecting the student to an examination we are only applying to him, as nearly as we can in his protected condition, the world's test of a grown man's work. At the same time we are confronting him with the issues through which in real life men are enabled to grow — the sort of issue that confronts a clergyman when, as a candidate for a desirable charge, he is invited to preach; or a young lawyer when he is asked to conduct an important case. But the whole system of administration in school and college is based upon a standard of responsibility very remote from that which men are called upon to meet in the outside world. In the world a man prefers, as a rule, to present positive evidence that his work is honest and square; the college student is encouraged to regard supervision of examinations as a reflection upon his honor. In the world we judge a man's work by its results; in the college we lay great stress upon faithfulness and good intentions. In a store or factory a brief consideration of the facts is usually sufficient to dismiss an unfaithful employee; in the college it requires often two or three committee-meetings, if not also a lengthy faculty-meeting, to get rid of a notoriously idle student. In a business-office a man is expected to be at work every day and all day; in the college, though the year is short, the holidays many, and the requirements of perfect attendance not severe, the student always expects some allowance from those requirements. In the world business is placed before pleasure, and in our American world pleasure, as compared with business, is supposed to consume a rather inconsiderable portion of our time. The college world, I should say, gives the smaller part of its attention to business: at least it seems that, in an up-to-date college, athletics and the other innumerable "extra-curriculum"

activities constitute half of what the students do. College professors of the up-to-date sort have much to tell us about the "training" which these activities give — thereby betraying a grave doubt about the training given by the college work.

I shall not go so far as to propose that the school or college become a completely disciplinary institution, with the routine of an army post or a prison. Personally, indeed, I am more interested in preserving for the college world the leisure necessary for reflective thinking — necessary, even though rarely used now for that purpose. Yet it would be, I think, an illuminating experience, something akin to conversion and conviction of sin (as it often seems to the college graduate afterwards), if every student receiving a degree were compelled to do a fair measure of honest work, as work is measured when it is offered for sale. And in any case I suggest to those who worry about our national character, many of them college professors, by the way, that they turn to the youth as the proper field for their anxieties. It strikes me as a sentimental inversion of the idea of discipline to propose universal military training for our young men while the children in the schools and the youth in the colleges are absorbed in the spontaneous realization of self. As for strengthening the character of the grown-ups, I fear that the campaign is either hopeless or superfluous. No discipline is possible for the man who has nothing important to do, even supposing that such a man has any need of discipline; while for those who have bread to earn and families to care for — especially the wage-earning "democracy" — we, I suggest, have all the discipline that we are able to assimilate.

THE PASSING OF PRINCE CHARMING

ONE of the most delightful of the essays of Miss Agnes Repplier is written in defense of villains. Not the everyday villain at large, with which the world is too well supplied just at present to feel more than a passing interest, but the dashing, fascinating miscreant who gave sweetness and light to the three volume novel of our forefathers. While her plea for his restoration to literature is charming and able, and almost convincing, personally, were the fairy godmother in charge of the fiction department to grant me a wish, and but one, I should ask for the return, not of the villain, but of the hero, of by-gone days.

There has been a lamentable falling off in the modern hero. In place of the all-glorious Prince Charming who threaded his way through the old-fashioned romance, and who loved and wooed the sweet, patient, poverty-stricken heroine, and finally led her, sweetness and meekness triumphant, to the altar, a new young man has appeared, one who has no eyes for a lady in reduced circumstances, "be she meeker, kinder than turtle-dove or pelican," and who shows a remarkable canniness in doing very well for himself in the matrimonial line. No Cinderellas and Evelinas, Fanny Prices, or Jane Eyres for him! He demands queens of Zenda, and princesses of Graustark, or, lacking a lady of high degree, a multi-millionairess. Nor is he ever too lowly to aspire. The local movie-theatre advertises today, "Pietro the Italian. The romance of a banana peddler with a beautiful heiress."

Let it be understood, however, that there is never any vulgar truckling about the New Hero. If he wins a beautiful and titled heiress, he does it with all due independence and dignity. In the last book which I read he captivates the heroine by the simple and self-respecting

method of being rude to her. He assures her that not only is she a sulky, disagreeable person, one with a "grouch," but also a perfect fright as to looks, as well. What properly constituted cave-woman — and are we not all cave-women more or less? — could resist a wooing so manly? Not the lady in the book, at any rate. Nor is the New Hero, in this case, over-awed by his future father-in-law, although any young man might be forgiven for feeling a few qualms in facing a being so superlatively haughty. In an affecting scene he gives the magnate "what-for," and while we admire his courage, we tremble for his fate. Our trembles are unnecessary; placing his hand tenderly on his son-in-law-to-be's shoulder, the magnate, the tears trickling through his voice, says, "Young man, I know men, and you're a man, sir. A man."

Who can fail to be inspired by such reward to such self-respect? Near the end of the story, when the matter is brought out that the hero's annual income, — after the manner of the New Hero's income in general, — would less than pay the heroine's violet-bill, again the reader feels nervous. Is prudence to deal true love a cruel blow? No. Fortunately the author, who is a man, and can understand how proud men feel about these little matters, comes to the rescue. Tactfully he arranges that the heroine shall remember a little house owned by her poor but proud lover. She persuades her father to buy it for a million or two, and the young man's pride is saved. Without losing a jot of his manly independence he acquires a beautiful multi-millionairess, a properly subdued father-in-law, and a trifle of pocket money of his own. No idle deed for a winter's day!

Occasionally the supply of princesses and heiresses runs short, and even the New Hero is driven to falling in love with some young creature who has nothing more than herself to offer. But she is always rich in genius and in personality, and she straightway writes or sings

or paints her way into fame and fortune. For this class of books we may be almost grateful to our canny Hero, and bless him for giving us such delightful creatures as Thela in that most readable of modern books, *The Song of the Lark;* and Katrine, the little lass of "fire and dew" in the story bearing her name. Almost forgive him, but not quite: for fame and fortune are often bought at too high a price, and an old-fashioned, sentimental reader brought up in the society of *Our Mutual Friend*, and *Lothair*, finds revolting the callousness with which a hero such as that in *Katrine* loves and rides away, until time and fate shall have made it well worth his while to return and linger.

The beginning of the popular *Daddy-long-legs* is nothing less than startling. Not only does a rich bachelor befriend the Poor Little Orphan, but also he shows every sign of falling in love with and marrying her! One almost sees appearing the gentle ghost of that once popular gentleman who wedded his poor young ward, and whose courtship pleasantly filled two volumes of fine print. Fortunately for the rich bachelor, however, the P. L. O. dashes off, in the nick of time, a popular novel or two — one does these things so easily, you know, especially when one is a girl at college — and he is saved from too glaring a mésalliance. In the book following, by the same author, the wealthy young lady running an orphan asylum with the aid of her personal maid and a chow dog — or was it a Pomeranian? — scorns the wealthy young man to whom she happens to be engaged, and marries the poor and cantankerous Scotch doctor.

Now and then, it is true, a poor and untalented young lady of fiction finds a lover, but the story is told as a warning: for the lady is of the Becky Sharp order and no good comes of it. On the pursuit and escape of our canny Hero is based much of our more amusing literature, and we find our laughs in Angela and her "fordette" chasing young men up one street and down the other.

It is not to be wondered at that many an author brought up in the gentle sentiment of an out-of-date fiction and unable to adapt himself to the new, should eschew the subject of young love altogether, and begin his stories with the hero and heroine long since married, and at about the age when they should be welcoming the appearance of their last grandchild's first tooth. If the whole truth were known, we should probably find that Robert Herrick, Wells, and the rest of the long list of able pessimists on the disasters of the married, are really sentimentalists at heart begging a question.

Who is to blame for the passing of Prince Charming? Authors and publishers are vehement in their declarations that it is the demands of the consumer which rule the literary market. Clearly, then, somebody is demanding the new and canny hero.

One suspects the men.

Talk to the average woman for half an hour, and one finds, if she is over eighteen and has graduated from Mr. Robert Chambers, that she is hazy on the subject of current fiction, but is well up in the last sweet thing in the way of reports on feeble-mindedness and penology. In an entrancing world full of crime and poverty, æsthetic dancing, auction, and the social uplift, she has but little time to waste on the gentle meanderings of a Prince Charming. When she does happen to read a novel, give her a hero on whom the heroine may hang her noble passion for reforming the slums, or who will act as a lay figure of lover or husband from whom she may part in order to "make something of herself." "But," says Wisdom at my elbow, "woman's emancipation did not come until Cinderella stopped reading and thinking about Prince Charming, and having washed her face and brushed the cinders out of her hair, went out, alert and blithe and tailor-made, into the world to help herself and others. What is a mere 'vote' compared to a victory of the spirit such as this?"

But who cares for Wisdom? Not an old-fashioned, sentimental novel reader, at any rate.

On the other hand, as Sweet-and-Twenty throws aside the novel, Strong-and-Thirty takes it up, and usually reads it sitting on the small of his back in the smoking car. The exigencies of business are apt to make him spend much of his time in railway trains and trolley cars, where he can scarcely concentrate his mind on the deeper forms of literature, while a magazine or novel of the lighter kind may help to while away the tedium. The whole long list of periodicals labelled "Snappy," "Breezy," and "Saucy" are designed to fill just this need. Long hours of business, again, leave him too weary for any but the most comforting reading. One remembers Stevenson, tired and ill, turning to *Miriam the Avenger*. Quite naturally, Strong-and-Thirty, in making his choice of romances, turns back to his childhood, as so many of us do in moments of relaxation, and asks for the grown-up equivalent of Nick Carter and Hairbreadth Harry, young gentlemen, who, if my memory of certain long-ago surreptitious readings of my own in the top of a particularly stiff and uncomfortable pear-tree, serves me well, always finished the long list of their adventures by graciously accepting the hand, and fortune, of the wealthiest heiress in sight.

It is interesting to note that, just at present, the pendulum has swung the other way in England. *In Another Girl's Shoes*, *Good Old Anna*, *A Bridge of Kisses*, *Bars of Iron*, all boast a Prince Charming — a Prince Charming more chivalrous, more gayly masterful, more unselfish than ever. Nor is the cause hard to find. The men are away, living the great stories of their lives, not reading them; the women, sick at heart, need something more distracting than reports on penology, or the vagaries of an Anna Veronica. Locke and Mrs. Humphry Ward, however, who do not write exclusively for the ephemeral present or for a local clientele, divide things evenly be-

tween their heroes and heroines. Like those happy families in which, if Johnny has a new hat, Sally is given a new pair of shoes, and the balance of power is preserved. If in Locke's *Wonderful Year*, the poor young English girl marries the well-to-do French inn-keeper, on the other hand the poor young Englishman of the story marries the inn-keeper's niece and heiress. If Lady Connie weds a more or less poor young man — everything goes by comparison — Mrs. Ward has sagely begun the romance when he was wealthier and more important than she. Barrie has recreated Cinderella her very self, but even the genius of a Barrie could not make the old-fashioned Prince Charming of the fairy tale and of Cinderella's dream seem convincing on both sides of the Atlantic. His hero has much to commend him, even to the out-of-date sentimentalist. He is young, he is handsome, he "wisibly palps" — and best of all, he is "romantical," but instead of the sceptre and crown of his namesake, he wears the brass buttons and carries the baton of a policeman.

Soon the old-fashioned hero will vanish from even England. The war will be over, and the men, sad and weary, needing diversion, will come home from the trenches. Once more gallant young men, in books, will wed beautiful queens, — in Red Cross veils, this time.

Keen as is my personal regret for Prince Charming, and glad as I should be to see him occupying his old honored place in literature — if even in the guise of a haughty Mr. Darcy, or a rascally Mr. B. — after all, in this grim world of war, and the business grapple scarcely less cruel than war, I cannot begrudge Strong-and-Thirty his New Hero. Perhaps, if the truth were known, he looks back with wistful eyes to the old far-off days when life and literature and woman were simpler, and man was still — Prince Charming.

OUR NEW RELATION TO LATIN AMERICA

DURING the last twelve months, three fourths of the other nations of the American Continent have pledged us material assistance or moral support in the War. Cuba, Brazil, and Panama have become our allies. Uruguay, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, the five Central American republics, Santo Domingo, and Haiti have severed diplomatic relations with Germany, declaring that they could not remain indifferent in a conflict between the United States and a European power. Even in those Latin American countries which have maintained an official neutrality, public sentiment and the press have on the whole sided emphatically with us and with our allies. The spirit of Pan Americanism has thus been immeasurably strengthened.

Pan Americanism, as an ideal, is as old as American independence. The southern republics, like the United States, realized at the beginning of their national existence that America had a set of primary interests different from those of Europe, and that an attack upon the independence of any American nation could not but be dangerous to the peace and safety of all. The Monroe Doctrine was an expression of this conviction and a declaration of the purpose of the United States to use its own power to prevent European imperialism from regaining or extending its influence in the Western Hemisphere. This declaration has been reaffirmed by every nation of the Continent, until today the Monroe Doctrine is often spoken of as the fundamental principle of American international law. During the last thirty years, there have been many efforts to make Pan Americanism mean something more. Pan American Conferences, Pan American scientific and financial congresses and numerous other agencies have brought the intellectual and business

leaders of the various countries into personal contact; and have helped to draw the nations of the continent closer together.

Up to the time when the United States entered the European War, however, Pan Americanism remained the ideal of a few enthusiasts rather than the expression of an actual international fact. Despite resolutions and banquets and official expressions of good will, there seemed to be little real interest either north or south of Panama in the promotion of closer economic and cultural relations between the twenty-one republics. The tangible results of the Pan American Conferences were small, because few of their recommendations were carried into effect and few of the treaties which they drew up were ever ratified. In the United States, the ignorance and misconception of Latin American conditions, even on the part of people otherwise well-informed, made impossible any true understanding of what Pan Americanism meant. With many Latin Americans, on the other hand, the enthusiasm for continental solidarity was clouded by a deep-rooted feeling of hostility toward the United States.

This hostility was due in large part to the recent development of our policy in the Caribbean Sea. The armed intervention of our government in Nicaragua, Santo Domingo, and Haiti, and the growing influence which it had exerted in the internal affairs of several other republics, had caused alarm and dismay, especially in those countries which are nearest to us geographically and commercially. Although the more intelligent people of tropical American realized that their future welfare was in large part dependent upon the assistance of the United States in the solution of their economic and even of their political problems, they resented the form which our policy had assumed during the last ten years, because they felt that it threatened their national independence. In more than one country, North American troops had suppressed revolutions, and North American ministers

had dictated the choice of presidents and dominated the policy of their administrations. Customs collectors, financial advisors, and directors of police, with powers superior to those of any of the native officials, had been imposed upon nominally sovereign governments, despite their energetic protests. Too frequently the sense of oppression which our policy had aroused had been intensified by tactlessness or failure to consider native susceptibilities, on the part of the officials to whom the difficult and delicate task of representing our interests had been entrusted. We ourselves, of course, had no thought of conquest, but merely of performing an obvious duty imposed on us by our maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine. Our policy represented simply a sincere and disinterested attempt to save our neighbors from themselves, — to elimate the chronic disorder, misgovernment, and financial irresponsibility which not only impeded all intellectual and material progress, but exposed them continually to the danger of European intervention. Our motives, however, were not unnaturally misunderstood in tropical America, and the extension of our influence was extravagantly denounced in the native press and by disappointed revolutionists, as the imperialistic expansion of an unscrupulous and greedy plutocracy.

Our Caribbean policy had also aroused much unfriendly feeling toward the United States in other parts of the Continent. The people of the more stable Latin American countries naturally felt a strong interest in the fate of the small tropical republics, which were allied to them by race, by the common origin of their civilization, and by historical tradition. Moreover, they bitterly resented what they described as our pretension to the hegemony of the Western Hemisphere, for they denied that the Monroe Doctrine gave the United States any claim to leadership in American affairs or any ground for the assumption of an international police power among its more disorderly neighbors. Although they were agreed in their

determination to oppose European political expansion on this continent, whether by the establishment of colonies or by intervention in the affairs of one of the independent nations, they refused to recognize what seemed to us the necessary connection between the exclusion of European influence and the protection by the United States of foreign interests in the Caribbean. Like the people of the tropical countries, many South Americans refused to believe that there were no unavowed imperialistic motives behind our ostensible purpose of protecting our neighbors from internal disorder and foreign intervention. Throughout the Latin republics, therefore, there was a widespread, and perhaps an increasing, dislike of the United States, which did much to hinder the efforts of the more enlightened and far-sighted native statesmen who sought to promote closer inter-American relations.

It was perhaps rather what the people of Latin America conceived to be our *attitude* toward them, however, which had contributed most to the ill-feeling toward the United States. Our claims to continental leadership and our offensive interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine were alike felt to be expressions of our conviction that we were a superior race, to whom our neighbors must look for leadership and assistance. The South Americans had been deeply offended, both by the tactless and exaggerated declarations of American statesmen and publicists that our "fiat was law" in the Western Hemisphere, and by our condescending efforts to share with them the benefits of our civilization. They complained, with much justice, that we had little appreciation of their culture or of the wonderful material progress which they had made since their commerce and agriculture had been liberated from the crushing restrictions of the Spanish colonial system; and many of them declared that this lack of appreciation was the greatest barrier to a better understanding. The frank recognition of the importance of the A. B. C. Powers by our government and the increased

interest in South America on the part of our reading public had made for a much better feeling during the last ten years, but the old resentment had by no means disappeared.

In the United States, even well-informed people had usually thought of Latin America as a group of struggling, half-civilized communities, which owed their independence to our maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, and which were placed in a position of natural dependence upon us by proximity, similarity of interests, and the fear of European aggression. When a better acquaintance made it clear that these ideas were grossly erroneous, there were demands that our traditional policy towards our southern neighbors should be radically changed. Many writers, asserting that the whole idea of Pan Americanism was a baseless dream, and that the Monroe Doctrine ought to be abandoned, as an obsolete formula which had long since outlived its usefulness, marshalled an imposing array of facts to show that the two sections of the Continent had nothing in common, either in their intellectual ideals or in their material interests. Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, they said, were for all practical purposes farther from our ports than from Europe, and had less commercial and financial connection with us than with Great Britain and Germany. The Latin Americans followed French and Spanish rather than Anglo-Saxon models in literature, science, and art. While the framework of their governments was copied from ours, their law and their administrative organization were based upon those of continental Europe. There was thus no real basis for a closer union between the two civilizations, — no culture nor ideals which were peculiarly American. There was equally little community of political interests, for the original justification of the Monroe Doctrine, the need to protect democracy in America against the aggression of European autocracy, had disappeared since it had become clear that the great monarchies of Europe were

far more democratic than the republics of America. Furthermore, it was added, the South American nations were now fully able to defend themselves, and bitterly resented our protecting attitude.

While these critics performed a useful service in clearing away many of the misconceptions which had hitherto influenced, not only the attitude of the North American public, but even the policy of our government, they failed to appreciate either the real significance or the permanent value of the Monroe Doctrine. The Latin American criticism of the Doctrine, which had so impressed them, had been directed, not against its substance, but rather against what was regarded as our offensive and unwarranted interpretation of it: for the Latin Americans have always regarded the maintenance of the principles enunciated by President Monroe in 1823 as the indispensable guarantee of American independence. Even in the twentieth century no one familiar with the international problems of tropical America could doubt that only the attitude of the United States shielded the disorganized and insolvent republics around the Caribbean from more or less complete political domination by the European powers with which they were constantly involved in diplomatic controversies.

The events of the war led to a closer study of world politics which made both North and South Americans realize as never before the immediate interest of every American nation in excluding European political expansion from the Western Hemisphere. Before 1914 the more stable countries of the southern continent had to a great extent lost interest in the Monroe Doctrine as applied to themselves, because they had grown to rely upon their own military power and internal stability to keep them out of international complications. It required the spectacle of the unchaining of the forces of militarism and imperialism in Europe to convince them that American independence was menaced not only by misgovern-

ment and revolution on this side of the ocean, but also by lust for territory and expansion by force of arms in Europe. It became clear that neither international law nor their own strength and prosperity would afford them any protection, if the forces which had suddenly disrupted Europe should be turned against America. That the danger was not an imaginary one was suggested with unpleasant force by the Zimmermann note and by the Luxburg revelations, as well as by the hardships inflicted upon the entire continent by Germany's submarine warfare.

Thinking people saw that neither American institutions nor American territory could be regarded as safe from attack while militarism and imperialism continued to exist. After the events of 1914 it was clear that we had assumed too lightly that the ideals which were the foundation of the American states-system, — the American conception of democracy and the American belief in international justice, — were generally accepted in Europe. Democracy and liberalism were in manifest danger throughout the world, because of the exigencies of self-defense, and international law had received a series of almost mortal blows since the beginning of the invasion of Belgium. Pan Americanism took on a new meaning as the nations of the continent realized that the United States and its allies were defending the principles upon which the free development of America depended.

The basis of Pan Americanism, and the fundamental justification of the Monroe Doctrine, is the American belief in the right of each people to work out its own destiny as a self-governing nation. Despite revolution and misgovernment, all of the nations of the continent have clung to their republican constitutions, and all of them are endeavoring, with greater or less success, to develop real republican institutions. A few states, like the United States, Argentina, and Chile, have already achieved governments which, with all their defects, represent more or less faithfully the real will of the people. There are other

American countries where the constitution works intermittently, and still others which are undisguised military despotisms. But there is none where the idea of democracy has been abandoned. Despite the bad economic and social conditions which have caused frequent internal conflicts, and despite the fact that the political institutions which were copied from the United States were utterly unsuitable for a people with no experience in self-government, nearly all of the American nations during the first century of their independence have made tangible progress on the long and necessarily difficult road to republicanism. The civil wars themselves have perhaps been an indispensable part of the process of evolution, and many of the most absolute military dictators, by establishing schools, developing economic resources, and promoting intercourse with foreign countries, have helped to bring nearer the day when self-government will become a reality. The forms of republicanism have been kept up, often at the expense of efficiency and internal stability, because public opinion would not tolerate any step backward in the effort to translate these forms into reality.

The belief in the right of the individual man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, implies a corresponding belief in the right of the individual state. Democratic ideas, therefore, have profoundly influenced the international affairs of the Western Hemisphere. If we study the foreign policy of the United States and of the Latin American Republics, we find that it has been guided far more by abstract conceptions of international justice than has the more sophisticated diplomacy of Europe, where dynastic or imperialistic ambitions, vested interests, and long-standing political feuds made the frank acceptance of the principle of international fair play impossible. Both in North and in South America, schools of international law have grown up which have laid special emphasis upon the settlement of disputes by arbitration, the freedom of the seas, and in general upon the sub-

stitution of justice for force as the arbiter between nations. Their tenets are admirably summed up in the Declaration of the Rights and Duties of Nations adopted by the American Institute of International Law at its meeting in Havana in 1915. There the leading jurists of the Continent united in proclaiming the right of each state to existence, independence, and the pursuit of the happiness of its people; to a free development without interference or control by other states, so long as the rights of other states are not violated; to equality before the law; and to the possession of its territory and the exercise of exclusive jurisdiction therein. This declaration merely restated ideas which had already been incorporated in many treaties between American nations. Usually, if not always, the same ideas have guided the governments of the Continent in their actual conduct towards one another. Despite the indefiniteness of nearly every international frontier in South America, the countless boundary disputes and other differences between the various nations have been settled in nearly every instance by agreement or arbitration, — a remarkable record when we consider the inequality of power and civilization between the various states, and the tremendous potential value of the undeveloped districts which have been at stake. The principles which have made this possible are an essential part of Pan Americanism, for the feeling that there was an American states-system, with its own international law and its own conception of international justice, has done much to draw the American republics closer together.

When the United States entered the War, the people of the other American republics could not but realize that the interests which it was defending and the ideals which it had championed were the interests and ideals of all America. This realization drove into the background the influences which had hitherto retarded the growth of any real spirit of continental solidarity. After the North

American Republic had staked its wealth and the lives of its citizens upon the destruction of the international philosophy which made imperialism possible, the bogy of North American imperialism lost much of its power to terrify. President Wilson's declarations of our war aims made it clear that the one purpose of the United States was the triumph of the American conception of international justice, — the security for every nation of its right to work out its own destiny without selfish interference by its more powerful neighbors. In such a cause the leadership of the United States could be joyfully accepted, even by many of the nations which had resented most strongly what they believed to be our ambition to dominate the Continent.

Our participation in the European War had in no sense been an abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine. The Declaration of 1823 had never contemplated the complete political isolation of America, nor had it made any sort of a pledge that we should regard our own neutrality in transatlantic conflicts as the *quid pro quo* for European non-intervention in America. "In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves," President Monroe had said, "we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparation for our defense." President Wilson might have spoken the same words in 1917. Not only had our rights been wantonly invaded, but our vital interests and the future of the Monroe Doctrine itself were at stake. The whole-hearted support of our neighbors showed that they felt, as we did, that the war had become primarily a struggle for the defense of American ideals.

As the result of their new realization of the meaning of Pan Americanism, after the conclusion of the present conflict, we may look for a more effective united action by the republics of the Continent in promoting their

common interests. The conviction that all of them, despite differences in race and culture, are seeking to attain the same goal, — to create in America a community of democracies where international fair play shall assure to each people an opportunity to realize its own highest aspirations, cannot but eliminate many of the jealousies and misunderstandings which have hitherto restricted the usefulness of the Pan American Conferences and other agencies of coöperation. We may look, therefore, for a much closer coöperation in the development of the Continent's natural resources, in the promotion of commerce, and in the much needed improvement of means of communication. We may hope also for a more cordial union for the defense of American political interests. The new attitude of Latin America was well expressed by the Brazilian Ambassador in his note of June 4, 1917, informing the State Department that Brazil had revoked her neutrality in the war between the United States and Germany. "While the comparative lack of reciprocity on the part of the American Republics," he said, "divested until now the Monroe Doctrine of its true character, by permitting an interpretation based on the prerogatives of their sovereignty, the present events which have brought Brazil even now to the side of the United States at a critical moment in the history of the world, are imparting to our foreign policy a practical shape of continental solidarity."

In the United States we cannot afford not to face frankly the obligations which the principles of Pan Americanism impose upon us in our relations with other American countries, and particularly with those which have fallen to a great extent under our political influence. The motives which have inspired our policy in the Caribbean Sea are unimpeachable: for we owe it to our neighbors as well as to ourselves to help create there stable conditions which will permit the people of that region really to govern themselves under democratic institutions.

Both the disorder which now makes progress toward democracy impossible, and the menace of foreign intervention which must hang over them so long as their governments are unable to pay their debts and to protect the lives and property of foreigners, can apparently be eliminated only with our assistance. But we must be sure that our intervention goes no farther than is necessary to accomplish this purpose, and that our policy is that which is best calculated to promote the welfare of the people concerned. The pressure of those who seek to secure selfish advantages from our temporary domination of the affairs of some of the Caribbean countries must be energetically resisted. Above all, we can permit absolutely no doubt to exist as to the disinterestedness of our intentions, which have been grossly misrepresented not only by foreigners but by our own citizens. The reputation and the influence of the United States have been immeasurably injured, both by the writers who have spoken thoughtlessly and arrogantly of "manifest destiny," "American expansion," and the "establishment of protectorates in the Caribbean," and by those well meaning opponents of imperialism who have impugned the motives of our government, without fully understanding the complicated situations with which the State Department was endeavoring to deal. There has perhaps been much to criticise in the manner in which the difficult problems of our Caribbean policy have been handled, but it is an act of treason as well as a perversion of the truth to represent our attempts to solve them as part of a program of imperialistic expansion. If we are to convince the world of our sincerity in the present War, and if we are to hold the newly-gained friendship of our Latin American neighbors, both the official and the unofficial spokesmen of the American people must make it clear beyond all doubt that we ourselves shall observe the principles which we are defending on the battlefields of Europe.

IN PRAISE OF ROGERS GROUPS

IT was moulded out of some sort of pale pink plaster, and stood on a table in a corner of the parlor, a table of black walnut devised by a wood carver with the delirium tremens. Possibly yours stood on a similar table in the bay window. In either case, the horrors of the table were slightly veiled by a table scarf which kept the Rogers Group from scratching the mottled marble top, and fell down on either end — for the table, in all probability, was oval in shape, and the scarf was laid the long way. The Rogers Group itself, which stood about two feet high, represented a brave Union soldier, with his gun on his shoulder, and beside him, clinging to his arm and looking up into his face, his loving wife, wearing an extremely tight but modest bodice. In the foreground, at her skirts, was their little child. I have forgotten the sex of this offspring, but I remember the minute fidelity with which its boot buttons were delineated, a fidelity necessitating extremely large boots to get them all on. This group represented the acme of the graphic arts in the average American home of nearly two generations ago, and it has since been held up to merciless ridicule, and a decided change effected.

But aren't we by way of forgetting that the Rogers Groups, and much else of domestic furniture and decoration belonging to the same and earlier periods, also represented the native and spontaneous expression of a people, and held by suggestion — sentimental, if you like — the flavor of the national life? The Venus de Milo, even in reduced plaster, is undoubtedly, *per se*, a superior work of art to a Rogers Group, but the golden Aphrodite played considerably less of a part in the lives of our immediate predecessors than the Union volunteer. It is given to very few people, even in this age of popular "culture,"

to enjoy a work of art solely as a work of art. The thing represented counts. As a matter of fact, it counted with the Greeks, and after twenty-five hundred years we are still measurably behind the Greeks. There was something racially honest about a Rogers Group in the Smith's front parlor. At least, Mr. Smith probably belonged to the G. A. R.; but by no stretch of the imagination, even had one been so indiscreet as to employ his imagination to make the comparison, could Mrs. Smith have been mistaken for Aphrodite!

I like to think of my grandmother's house, which was also grandfather's house, man's place in those days being in the home, also, and to recall fondly to memory all the household furniture and adornments, many of which would be regarded with withering scorn, or more withering amusement, in certain homes of the present generation, where an excellent photographic print of the Mona Lisa has replaced the crude chromo of the Barefoot Boy, and furniture, rugs, pictures all reflect a kind of second hand correctness of taste, but yet without initiative, without warmth, without any native, individual tang. That wasn't grandmother's (and grandfather's) house at all!

In the first place, there was the kitchen. It was a real kitchen, which is to say, it was the most delightful room in the house. At the sink was an "inside" pump, of copper, with a brass knob on the end of the long, gracefully curved, handwrought iron handle. Next to the sink was a window, with a wide ledge, on which geraniums and begonias bloomed, their pots concealed in tin cans nicely painted green by grandfather. On the brick mantelpiece ticked a Seth Thomas clock, with a design crudely etched on the ground glass door and a Gothic peaked top. This clock had a stentorian voice, either for ticking or striking, and for a full minute before it proclaimed the hour, it gurgled and cleared its throat pompously. There were two tables in the kitchen, one to make dough-

nuts and mince pies on, one to eat on; the latter was always covered with a gay red table cloth. Beside the two west windows stood two chairs, an old Boston rocker for grandfather, and a small Windsor rocker for grandmother (who seldom sat down). Over the backs of both chairs hung embroidered tidies, and both chairs were handmade, and very old. The arms of grandfather's rocker had long since lost their black paint, and shone a beautiful polished brown, the color of old rubbed hickory. The floor of the kitchen may have been unsanitary, since it was covered neither with linoleum nor cork-asphalt, but I would rather take a chance on it than on any floor I've seen since. In part that was due to grandmother, in part to the carpenter who built the house back in the 18th century: for this floor was laid with oak planks over a foot wide, and laid on oak joists, too. There are no such floors any more. It was as beautiful as an ancient Italian table top. There was one rug before the sink, and another before the stove, both braided from old woollen rags of many colors, and in the centre of the oval stove rug was a yellow puppy, *couchant*, in pulled work. The cat lay on this puppy and purred. The wall ornaments were a current calendar (the gift of a fire insurance company), the Old Farmers' Almanac suspended by a red thread from a tack, and grandfather's hat and coat hung on a wooden peg behind the outer door to the wood shed and the barn.

You went up a step to reach the dining room, which was also the living room, except in winter weather, when all farmers' families follow the instinct of the cat, and gravitate to the kitchen. This room was much more ornate. It had a carpet. I do not now recall that carpet; I wish I could, but it has faded from my memory completely, which is rather ironical, too, because if there was one thing more than another which grandmother strove to avert, it was the fading of her carpet. But I have not forgotten the mantelpiece over the fireplace. Above the

mantel, in a black walnut frame, which overlapped at the corners, making four incompleted crosses, and suspended by a red cord from a small white china picture knob driven into the wall, was a chromo of The Barefoot Boy. He stood with legs apart, hands in pockets, each bare foot on a stepping stone in a brook, and smiled down at you most engagingly. He was the visible token of the poetry of the soil, then in its full flower, poetry grandfather loved to quote. Indeed, the dusty road outside the door ran on not many miles to join the Newburyport pike and lead you to Whittier's door. Grandfather had been there!

On the mantel beneath were two of the most delectable and never-to-be-too-much-examined ornaments ever exhibited. One was a flat bottle (perilously like a pint flask, I fear), in which there was a tiny ship, whittled out of a piece of wood, all three masts set and thread rigging in place. It came, of course, from Salem. It was very wonderful and mysterious, but still not so delectable as the other ornament. This other, at first glance though, was commonplace enough — just a tiny replica of a farmhouse, painted red, and reposing under a glass bell perhaps six inches high. But pick it up — or let grandfather pick it up, which was wiser unless you were quite alone and undetected — turn it upside down, and then replace it! Oh, wonder of wonders, down from the top of the glass bell descended the most beautiful little snowstorm, powdering the roof of the house, powdering the ground! There was something between these two ornaments, but I cannot now remember what it was — certainly nothing so wonderful as they.

The chairs in the dining room had rush seats and hand-painted backs. On one wall was a steel engraving of the First Prayer in Congress, on another a steel engraving, in an oval gilt frame, of the head of Washington. Against a wall was a black haircloth sofa, with a high, gracefully curved back. It belonged to a later period

than the chairs, and was of black walnut, but there is no greater mistake than to assume all black walnut was bad. Indeed, I am going to begin collecting it, with a sofa similar to grandmother's as a nucleus, and some day I shall be rich. There was also a sideboard in this room, a sideboard more like a massive chest than either earlier or modern types, and I regret to say I fear it was rather terrible. But it was the only jarring note in the room, into which the south sun streamed in winter, or filtered in summer through the grape leaves of the arbor just outside, and lingered vividly on the best table cloth, spread over the table — a cloth covered with bold Roman stripes of red, blue, green and purple. It was a plain room, and it would probably give the editor of the How-to-Make-the-Home-Beautiful department in one of our "helpful" magazines, a sharp pain. Nevertheless, it was beautiful, with simplicity, with honesty, with the charm that comes from expressiveness: for it did express my grandparents, their admiration of Whittier, their reverence for the early patriots, their trips to Salem and other distant parts, their love of color; and it expressed, too, the craftsmanship of the local cabinet maker who built and decorated the chairs, the earlier carpenter who planed the simple mantel and wrought the small delightful panels on the doors. The room was honest — that is the word.

When I go into a modern house of those who may be the grandchildren of just such a couple, and see the carefully chosen prints on the walls, of such indubitable masterpieces as the Mona Lisa or Botticelli's Venus or the spires of Lichfield cathedral, the "Russian" brass candlesticks on the mantel (quite useless, since there is electric light), flanking the inevitable French clock which no newly married couple escapes, the machine made furniture correctly and tamely copied from some ancient "period" and having no relation to the woodwork, the

complete absence of anything shocking to good taste, and yet somehow the equally complete absence of anything stimulating because unique and individually expressive, I actually pine for a Rogers Group in the corner, a gilded rolling pin on the wall, a "God Bless Our Home" in worsted over the door, and a spool what-not in the corner. They, at least, were native and alive, they represented a genuine original effort toward domestic decoration seized from the national life. These correct modern houses which duplicate each other through mile on mile of suburban streets are negative — nay, they are dead. They do not so much represent good taste in art as a convention. Even the brass tongs and shovel beside the fireplace (if the house has miraculously been built with a fireplace) were turned out on a lathe, and have none of the charm of grandfather's iron shovel and tongs, which he forged himself, welding on the brass balls at the top. And, mind you, there was no thought in his case of producing "period" work. His house, to be sure, belonged to the so-called second period of Colonial architecture, but as far as decoration and furnishing went, it was an accumulation of a long lifetime. He forged the fire tools himself, because that was the easiest and cheapest way to get just what he wanted — sturdy tools which would be efficient for as many years as he should use them, and would not look, as he'd have phrased it, "like jimcracks."

Mrs. Deland once wrote a story in which a girl lost her lover because he discovered that her father ate in his shirtsleeves in the kitchen, and on the parlor wall hung a gilded snow shovel, tied with a pink ribbon. But I found it a happy ending; I think the girl was well rid of one so inelastic and convention-ridden. The gilded snow shovel may not have been so subtle a work of art as a Hiroshige print, but it did represent an attempt to employ native material: the aim was right, if the charge was weak.

Had the lover been able to prove that in his house was a more successful attempt at original creation, it would have been a different story, perhaps. But he wasn't. No sir, ten to one the chief pictures in his house were the Sistine Madonna and a photograph of the Acropolis! Both are finer works than a snow shovel, even when gilded; but they were purchased, framed, at a store, and the shovel was gilded at home. If a real artist was born to either of these two people, it was to the woman, not the man.

The spool what-not was a hideous affair. It had no intrinsic grace or beauty of any sort. Yet I loved it, because it invariably represented an attempt at self-expression on the part of the householder. Did you ever make one? The formula was simple. You took first four very large spools, of uniform size, for the feet, and put a shelf across them. Then you made four columns of spools the next size smaller, by inserting a metal rod down the holes, and mounted another shelf, shallower and shorter than the first. Then you repeated, *ad lib.*, each time reducing the size of the spools, and the width and depth of the shelf. Thus you built up almost a shelf pyramid, save that the rear face was vertical, to stand flat against the wall. Sometimes, to stand in a corner, the shelves were cut like a quarter section of a pie, with three spool piers instead of four. When this remarkable contraption was completed, you either gilded or painted the spools, and painted or stained the shelves, and it became the repository for mineral specimens, books, magazines, birds' nests, the button box, father's pipes, in short, as its name implies, what-not. No article of furniture could possibly be intrinsically more horrendous to behold, and yet it represented a creative impulse of vastly more value to the race than the modern trip to the furniture store and the purchase of a chastely correct, Colonial secretary with broken pediment and urn on top,

because it taught you, when you did achieve real furniture, to appreciate fine hand craftsmanship.

Ah, the domestic decorations I have seen in my boyhood, ludicrous and dear, the fruit of a sturdy race that had no subtlety nor training of taste, but had the impulse to expression, and might, perhaps, if their stock had not been precipitated headforemost into a kind of vicarious and fifteen-cent-magazine cosmopolitanism, have evolved a true native style, just as their predecessors evolved in architecture that beautiful and priceless jewel, the American Colonial! Take, for example, the stuffed blue jay, under a glass bell like the cover over the doughnuts at a railway depot lunch counter. This jay was a prize ornament of how many best parlors. Why was it thought beautiful? Why? — simply because we all just knew the blue jay was beautiful in life, so why not stuffed? He was one of our familiar dooryard friends, a bit of bright color and animation in our daily life. In Japan he would go delicately on a screen. In a land where pottery is an art, he would be rendered still beautiful in death, and we of today would buy him at a large price, for the "drawing room" mantel, or to flank the centerpiece. Nevertheless, the instinct of our parents, who put him stuffed under a glass bell, was exactly that of the Japanese who paints his cranes and iris flowers; it was to utilize for decorative purposes what was lovely and beloved in the daily world. Therefore I still prefer the stuffed blue jay to your precious majolica paroquet, and if any of my kindly readers has one "up attic," I will gladly pay the express charges to my abode.

The worsted tidies that softened the mournful severity of black haircloth; the muslin sacks of burst milkweed pods which were draped over Aunt Sarah's portrait and the crayon enlargement of father as a young man (a form of decoration prompted by an instinctive love for the soft, silvery beauty of the feathered seeds): the plush lambrequins with ball fringe which draped the mantel, and

inspired the kitten to great feats of leaping; the Prang chromo of Mount Washington from the Interval (then supposed to be the highest mountain east of the Rockies, and New England's pride); even the gilded rolling pin, suspended on the wall by ribbons fastened to its handles, and with brass hooks screwed in from which to hang such necessary and generally misplaced articles as the button-hook and the shoe horn, all represented a genuine, if to some visions a pathetic, attempt to create beauty from the daily world; and, such as it was, a real style was achieved, locally flavored, pungent, authentic. It was not borrowed, it was not second hand, in and so far as it was wrought by the householders themselves, consciously and lovingly, it came nearer to representing a true and spontaneous artistic impulse than all the "Russian" candlesticks and Grand Rapids Sheraton of the average comfortable and "cultured" American home.

Such are my reasons for loving the Rogers Groups, symbol to me of a simpler and more honest age that perished before it could work out its artistic destiny, slain by imported decorative styles, then by the trolley, the motor, the magazines, above all by machinery and education. And the greatest of these is education. Since it is impossible to be de-educated, we shall have to carry the process considerably farther. We shall have to learn to use our hands once more, before we get back to the beginnings of a real decorative art, vital, and expressive of our own lives and surroundings. Some of our furniture must be made in our own town, and some of it in our own house. Blessed be the man who can manufacture a table at his own work bench out of a couple of old chestnut planks, or the woman who can draw her own pattern and embroider her own table strip! The beginnings of art are in them. Otherwise they are barren.

THE WINE-BIBBER AND THE PHARISEES

IN the early days of the woman suffrage movement there is said to have been published a "Woman's Bible," which was expurgated of many references to woman which were distinctly out of harmony with Feminism. If the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has not already thoroughly undermined the authority of Jesus Christ, it would seem to be high time for it to issue a "Prohibitionist's Bible" with considerable eliminations from the Old Testament and the New, including the Fourth Gospel, universally recognized as the most elevated in its spiritual tone of all the inspired books.

The task of the suffragettes was trifling compared with that of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union: for the former had only to delete the words of St. Paul, while the latter have to suppress the actions of Jesus Christ himself. That a society engaged in inculcating the sinfulness of that which Christ did, should conduct its campaign under his name would seem incredible if it were not for a great many things that have occurred in the progress of religion, of which the devout are not now particularly proud.

The champions of prohibition and total abstinence, which are generally pressed as religious obligations, carefully avoid any discussion of the subject in the light of the Christian religion. Temperance, as it is called, meaning compulsory total abstinence, is discussed in connection with health and hygiene, and crime and economic waste, but with a careful avoidance of the sacred books of the Christian religion.

Both in the Old Testament and in the New there is invariably a distinction between drinking and drunkenness. The former is sanctioned and the latter is severely condemned. But no prohibitionist admits any such distinc-

tion. Every condemnation of drunkenness is to him a condemnation of any drinking whatever, and if he is a Presbyterian clergyman he is pretty certain to quote the Scriptures in this sense.

To the agnostic, or the religious liberal of any variety, this fact presents no difficulties in the way of the proscription of alcohol. But to the Trinitarian Christian, who accepts Jesus Christ as Deity who in his human form was an absolutely sinless man, of perfect ethical sensibility and of unlimited knowledge, who "needed not that any one should bear witness concerning man; for he himself knew what was in man," the subject ought to present the very gravest difficulties. That to most prohibitionists it presents no difficulties whatever, shows how easily the mind learns to overlook what the will does not desire it to see. A most astonishing illustration of this is a quotation from a platform of the Prohibition party of Ohio, which the Rev. Dr. E. A. Wasson has preserved in his comprehensive treatise, "Religion and Drink:" "The Prohibition party of Ohio . . . recognizing Almighty God, revealed in Jesus Christ," etc.

And yet the Jesus Christ here appealed to not only drank wine, but made it to promote the gaiety of a festive occasion, where wine had already been served. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has been inculcating total abstinence, and when possible, prohibition, through the women of the church, and from them through the clergy, till it is possible for devout persons to read of the marriage at Cana in Galilee and demand the complete proscription of every beverage containing alcohol, without enough reflection to observe any relation between the two.

That Jesus Christ drank wine is a fact that cannot be avoided or minimized by saying it was the custom of the country. If it was a bad custom he would have condemned it, unless he were limited in his knowledge or in his moral perception, and no Presbyterian would like to admit either.

The custom of the country does not break the force of his example, because to the believer he was the perfect and ideal man for all times and climes. It does not break the force of his example, because the use of wine was not obligatory, except at the Passover, or universal. John the Baptist led the ascetic life; he drank no wine. At a later date Timothy drank only water. While the ascetic life was not compulsory upon religious teachers, it was evidently regarded by the Jews as very suitable to them. That the people of his time called Christ a wine-bibber cannot have been due to the amount of wine he drank, but must have been due to the fact that he drank wine although he was a religious teacher. There is nothing in the customs of the time and place, then, that could have prevented him from following the same rule that the Baptist did.

Nor can the customs of the time and place account for the incident at Cana. If Jesus Christ had practiced the abstemiousness of the Baptist, if he had gone to the wedding at Cana, and, finding wine there for a merrymaking, had put forth his supernatural power and converted it into water, what an irrefutable argument the prohibitionists would have had! No person who acknowledged the Deity of Jesus could have justified the use of wine, without difficulty and disingenuousness. But he did precisely the reverse, and the prohibitionist is reduced to the necessity of keeping him out of sight as much as possible.

The significance of the miracle at Cana is enhanced by all the circumstances of the event and its record. In the Temptation Christ had refused to use his supernatural power to convert the stones into bread to satisfy his hunger, and yet at Cana he made the first use of his supernatural power to convert water into wine for the entertainment of a wedding party. This is made more significant by the fact that the action is recorded only in the Gospel of St. John. At the time the first three Gos-

pels were written, this, which was not a miracle of healing, seemed to have little importance, and was neglected by the writers. But by the time John wrote, asceticism was beginning to appear, both in regard to marriage and the use of wine, and therefore "the disciple whom Jesus loved" recorded this beginning of miracles.

Nor can the force of Christ's example be broken by pretending that conditions have changed. The only conditions that are at all material to the discussion are that wine contains alcohol and that alcohol intoxicates. That is true now; it was true in the time of Jesus Christ. Two incidental features have entered the alcohol problem since his time; one is distillation, by which is produced a beverage strong enough of alcohol to be much more dangerous than wine, and the other is the open bar. If the so-called temperance movement were confined to these, it would not call in question the intelligence or the character of Jesus Christ, but the prohibitionists will not stop at any half-way measure.

The flippant and unreflecting prohibitionist will immediately retort that all Christian churches condemn polygamy and slavery, though their Master never specifically condemned either. But he never practiced them. Had he owned slaves and maintained a harem, would it have been easy to cite him in condemnation of slavery and polygamy? Possibly it could have been done. That Jesus Christ can be invoked to condemn his own habits shows how much is possible to some men, and more particularly to many women. Our Lord's celibacy does not impose the obligation of celibacy upon his followers, but it would be a little awkward for one who professed to be his follower to denounce celibacy as an unspeakable sin.

It will hardly be pretended by any believer in the divinity of Jesus Christ that anything he did was immaterial, or incidental, or unimportant, or negligible. If he were impeccable and omniscient, everything he did was done for a purpose and has a moral value. We may be

reasonably sure that he drank wine as a protest against asceticism as an element of religion, and he converted water into wine at a wedding party to sanctify the convivial element in human life.

The effort to represent that Jesus used unfermented juice is not worth serious discussion. From the time of Christ down to a few years ago, no one ever dreamed of such a thing. The notion was invented while the authority of Jesus was still high, and persons who claimed to have a revelation that the use of wine was sinful felt the need of harmonizing the conduct of Jesus with their own opinions. If the Last Supper was the Passover, we know perfectly well what the cup contained. The rule for diluting the wine on that sacred occasion was probably due to the fact that the ritual called for four cups of wine for each person. The words "fruit of the vine," in which some prohibitionists seek to escape from wine, will avail them nothing; they are a part of the Passover liturgy; the cup contained wine.

If Jesus drank only grape juice, what point is there in his own statement that the people of his time called him, in contrast with the Baptist, a wine-bibber? If it was unfermented grape juice into which Jesus converted the water in Cana, how came the ruler of the feast to say to the bridegroom: "Every man setteth on first the good wine: and when men have drunk freely ["when men are drunken" in Dean Alford's translation] then that which is worse: thou hast kept the good wine until now?" And if there is any question as to what is "good wine," it may be decided by Christ himself: "And no man having drunk old wine desireth new; for he saith, The old is good."

New wine might be anything from the freshly expressed grape juice to crude, not thoroughly matured, wine. But it could not remain in the unfermented state more than a few hours. At Pentecost speaking with tongues by the disciples was attributed by the ribbald to the influence

of alcohol: "But others mocking said, They are filled with new wine," or "gleukous," so that even new wine does not meet the needs of the prohibitionists.

The pretence that Jesus Christ used only unfermented grape juice is about the last stage of imbecility. It is also the last stage of intellectual dishonesty. But now, for a generation, the authority of Jesus has been so far impaired by attacks from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the work they have done with the ministers, that the prohibitionists care very little whether Jesus used wine or not; they will denounce the use of wine, while admitting that he drank wine and made it and gave it to others.

There is involved here a moral principle which is illustrated by the interesting contrast between Christian and Moslem methods of dealing with two very destructive vices. The Moslem is not expected to resist temptation, and the only way to keep him in the strait and narrow path is to make it impossible for him to get out of it. Hence wine is forbidden him, and women not his own are locked up beyond his reach. This is the meaning of the harem. It is prohibition as a preventive of licentiousness. He is to have no opportunity of getting drunk or of gratifying his lust. Christianity has never prohibited wine or kept women away from men in order that they may not be tempted. It has insisted that every man control himself, and he generally does it; he meets women daily without experiencing any sexual temptation. So he may drink wine every day, and never experience a temptation to drunkenness. Every man has opportunities of stealing, but not every man is tempted to steal by the presence of an opportunity. Character is not developed by the impossibility of doing wrong, but by not doing wrong when one has the chance. The character which has made Christianity a great moral force was not developed in seclusion from temptation, but by the conquest of temptation.

When the prohibitionist encounters an obdurate person who refuses to admit that drinking alcohol is a sin per se, he urges the moral influence of abstinence on persons who might drink injudiciously. The obdurate person might say a good many things in reply; he might point to the fact that revolvers and poisons are used for criminal purposes, and yet it is not demanded that the manufacture of arms and chemicals shall be suppressed. But it is not necessary for the obdurate person to make any reply at all, if he and the prohibitionist accept the divinity of Christ: for all these considerations of the moral influence, and the indirect effect, or the sequence of the use of alcohol, must have been in the mind of Christ when he gave the Pharisees the opportunity to call him a wine-bibber, when he supplemented the wine already served at a wedding party, and when he gave the Passover cup to his disciples with the admonition, "Drink ye all of it." What he did is the highest authority for all human action, unless we have advanced to a higher moral level than he attained, and no Trinitarian will dare to affirm this.

If other arguments fail, the prohibitionist falls back on the declaration of St. Paul that, "It is good not to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor to do anything whereby thy brother stumbleth." But if St. Paul had meant what the prohibitionist does, he would have forbidden the use of wine, for he was familiar with the fact of drunkenness. He would have forbidden the use of wine at the Communion, for he knew that some of the communicants drank there to excess, and he would have instructed the churches that bishops and deacons should not merely be not given to much wine, but should not use wine at all. He had no such thought.

He referred to the meat and wine that had been offered to idols, and the eating and drinking of which might to some of the very recent converts from paganism seem to be an act of reverence to the idols. And even here he did not establish the weak conscience as the law of the church,

as the prohibitionist seeks to. He would respect the scruples of present company: "But if any man say unto you, This hath been offered in sacrifice, eat not, for his sake that showed it." But the rule for the Christian community is: "Let not him that eateth set at nought him that eateth not; and let not him that eateth not judge him that eateth," while in our day those that drink not either violently denounce those that drink; or they give up the task of dealing with such infamy as beyond their resources, and declare that they have no words to express their opinion of one who drinks or asserts the right to drink. "Who art thou that judgest the servant of another? To his own lord he standeth or falleth. Yea, he shall be made to stand: for the Lord hath power to make him stand." But does any Presbyterian minister in 1918 venture to preach a sermon on Christian tolerance from this text? There is another expression of St. Paul's that is avoided by the clergy as if it carried a contagion: "Let no man, therefore, judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of a feast day, or a new moon, or a sabbath day." The chief occupation of a considerable proportion of Christians is judging other people in drink and in respect of a sabbath day.

There is more liberality and common sense in the Christian religion than in a good many of its followers.

Dr. Wasson ("Religion and Drink") did not exaggerate when he said:

> If Jesus practiced an indulgence, however ignorantly, that was injurious — that was destructive — to body and soul, if he encouraged this indulgence in others, if he, indeed, incorporated it in the holiest rite of his church and religion, to be learned and practiced by every disciple of his throughout all the world till the end of time, then our confidence in him as the Way, the Truth and the Life, is hopelessly shattered. Then, in this thing, his Way is the broad way that leadeth unto destruction; his Truth makes men, not free, but slaves indeed; his Life is not the light, but darkness, of men. . . . A Savior whose ignorance and blundering have to be corrected by his

own disciples, will never do. And if Christ was mistaken in this, why not in what else he taught?

Whether any authority will remain to Jesus Christ after his supposed followers have decided that he did what is so shocking that no words in a refined clergyman's vocabulary are adequate to describe the infamy of a man who shall assert the right to do the same thing, ought to be a matter of some interest to the clergy who are impatient for prohibition by a Constitutional amendment. "God is not in a hurry, but I am," said Theodore Parker, whose name is not one to conjure with in the Presbyterian church, but the quotation aptly describes the state of the prohibitionists, whether Presbyterians or otherwise. The Almighty is too slow for them.

Within the last century, and especially within the last fifty years, there has been a remarkable increase in self-control in the use of alcohol. There is far less drunkenness; there is little in good society, where it used to be so common that a man who was very drunk was "as drunk as a lord." But this sort of reform is too slow. God is too slow. The reformers are in a hurry. Thackeray points out the great improvement in manners and morals that had occurred between the time of his writing and the time of George IV:

He is dead but thirty years, and one asks how society could have tolerated him? Would we bear him now? In this quarter of a century, what a silent revolution has been working! how it has separated us from old times and manners! How it has changed men themselves! I can see old gentlemen now among us, of perfect good breeding, of quiet lives, with venerable gray heads, fondling their grandchildren; and look at them and wonder what they were once. That gentleman of the grand old school, when he was in the Tenth Hussars, and dined at the Prince's table, would fall under it night after night.

Both eating and drinking are not so heavy as they were. Manners are more refined. Moral standards are higher.

There has been a much greater improvement since Thackeray's time than there had been, when he wrote, since the time of George IV. The moral force exerted by Christianity is producing results more rapidly than in former ages. But they come too slowly for the prohibitionist. He must have immediate action. He must invoke the civil power to aid religion, the very thing that has darkened so many pages of the history of religion. "God is not in a hurry, but I am," shouts the Christian minister, egged on to it by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

That the authority of Jesus Christ has already been greatly impaired in the churches that profess to revere him as divine, is unmistakable. It is the lament of the clergy that family devotions are nearly obsolete, and the private reading of the Scriptures is nothing like what it once was. But the laity are justified in turning on the clergy and asking how much would one learn about Jesus Christ merely from habitually attending divine worship? And as for the private reading of the Scriptures, it is only too well known that we read with preconceptions due to what we have been taught. To a generation that has been taught that it is sinful to drink wine, it is possible to read of the marriage in Cana without starting any process of thought.

I once showed a list of prayer meeting topics prepared for use in another church to a colleague of mine, with the suggestion that we adopt them. He looked at the list dubiously, and replied that if it was adopted, somebody would have to do a lot of studying! The topics were the teachings of Jesus Christ on various subjects.

I can say, as an habitual attendant at church since infancy, that it was a revelation to me when I came across two books by the Rev. Robert F. Horton, D. D., "The Commandments of Jesus," and "The Teachings of Jesus." And in the latter of these volumes the chapter on Christ's teaching about "Righteousness" — significant theme —

opens with this paragraph, which should make every devout person sit up and take notice:

> I wonder if to any of you has ever come an experience of this sort. Steeped in the theological notions in the midst of which you were born, have you, in reading the words of Jesus, ever felt uneasy from a suspicion — never uttered or breathed of course — that they are not exactly orthodox?

That is the reason that while Jesus Christ is constantly obliquely referred to, there is so little of his life directly taught in the churches: he is not quite orthodox, in the estimation of the sabbatarian and the prohibitionist.

The idea that because some persons drink too much wine, therefore no one shall drink any, never occurred to any writer of the Old or the New Testament. It never occurred to Jesus Christ. It never occurred to St. Paul, even when the Christians of Corinth drank too much, as well as ate too much, at the Lord's Supper. It never occurred to the church till sometime in the Nineteenth Century. For nearly nineteen centuries the church, Catholic and Protestant, never dreamed that it was wrong to drink wine. The custom has been well-nigh universal for thousands of years, and most marked in the most advanced countries and among the peoples that have done the most for the progress of mankind and the promotion of the Christian religion; and it has suddenly been discovered that it is the national sin for which God is punishing us by means of the great war. Maudlin sympathy is extended to the man who gets drunk, the man who is condemned by the Scriptures; and the fiercest denunciation is hurled at the man who sells an alcoholic beverage, who is not condemned in the Scriptures, and who sells what has been a perfectly legitimate article of diet and commerce from the dawn of history to the present time, and in all the countries of Christendom. If I buy a revolver and shoot a man, I am the murderer, not the man who sold the pistol. But according to the ethics of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, I am a victim of

misfortune and an object of compassion and sympathy, and the man who sold the revolver is a murderer and ought to be hanged. This is not only unscriptural, but it is immoral: for it undermines the sense of responsibility, and encourages the drinking man to shift the responsibility upon another man. I believe that no Protestant body assumes the right to add to the teachings of the New Testament on any subject therein judged. A very large part of the membership of several Protestant denominations, however, now promulgate two new dogmas, the infallibility of the majority, and total abstinence, which condemns the Founder of the Christian religion for his loose and dangerous habits.

John Bunyan is one of the immortal religious geniuses. But he did not know it was wrong to drink wine, and even spirits. The prohibitionists have got to expurgate "Pilgrim's Progress," or exclude it from Sunday school libraries. Can parents who stop their paper because it contains advertisements of alcoholic beverages allow their children to read about Christian? When he was entertained by Discretion, Prudence, Piety and Charity, "they sat down to meat. Now the table was furnished with fat things and with wine that was well refined." The four maidens escorted him on his way and, "when Christian was gone to the bottom of the hill, gave him a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine and a cluster of raisins."

After the encounter with Apollyon, "he sat down in that place to eat bread and to drink of the bottle that was given him a little before; so, being refreshed, he addressed himself to his journey." His wife, on her pilgrimage to the Celestial City, made more use of alcoholic refreshment than he had. Early in her journey she said to Mercy and her four little sons: "Come, will you eat a bit, a little to sweeten your mouths, while you sit here to rest your legs? For I have here a piece of pomegranate which Mr. Interpreter put in my hand, just when I came out of doors. He gave me also a piece of a honeycomb, and a little bottle

of spirits." At this arbor, where her husband had forgotten his roll which was to gain him admittance to the Celestial City, she "forgot to take her bottle of spirits with her; so she sent her little boy back to fetch it."

It was well she did: for in the Valley of the Shadow of Death "James began to be sick, but I think the cause thereof was fear, so his mother gave him some of that glass of spirits that she had given her at the Interpreter's house." If James was afflicted with fear the spirits can hardly be justified on the ground of medicinal use. But before this Mr. Great-heart had offered refreshment to Christiana and Mercy, saying, "My Lord hath sent each of you a bottle of wine, and also some parched corn." When Mr. Fearing "had had a sight of the things of the place, and was ready to take his journey to go to the city, my Lord, as he did to Christian before him, gave him a bottle of spirits, and some comfortable things to eat." At the house of Gaius, "The next they brought up was a bottle of wine, red as blood. So Gaius said to them, "Drink freely; this is the juice of the true vine that makes glad the heart of God and man." So they drank and were merry." And finally, when Mr. Despondency was delivered from Doubting Castle, "the music was not much to him; he was for feeding rather than dancing, for that he was almost starved. So Christiana gave him some of her bottle of spirits for present relief, and then prepared him something to eat."

Clearly, "Pilgrim's Progress" is not fit reading for Christians, if the prohibitionists are to establish moral standards.

John Wesley was the greatest religious leader of the Eighteenth Century, and no one equal to him has arisen since. His followers were the pioneers in turning the Christian church into a total abstinence society, but he did not know there was anything wrong in using wine. Distilled liquors he was very strongly opposed to. Tyerman's biography, vol. I, p. 117, says of him at the age of thirty two:

Believing that self-denial might be helpful to his piety, he wholly left off the use of flesh and wine, and confined himself to a vegetable diet, chiefly rice and biscuit. This he continued during the whole of his residence in Georgia; but on his return to England, for the sake of some who thought he made it a point of conscience, he resumed his former mode of living, and practiced it to the end of life, except during two years, when he again became a vegetarian and teetotaller, because Dr. Cheyne assured him that this was the only way to "be free from fever."

Wesley coupled meat and wine, exactly as all the sacred writers do. He gave them up, not because they were sinful, but under the impression that the ascetic life might promote his piety, and he resumed them to refute those persons who thought he abstained from them as a matter of conscience. Tyerman (vol. III, p. 111) refers to Wesley's remarks, when he was sixty-eight, on Dr. Cadogan's treatise on gout, with much of which he agreed: "But, and here he comes in conflict with modern teetotallers, he objected, 'Why should Dr. Cadogan condemn wine *toto genere*, which is one of the noblest cordials in nature? Yet stranger, why should he condemn bread? Great whims belong to great men.'"

Wesley dropped the use of wine for a couple of years, at the instance of Dr. Cheyne, and then resumed its use and died in his 88th year after a career of unparalleled physical and mental exertion.

Do the prohibitionist clergy really suppose that they can effectively cite Jesus Christ as the ultimate authority on divorce, for example, and ignore his authority in the use of wine? They cannot pick and choose. They cannot quote him when they approve of what he said, and ignore him when they deplore what he did, without completely destroying his authority.

The plain and appalling truth is that the prohibitionists are ashamed of Jesus. He drank wine. He supplied it for a wedding party. He commanded its use in the memorial of his death. They are ashamed of Jesus, and keep his

injurious example out of sight as much as possible. In *The Presbyterian Review*, in 1881, Dr. A. A. Hodge, who once had some standing in the Presbyterian church, said: "If a man who knows that Christ used the fermented juice of the grape in the institution of the Last Supper to symbolize his atoning blood, yet declares that it is immoral for us to do so, he is evidently guilty of unsurpassed blasphemy." That sin is now epidemic in what purport to be Christian churches. Of course no one ventures to say in words that it is immoral to use wine at the Communion, but the only reason why the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and Presbyterian churches generally, and very many churches of other denominations, use grape juice instead of wine, is the belief that it is not morally safe to offer wine: it might lead to drunkenness. Persons who believe themselves to be followers of Jesus Christ are restrained by what they suppose to be their consciences from doing that from which the conscience of Jesus Christ did not restrain him. They pass an adverse moral judgment upon him.

The prohibitionists crucify Jesus Christ afresh, and put him to an open shame by branding his example as one which is not fit to be followed.

LIBERTY AND DEMOCRACY

THE shining watchword of the French Revolution — Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité — has never been thought of as the expression of a single ideal, but of three. No one has to be told that equality, or even equality and fraternity, carries no clear implication of liberty. Equality is a definite, single character, and so likewise is fraternity; each may be the object of a passion or longing directed, with conscious intensity, to that single end. The watchword of equality, or even of equality and fraternity, could never have made the soul-stirring appeal that for a century and a quarter the French motto has been carrying to the uttermost ends of the earth. There would have been an instinctive sense of something lacking; the banner would have hung slack in the air. The vivifying breeze is furnished by the word liberty — and the word is not only there, but comes first.

With the master-word to-day of the free peoples of the world, and of the peoples struggling to be free — the word democracy — the case is very different. Neither upon the intellect nor upon the emotions does it impinge with any such clean-cut effect as that of any one of the three words in the French ralling-cry; nor can it be said to convey the joint impression of the three. It means different things to different minds; and in no mind does it mean anything simple and definite. That it is nevertheless a word to conjure with, a word that has in this war been as potent as an army with banners, is due not so much to its intrinsic power as to its association with tremendous facts; facts accomplished and facts in the course of being accomplished. The great career of our own mighty Republic; the steady spread of its example over almost every land in the Old World and the New; the ferment in the Central Empires themselves, the last stronghold of autocracy; the

association which this war has produced of the idea of autocracy with that of inhumanity and bad faith, and of the idea of democracy with that of honor and humane progress — all this has added wonderfully to the effectiveness of the word democracy, and its power was great to begin with. But it is a vague word; a word that lends itself to thoughtless use; a word that the mentally indolent — and who is not mentally indolent? — may easily fall into the habit of regarding as comprehensive of all that is good, all that is to be desired, in the public order of one's country or of the world. But it is far from being so comprehensive; democracy is not the complete summation of those aspirations to which the name "liberal" has long by common consent been attached.

That democracy is not incompatible with tyranny used to be a commonplace. It is still a truism, but it is so far from being a commonplace that it is in danger of being forgotten altogether. Nor is this obscuration of a simple and vital truth to be ascribed exclusively, or even chiefly, to the war. The concentration of men's minds upon the supreme purpose of "making the world safe for democracy" has, indeed, tended to sanctify the word, to confer upon it all the perfections which should make it worthy of unquestioning and measureless sacrifice. But on the other hand, in the very events that have been unrolling before us there have been elements of warning, to which in these days of storm and stress we rightly give little active heed, but which nevertheless affect our inward thoughts. The almost boundless powers given to the President, and by him deputed to others, constitute no real infringement upon liberty, so clearly are they but the fulfilment of the unescapable requirements of a supreme crisis; yet they cannot help suggesting possibilities of what *may* be done by a democracy under the pressure, not of imperious necessity, but of intense desire. The same thing may be said of the severe limitations to which the right of free speech has been subjected. On the

whole, it may well be doubted whether the heightened feeling of devotion to democracy has done more to make men forget its compatibility with tyranny, than the spectacle of the actual phenomena of war-time has done to remind them of that compatibility.

The drift toward this forgetfulness of which we have been speaking dates from long before the war, and had become very strong some years before its outbreak. But indeed it was not so much a drift into forgetfulness of the fact that democracy carries with it no assurance of liberty, as a growing indifference to the idea of liberty itself. To trace to its origins the growth of this indifference would be a task of fascinating interest for some keen political philosopher. To many it may seem that a sufficient explanation is furnished by the discredit into which the dogma of *laissez faire* has, as a dogma, deservedly fallen; the easy-going generalization that everything will turn out best if we leave everything alone never deserved to have the sway which, as is the way with easy-going generalizations, it long exercised over so many second-class minds. The pendulum has now swung the other way; the same kind of mind that found in *laissez faire* a comfortable relief from the necessity of weighing the special considerations that make in favor of any proposed social project now finds in the abandonment of *laissez faire* a like relief from the necessity of weighing the general considerations that make against the project. But while this discrediting of the *laissez faire* dogma has had a considerable share in creating the new state of mind upon the subject of liberty, it has not been the dominant factor in that process.

The chief influence in bringing about the decline of the idea of liberty — a decline that would have seemed impossible two or three decades ago, and of which the existence even now is hardly recognized or even suspected, but whose reality must be apparent to any who stop to think seriously of the matter — is to be traced

to a single source. That source it is impossible to indicate in a word; but, though in some degree complex, it is perfectly definite. The idea of liberty has been losing authority in proportion as the idea of immediate benefit, and especially material benefit, to multitudes of men has been gaining ascendency over the public mind. The word that comes nearest, perhaps, to summing up the matter is humanitarianism; but so to sum it up would be misleading, for two distinct reasons. First, because the spirit of humanitarianism does not necessarily involve that exaltation of material well-being, as an essential either to happiness or to moral excellence, which has been a distinguishing feature of our time; and secondly because this craving for material betterment has not been wholly attributable to any form of humanitarianism, but has been in part a symptom of utilitarianism in the crudest and least idealistic sense of the term. The motives, then, that have been behind the concentration of attention upon tangible, external, improvement in human conditions, have been more or less diverse; but, whatever the motives, the concentration itself has been steadily increasing and has manifested itself in an ever-enlarging area of human interests. The wide sweep of the "efficiency" movement, of which the abortive attempt to mechanize our universities was a grotesque, but not altogether illogical, excrescence; the portentous solemnities that have been conspicuous in the life-extension propaganda; the enormous, and perhaps decisive, access of strength which the prohibition movement derived from demonstrations (whether sound or unsound is not to the present purpose) of the purely physical detriment resulting from even the most moderate drinking; the spread of the doctrine that the only justifiable object of the higher education is the "service" which it enables its recipient to render, — the enlargement of mind, the intellectual and spiritual enjoyment, the heightened significance, or beauty, or interest, of life or of the universe being dis-

missed as though of no account; these are pregnant illustrations of a change that radically distinguishes the thought and feeling of to-day from the thought and feeling of a generation ago.

Nothing is farther from my purpose than to intimate that this change has been productive of no good. It has been productive of a vast amount of good; and in that good is to be reckoned not only material but also moral improvement. In no former generation of the world has the desire to do good to others played anything like so great a part in the lives of anything like so large a number of men and women; in no former generation has that desire been anything like so effective in the actual attainment of wide-reaching and beneficent results. But it is nevertheless true that along with this worthy striving and with these beneficent achievements — along with this great gain, moral and material — there has gone a great loss. To attempt to compare the loss with the gain would be futile; and even if the comparison could be worked out it would be of no value. The question is not on which side the balance lies; the point is to recognize that there *is* a loss, to see clearly what it is, and to endeavor to make head against it.

What we have been losing is the sense of the inherent value of individual liberty — perhaps one might say of individuality itself. What was once — and so short a time ago! — regarded as a priceless possession, second to no other as a subject of personal and of public solicitude, has for the moment been lost sight of as a thing worthy of even passing attention. We have got so accustomed to thinking of men as objects upon which improvements are to be bestowed, that we have almost forgotten that the man himself is primarily not an object to be taken care of, but a being endowed with likes and dislikes, hopes, aspirations, infinite potentialities of happiness and unhappiness, good and evil, which can be standardized only at the cost of starvation. We have been forgetting that an

indispensable requisite for the exercise of these attributes — at least for their exercise in such amplitude as is essential to the fulness of life — is liberty; not indeed absolute liberty, but liberty restrained only to the degree that is prescribed by the unmistakable necessities of the social order. This is the truth which to the last generation was as native as the air they breathed; this is the truth which at the present moment appears to be suffering almost total eclipse. The eclipse may be more apparent than real; and such as it is, it may be destined to be of short duration. But if it is real, and if it is to continue, the loss is not a trifling one; on the contrary, it may well prove, in its ultimate effect upon mankind, to outweigh all the benefits conferred by humanitarian and utilitarian effort.

> For what avail the plough or sail,
> Or land or life, if freedom fail?

It often happens that a profound change of this kind in the spirit of the time is most convincingly illustrated not by some manifestation of great intrinsic importance, or some result of great practical sweep, but by some phenomenon that almost escapes notice — the very fact that it does escape notice being more significant than the most heated controversy could be. None of the developments that were referred to above, every one of which has attracted keen public interest, furnishes anything like so clear a proof of the decline of our sense for personal liberty as does a thing that has come upon the scene without creating a ripple of excitement or controversy. I refer to the "anti-loafing" laws, and the attitude which has been shown toward them. Regarded purely as war measures, there is nothing whatever to object to in the principle of those laws; if they are an effective aid in carrying on the war, they should be as heartily welcomed as the conscription laws, the food and fuel regulations, or any other measure placing upon the citizen obligations from which in time of peace he is free. But it is perfectly plain that

the feeling of the public, in so far as the public bothers its head over the matter at all, is that these laws are good in themselves — that though they have been enacted as war measures it would be a good thing to continue them in force permanently. If this were a conclusion arrived at by balancing the considerations in favor of the measure against the objections to it, the phenomenon would be comparatively unimportant; what gives it significance — a degree of significance which it would be difficult to overestimate — is that the public is manifestly quite unaware that any principle at all is involved in the matter. In the case of prohibition, the attitude of at least some of the persons who have so suddenly accepted it may be ascribed to their conviction that the end sought is of such overwhelming importance as to overthrow the presumption which the principle of individual liberty sets up against it; in the case of the "anti-loafing" scheme nobody is affected by any such feeling. The idea of prohibiting idleness by law — as a permanent policy, not as a war measure — receives a cheerful welcome in press and public not because anybody thinks that it will bring with it a great gain, but because nobody realizes that it will involve any loss. There is no balancing of pros and cons at all. It just strikes people as a "good thing" to make the idle man, and especially the idle rich man, go to work; that the principle of individual liberty is involved in the matter either does not occur to them, or, if it does, it is dismissed as an old-fashioned notion which modern humanitarian progress has quite outgrown.

While the truth of this is only too evident on the face of things, a little consideration of the question in detail will serve to emphasize it. Let us try to recall, in the first place, how an American of thirty years ago would have felt about the proposal of a law which should decree that he — or his neighbor, or any freeman — must work a certain number of hours a week, irrespective of his own necessities or those of the community, and irrespective

of any obligation to the public treasury. The idea would have struck him as so preposterous, so repugnant to the whole spirit of American life — not to speak of any abstract or general principle — that he would only have failed to become indignant at it because he would have dismissed it as a freak proposal, which would be listened to only by a few cranks. Now I do not wish to be understood as saying that this mental attitude is wholly obsolete; on the contrary I am convinced that it exists and is capable of being awakened into activity. I trust that a project so pitifully meagre in merit, even from the point of view of immediate gain, and which for the sake of that gain would patently introduce into our life the veritable essence of slavery, will prove unable to stand the fire of criticism when it comes squarely to the front on its merits. The fact is, however, that the immediate reaction to the idea has been a great deal of unqualified approval and hardly a word of dissent or warning.

But there is, it may be urged, a consideration which has counted more than that of material gain in winning approval for the "anti-loafing" scheme. The idea of compelling rich men to work for the sake of material gain to the community could, in this country, have no attraction for anybody possessed of a sense of proportion; the number of our rich men who prefer to be idle is so small, and their compelled labor would form so infinitesimal an addition to the productive powers of the country. Evidently the appeal of the proposal lies in the moral and not the material side of the thing; it is the spectacle of the idle rich man that is the rock of offense. But this does not lessen the significance of the phenomenon; on the contrary it greatly heightens it. The essence of despotism is in it, in either case; in either case we have the same insensitiveness to the idea of liberty, the same unconsciousness that that idea is involved in the matter. But when the trespass is induced by the motive of material gain, there is at least the possibility that it is due

to a certain thoughtlessness, a certain failure to realize the smallness of the object proposed, to compare it with something larger; when on the other hand, a moral end is plainly envisaged, we have a far more deliberate adoption of the attitude of the despot — the unmistakable assumption that anything in personal conduct which does not fulfil the sovereign's notions of fitness or desirability may without hesitation be prohibited. If the sovereign may command a citizen to work simply because it does not please the sovereign to see him idle, then plainly there is no principle of liberty to which appeal can be made against any encroachment whatsoever upon individual freedom. If the encroachment be malignant or capricious, one might appeal against it to the principle of justice or equity; if cruel, to the principle of humanity; if futile, to the principle of efficiency; but in what conceivable case could the sovereign's hand be stayed by an appeal to the principle of liberty?

It is true that "the sovereign" is here the people; but that is precisely the trouble. There is no danger in our time of the surrender of personal liberty to the arbitrary will of a hereditary ruler. But so far as its constraint upon the individual is concerned, there is absolutely no difference between the rule of the people and the rule of a single autocrat. The justification of democracy is that the people are the proper source of power, not that the people as a whole are rightfully entitled to exercise unlimited power over the lives of individuals. Government of the people should be government by the people and for the people — on that doctrine we all stand; but this leaves entirely open the question of the proper limits of that government. That such limits exist, every rational person will admit; no man — at least no man of sense — will maintain flatly that everything whatsoever that the majority think desirable ought to be brought about. It has doubtless, in times past, been the opinion of an overwhelming majority of the people of the United States that

the Christian religion is essential to virtue and morality; yet at no time has the idea been seriously entertained that it would be right for our Government to interfere with the freedom of the individual in matters of religion. In scores of minor matters, the question of interference with personal liberty has never arisen at all, solely for the reason that every one has instinctively felt that they lie outside the proper domain of governmental interference.

It is the decline of this feeling — the atrophy, if you please, of this instinct — that gives occasion for special anxiety. There has been in recent years — antedating the great war, and quite independent of it — a manifest tendency to impute to "the will of the people" a character of sacred and unlimited authority not unlike that which, when the doctrine of the divine right of kings was at its height, was attached to the will of the monarch. Illustrations of this state of mind have been numerous and diverse; fortunately in the case of some of them it has also been made plain that the older and more rational view of democratic government maintains its hold upon a large part, and certainly the weightiest part, of American public opinion. I have in mind particularly the story of the agitation for the initiative and referendum, and for the recall of judges or of judicial decisions. The spectacular swiftness with which this swept over the country could be explained only by the potency of the cry "let the people rule," put forward as though it were self-evident that any limitation upon the immediate attainment of the desire of the people was *ipso facto* wrong; but on the other hand the remarkable checking of the spread of the movement when its first impetus had been spent testifies equally plainly to the power of that element in public opinion which, while asserting itself far too sparingly in public, nevertheless quietly adheres to the essentials of rational political thought. The great question of the near future — the question upon which, above all, turns the future of individual liberty — is whether, in the

time of extraordinary flux that confronts us, this element will show the courage and the strength that ought to go with its convictions, or will allow them to be unresistingly swept away by the current.

It has to be confessed that one scans the horizon in vain for any sign that such strength and such courage will be forthcoming. The failure, just referred to, of the "direct government" agitation to sweep everything before it was brought about more by a wholesome inertia than by active resistance. But inertia is quite inadequate to meet the requirements of every situation. How pitifully inadequate, nothing could better illustrate than the amazing ease with which the movement for national prohibition by Constitutional amendment has swept on toward victory. I admit fully and freely that the advocates of this measure can appeal to a moral sentiment not only of enormous power but worthy of profound respect. That those who regard the extermination of drink as the one great need of mankind, who are convinced that it will mean almost the extinction of vice and misery, who see in its opponents nothing but depraved men profiting by the wretchedness they create — that these should brush aside every presumption, or principle, or tradition, that stands in the way of the great consummation, is only natural. With the passion and determination that they have put into their movement I have no fault to find. The deplorable thing, the amazing thing, is not the ardor of the attack, but the supineness of the defence. In behalf of political principles and traditions only yesterday so deeply cherished, when they were menaced with this most flagrant violation, hardly a voice has been raised. That there has been hardly a mention of the idea of personal liberty, I pass over; the peculiar thing in this case is that the end, perfectly attainable by the separate action of the States, is to be gained by a surrender, to all appearance forever, of the right of any of them ever again to restore to their inhabitants the freedom which the

nation is about to take away. Yet this astonishing measure has been adopted by Congress, and is in rapid process of being fastened upon the country, without evoking any considerable body of protest.

The particular forms which encroachment upon liberty and individuality may take in the near future, no one can foretell. Nor is it necessary to attempt to forecast them. The one thing that they will have in common is evident enough. Every sacrifice of personal freedom, every restriction upon the play of individuality, will be demanded on the plea of the public good. *Salus populi suprema lex* is an excellent maxim; but unless tempered by liberal thought it is a most dangerous one. Every one knows how it may be used, and has been used, to justify red terror. In this country there will be no red terror; but there may easily be a pale despotism far more lasting than any red terror can be. The only defence against it is the cherishing of the principle of liberty — not merely the principle of democracy, that the people shall be sovereign, but the principle of liberty, that no sovereign, be he one-headed or many-headed, shall be abjectly worshipped. Unless that principle be staunchly upheld, we shall find ourselves relinquishing one element after another of free individuality; and those growing up under the new régime will be unaware of the sacrifice. That is what makes the danger so great; nor is there, to my mind, any comfort in the thought of this unconsciousness of loss.

> I envy not in any moods
> The captive void of noble rage,
> The linnet born within the cage,
> Who never knew the summer woods.

A world of liberty and individuality is the world we have loved and prized; what shall it profit the world if it gain a thousand "betterments" and lose its soul?

UTOPIAS

I

IT has been said that "a map of the world that does not include Utopia is not worth even glancing at, for it leaves out the one country at which Humanity is always landing."

In these days, when we are soon, we hope, to make a new map of the world, we are neglecting one of the greatest helps we could possibly have, if we neglect the classic Utopias of literature. The value of Utopias has never been adequately appreciated. They are the most inspiring, stimulating, suggestive kind of reading we could have — especially now.

This might be called the remedial age. We are trying to remedy a host of wrongs, and to set things to rights, not again, but as never before. So far the work has been rather destructive in character. We have been making away with evil. The time of construction is coming — of building up the good. Against that time we may well prepare ourselves by reading our Utopias, and storing our minds with pictures of perfect worlds.

Utopias are intended to be schemes for the future rather than for the present. They are not only forecasts of what will be, but they are also prospectuses of what ought to be. A prospectus has been defined as "an attempt to bring into existence the idea it presents." As ideas gradually become facts, Utopia writers merely act as promoters of the abstract into the concrete. Some few Utopias look backward to a golden age in the past, to a perfect state of society which man has somehow forfeited. These are in the nature of laments. But the genuine Utopias look forward to a sort of Christian millenium, and these are like the old Biblical prophets whose prediction of the future was not so much what they thought

was going to happen, as what they insisted ought to happen. Such Utopias are at once outlooks and outlines. The fact is that a Utopia is the most creative kind of enterprise, and the most constructive form of criticism that exists. It tells us what is wrong by telling us what is better, and it never tears down without building up.

Sir Thomas More saw the greater value of a positive teaching over a negative, and he gave his teaching a literary form that has been used to propagate truth through four centuries. He saw that reform is always likely to come sooner by calling attention to good uses rather than to abuses, and he promptly gave perfection an embodiment in his imagination.

Whoever reads Sir Thomas More's Utopia to-day cannot fail to be impressed with the very mild nature of the reforms suggested, and with the unidealistic qualities of the ideals of yesterday. Although it was very covert propaganda for a new heaven and a new earth, it was, nevertheless, propaganda, and as it reads to-day, it is hard to believe that men should ever have branded as chimerical the ideas he advocated.

In the ideal commonwealth, as More's desire pictured it, religious toleration prevailed, except in the case of a refusal to believe in the immortality of the soul. Agriculture was the chief industry, there being a periodical exchange of the country dwellers with the city dwellers; for it was not considered fair nor good for a man to live all his life in the country or in the city either. Families were shifted from one place to the other. Instability, however, was not encouraged: for travel was possible only by special permit, when it could be proved that there was no work waiting to be done at home. Travel, in the eyes of the Utopians, was, evidently, a selfish thing, and as a modern writer has put it, "nothing but the desire to see life without living it."

The pacifists of Utopia are of an unusual sort. They think "there is nothing more inglorious than that glory

that is gained by war." Conquest by guile is, in their opinion, more creditable than conquest by prowess. As soon as they are forced to declare war, they post notices broadcast in the enemy's country, offering great rewards to such as shall kill the prince. They thereby breed treason among the enemy, and "so immeasurably great are the rewards, that there is no sort of crime to which men cannot be drawn by them." This method of corrupting one's enemies may not seem ethically Utopian to us today, but the motives of the people were at least good; for in doing so they felt that "they were kind even to their enemies, and pitied them no less than their own people, as knowing that the greater part of them do not engage in the war of their own accord, but are driven into it by the passions of their prince."

There are many sly touches of humor introduced by More into his Utopia, despite its solemn tenor. All lawyers are excluded from the land, for the reason, possibly, that the writer himself was thereby saved from the possibility of having to live there! More also made the practice of fasting a matter of reprobation among Utopians, although in his own life he was given to the most scrupulous observance of fast days. Perhaps no land could be to him a perfect land where that duty still devolved upon him!

The wholesale execution of thieves was another evil that Sir Thomas More imagined out of existence, for the reason that we "first make thieves and then punish them." One of the most unexpected things to come across in an Englishman's Utopia is his denunciation of the Chase, as a business wholly for butchers. "They look upon the desire of the bloodshed, even of beasts, as a mark of a mind already corrupted with cruelty."

Utopias, being by nature fanciful, have had to bear the reproach of being visionary; but the visionary is by no means the impracticable, — witness the reforms,

Utopian-bred, that are in force to-day. A paragon world may be necessarily theoretical, but even the theoretical is not always impracticable. The theoretical should be the avenue to the practical, and the most vital concern of every Utopian is to make his suggestions practical. But as soon as they are practised, they are no longer Utopian. A Utopia is an ideal, and an ideal that is reached is an ideal no longer. While it is beyond us we strive for it, when we come up with it, a higher ideal takes its place. Every Utopia written is more Utopian than the last. Taken in order they form a chronological crescendo. To live an ideal kills it; realization and idealization can not go hand and hand.

Utopias are not to be rejected on the ground that they are visionary or theoretical, or impractical. They can only be refused because they are inexpedient. Sir Thomas More was far from being convinced of the immediate feasibility of his plans. As he wrote at the close of his great work:

"There are many things in the Utopian commonwealth which in our cities I may rather *wish for* than *hope after*. For it is not possible for all things to be well, unless all men were good, which, I think, will not be yet for these many years."

Human nature has always been the stumbling-block of Utopias. And yet human nature must change, because so many Utopias have gone out of date. The map of Utopia has changed more often than the map of any other country. Conquest has enlarged the land; and habitation has always caused it to be remapped. By giving it a place in our geographies, we have not only learned its boundaries and contours better, but we have changed it from "that far country" to one near at hand.

II

A complete catalogue of Utopias would be the work of an expert bibliographer and scholar. A book list may

be more readable, and may serve as well to promote the reading of Utopias.

Utopia. Sir Thomas More.
The New Atlantis. Francis Bacon.
The City of the Sun. Campanella.
Mundus Alter. Joseph Hall.
Oceana. James Harrington.
Voyage to Salente. Fenelon.
Asem. Oliver Goldsmith.
Voyage to Icarie. Étienne Cabet.
The Coming Race. Bulwer-Lytton.
News from Nowhere. William Morris.
The Inner House. Sir Walter Besant.
Erewhon. Samuel Butler.
Erewhon Revisited. Samuel Butler.
Looking Backward. Edward Bellamy.
Equality, a sequel. Edward Bellamy.
A Stranger from Altruria. William Dean Howells.
Through the Eye of the Needle, a sequel. William Dean Howells.
Freiland. Theodor Hertzka.
The White Stone. Anatole France.
A Crystal Age. W. H. Hudson.
Upsidonia. Archibald Marshall.
A Modern Utopia. H. G. Wells.

The earliest Utopias to come after Sir Thomas More's are all dominated by the spirit of scientific inquiry. Bacon's *New Atlantis*, although only an unfinished fragment, gave great impetus to speculation and invention. It is a mass of details about observatories, engine houses, sound houses, — for demonstrating sounds and their generation, — and places for breeding worms, flies, silkworms, and bees. Truly a scientist's Utopia! And one feels that if this way salvation lies, it lies in the hands of the very few.

Hall, Harrington, and Cabet concern themselves chiefly

with constitutions and governments. Their Utopias read like party platforms, and are on the whole very dry. They reject the saying: "Give us good men, and they will make us good laws." "Give us good orders, and they will make us good men" is the guide they deem infallible. It is their way to bring in the kingdom of Heaven by machinery.

When we come to the *Inner House* by Sir Walter Besant, we find a Utopia that strikes at the very root of the Utopian idea, — man's desire for a society without drawbacks. To Sir Walter, all Utopias are bad. The craving for them is most harmful. For man to follow the line of least resistance all through life, and to encounter no obstacles in his path, would result in a moral flabbiness that would mean his downfall. The working effect of a society in which there is no struggle for existence is pictured in the *Inner House* with convincing probability. Hardships are unknown, and the citizens, having overcome all dissatisfaction with conditions, are left in torpor and apathy, stupid and sluggish, for lack of any "large and liberal discontent."

In the land of the *Inner House* there is no more death or pain. The physicians of the House of Life have made the Great Discovery, how to abolish both pain and death. The result is that Religion and Love have perished from the land. How could Religion survive the removal of Death? "We fear not Death and, therefore, need no religion," the people say. "Without the certainty of parting, Religion droops and dies. . . . He who is immortal and commands the secrets of Nature so that he shall neither die, nor grow old, nor become feeble nor fall into any disease, feels no necessity for any religion." Love too disappears. But one thing kills Love. It cannot live long while the face and form know no change. Only at the price of abandoning the Great Discovery can Love be revived. The people rise up and throw off their effort-

less existence, for the sake of the Greater Discovery, "that to all things earthly there must come an end." The inhabitants realize in regard to their loved ones that "the very reason why they clasp them is because they die."

Utopias have their uses; the *Inner House* is needed to show their possible abuses, and it stands out as the great warning to all Utopians.

Samuel Butler took his title of *Erewhon*, which is "Nowhere" spelt backward, from Sir Thomas More, who made "Utopia" out of the Greek "Ou," No, and "topos," a place. In *Erewhon*, birth is a matter of choice. A child who wishes to be born must clamor for the privilege. If it succeeds it is required to assent to a birth formula freeing the parents from all responsibility for its birth, and taking upon itself the blame for all physical blemishes or deficiencies. An officer known as a "straightener", one trained in soul-craft, whose duty it is to bend back the crooked, is invited in to conduct the ceremony of the signing of the birth formula. The terms are read aloud to the infant, and if it falls to crying it is taken that it agrees to the terms.

A visitor to Erewhon is invited to stay in the home of a gentleman who has just recovered from embezzling a large sum of money. He refuses to accept the hospitality of such a man, but is forced into it by the authorities, who characterize his host as a man of 500,000 horse power, and one of the most respected men in the country. The reason for this perverted estimate, the visitor discovers in the following condition of things:

"In Erewhon, if a man falls into ill health, or catches any disorder, he is tried before a jury of his countrymen, and sentenced more or less severely as the case may be. But if a man forges a check, or sets his house on fire, or does any other criminal thing, he is either taken to a hospital, or he lets it be known to all his friends that he is indisposed, just as we do when we are ill, and they

come and visit him with great solicitude: for bad conduct, though considered no less deplorable than illness with ourselves, and as unquestionably indicating something seriously wrong with the individual who misbehaves, is nevertheless held to be the result of either pre-natal or post-natal misfortune."

Erewhon is the most flaying of all Utopias, and at the same time the most witty. Butler knew well how to put his countrymen to shame by praising them for doing the very things they failed to do. Undeserved praise is never ingratiating, especially when its medium is sarcasm, so that *Erewhon* may never be a favorite. Butler was a master satirist, and was ever making war on complacency. He knew the secret of the use of contrast, and made it his most powerful weapon. By picturing an imaginary society with absent evils, he provoked comparison with existent evils. One of the best ways of calling a thing to men's notice is by taking it away. They see it when it is gone. Custom stales us to wrongs, as to everything else; and Butler saw everything as it was not, in order the better to see everything as it was.

One of the most amusing and characteristic passages in *Erewhon* is the account of the trial at law of a young man accused of pulmonary consumption. The sentence of the Judge is delivered about as follows:

"Prisoner at the bar, You have been accused of the great crime of laboring under pulmonary consumption, and you have been found guilty. Yours is no case for compassion. This is not your first offence. You were convicted of aggravated bronchitis last year; and I find that though you are now only twenty-three years old, you have been imprisoned on no less than fourteen occasions for illnesses of a more or less hateful character; in fact, it is not too much to say you have spent the greater part of your life in jail. I, therefore, sentence you to hard labor for the rest of your wretched existence."

Erewhon is the gospel for valetudinarianism.

We have on our list the Utopias of philosophers, of scientists, of priests, and of novelists. William Morris's is the only artist's Utopia. *News from Nowhere* is a dream of the year 1971. The narrator revisits London and notes the changes he finds there. Going to Westminster Abbey, or rather "to what is left of it," he inquires what they have done to it, only to be told, "nothing much, save clean it of the beastly monuments to fools and knaves which once blocked it up." The British Museum has been left standing because it was "not a bad thing to have some record of what our forefathers thought a handsome building." The Houses of Parliament have also been allowed to remain, as storage houses for manure, because they were so handy on the water front!

From Morris's *Utopia* it is easy to see what he did not admire in the world about him. Apart from his artistic reforms, the supreme blessing that he could conjure up for his perfect society was a state of things in which Hood's *Song of the Shirt* fell on ears unconscious of its meaning.

Morris's cry was "Oh, that this had never been!" rather than "Oh, that this might be different!" There is an impotence about his dream, that makes it seem more of a lament than an attack.

The upside-down world of Archibald Marshall bears a close resemblance to *Erewhon* in the caustic quality of its wit and sarcasm. The possession of wealth in *Upsidonia* is considered a disgrace, and the rich are trying hard to get rid of their money; but they have to beg the beggars to take it from them. Riches, heretofore, have been the possession of something that somebody else wants. People of wealth have been known as people of "means," but as their wealth is no longer a means to anything, they are brought to realize that when nobody else wants their money, they are no longer rich. The Upper Classes of *Upsidonia* are made up of the poor, of the servants who

are proud to do useful work. They show no mercy to the rich for whom they work; they compel them to eat rich, elaborate food, to be waited on hand and foot, and to live in idleness. The result is that a rebellion follows on the part of the rich, who take for their slogan: "we want to make our own beds."

Nobody has ever written a Utopia in verse, but Mr. W. H. Hudson has written a prose poem, called the *Crystal Age*, that is the most poetical in thought of all Utopias. Its message is to the soul of man; its reforms are for the inner world. If one were to take all the Utopias of the world, and compile from them one super-Utopia, one transcendent model that absorbed the best points of all the others, it might read like the *Crystal Age*.

One trait which all English Utopias will be found to have in common is their matter-of-factness. They are not creations of new worlds but recreations of old worlds. There are no sweeping innovations in English Utopias. Old things are changed and made over; new things are but rarely introduced. The Englishman accepts a certain degree of unalterableness in the present, and resigns himself to it. The American is more inclined to wipe the slate clean and start fresh from the beginning.

III

American Utopias

It is no easy thing to create a world, even a world of the imagination, which leaves nothing to be desired. The American writers seem to have set themselves the task; they have been content with no less than the *summum bonum*. Perhaps it is patriotic prejudice that leads us to think that American Utopias are the most Utopian of any. They are of an extravagant, not to say impossible, ideal-

ism, and bear the reproach, in consequence, of being the least practicable.

It is a curious fact that no woman has ever written a Utopia. As Mr. W. L. George explains, "Nothings, such as Utopias, have been always too airy for woman." The nearest approach which we have to a woman's Utopia is Mr. Howells' attempt to imagine himself a woman writing of things Utopian. His title, *Through the Eye of the Needle*, seems to suggest a difficulty of entrance into the task he set himself. Edward Bellamy, in his turn, tried to write a woman's Utopia that should be particularly pleasing to women, and for his own day he succeeded. Is it because woman has such an enviable lot in America, that our writers have never left her out of their ideas of Utopia, or is it because American Utopias have always included woman in their plans, that her lot has become enviable? As ideas become facts, and facts do not become ideas, we probably have the Utopias to thank.

In *A Stranger from Altruria* Mr. Howells has pretended to see ourselves as others see us, through the eyes of a Utopian visitor-critic. Visitor-critics always are Utopians! Mr. Homos, coming by balloon from Altruria, begins his visit in Boston, — an invidious mention of locality! Among many other things which impress him is the complete freedom of American women from household *work*, and their constant going in search of rest from household *care*. He remarks how much better schooled, if not better educated, women are than men, and how they seem in possession of all the leisure there is. American literature, he feels, owes its existence to women, who appreciate it and love it. He regrets to find that religion has ceased to be the hope of this world, and has become only the vague hope of the next.

Despite some very unfavorable impressions of our earth, Mr. Homos thinks well enough of us to marry one of our women, and take her back to Altruria with him. The

name of his bride is Eveleth, a combination of Eve and Lileth. *Through the Eye of the Needle* gives some letters which Mrs. Homos writes back to her people on earth. From these we learn that everyone in Altruria has his own front door. To-day when we are in danger of becoming a nation of lodgers, this is one idea which we should expect woman, the homemaker, to have of Utopia. In Altruria people live *for* each other, not *on* each other, Eveleth writes. Vegetarianism is the rule. Whoever wishes to eat meat must be his own butcher, and "one does not wish for meat that one has killed one's self."

The account of shopping in Altruria comes nearer to being a feminine version than any other description. As there is no money in Altruria, it is not necessary to fill your pockets with banknotes when shopping. You provide yourself with a card which certifies that you belong to a certain working-phalanx, and that you have not failed in the Obligatories for such a length of time. The Altrurian day is divided between the Obligatories and the Voluntaries. If you can show credit for a certain number of hours of Obligatories, you are entitled to an equivalent value in merchandise. One wonders whether a woman, shopping for her household, took with her her own card or her husband's.

Edward Bellamy went even farther than Mr. Howells in his revolution of shopping. He abolished all salesclerks in stores. The shopper in *Looking Backward* found no one behind the counter to induce her to buy what she did not want. She made her selection herself, and then pressed a button to summon a clerk to take down her order. The goods all belonged to the nation, and it was not to the interest of the clerk or of the nation to dispose of a yard of anything to anybody who did not want it. If information about the goods was desired, it could be found on a card attached by the government authorities to each sample, giving the price and all the customer could pos-

sibly wish to know on the subject. It was not necessary that the clerk should know or profess to know anything about the goods he was selling.

Bellamy looked to inventive genius for the bringing in of his kingdom, and such an innovation as a continuous waterproof covering for sidewalks is a typical feature of his Boston of the year 2000. "In the nineteenth century, when it rained, the people of Boston put up three hundred thousand umbrellas over as many heads, and in the twentieth century they put up one umbrella over all the heads."

Looking Backward and its sequel, *Equality*, were the most popular Utopias ever written, as Bellamy clubs, all over the United States, testified. But no Utopia, if its message carries, can remain a favorite forever. The long line of Utopias through the ages has been a line of succession, in which each new Utopia has superseded its predecessor. Displacement is the fate of every one. The progression, however, is inspiring, for it shows how much we have climbed on ladders of our dead Utopias.

Utopias will always go out of date, and they will never cease to exist. While there may be nothing else new under the sun, there is always a new wrong, and not until wrongs cease will Utopias cease. They will continue to show us worlds in which the crooked has been set straight, and they will hold before the people's eyes the vision, lest they perish.

THE PENALTY OF CLEVERNESS

WELL no, I do not quite appreciate clever people. I do not seem to get on with them. They don't agree with me. If I were in the way of consulting doctors they would be sure to tell me, after diagnosis of symptoms, that clever people were not good for my particular complaint, and to counsel me to give them a wide berth, to cut them out altogether or at any rate to take them only in strictest moderation.

What then is this distinctive characteristic of theirs, cleverness, and whence comes it? Most people wish to be clever, just as they would like to be poets or song writers if they could. But wherefore so? Are clever people any wiser or better looking or better natured than dullards? I trow not. Successful men of business are not clever. Good tailors and cooks are not particularly clever. The hare is ever being outstripped by the tortoise, and the plodder, who knows his one thing only, comes out ahead on the long run, as we all know, though we would prefer not to know it.

What is called cleverness would seem to be an attractive sort of over glitter, an all round quickness, not exactly running to wholesomeness, not going very deep nor perhaps very far. It would indeed be hardly too much to say that nobody who succeeds permanently at anything is clever: for the exceptions are hardly common enough to be worth considering. Such are persons, for instance, who are kept on their legs through inherited means or by matrimonial luck. But even here, property can usually be muddled away by those who are clever enough, in spite of cast iron wills or legal impediments; and those of the second category are not as numerous as people are apt to think.

"The sex" by instinct distrust cleverness, though they

may like to have a brilliant neighbour in the next block on their visitor's list, and to get him up to dinner or tea of an evening when they know that the housemaid has had her cap and pinafore done up and ironed; but matrimonially? No.

The account of cleverness that would most readily occur to the average person, if asked for one offhand, might be something like this: A faculty for passing examinations (supposing you to be young enough for that exercise), without trouble or any great amount of preparation. A tendency later on in life to make away with money or money's worth in a like quick and comfortable fashion, yet so that the hardest cash, the soundest shares and investments vanish like the baseless fabric of a dream, leaving not a rack behind. An imperturbable *sang froid*, at all times superior to the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. A rather warm imagination. A coldish heart. a faculty for absorbing admiration without giving any of it out again, like sunbeams laid away by Nature in the coal measures. An infinite capacity for *not* taking pains yet no ill result or disaster seeming to ensue.

The summary, to be at all accurate, would have to include at least some knowledge of human nature, warning the individual when it is prudent to stop, and a certain statesmanlike breadth of vision, suggesting in like manner when it is advisable to go on.

In things not pecuniary, our friend invariably has his way, and even in money matters fortune does not reject him wholly: for hardly can he make away, by his recklessness and improvidence, with one property, before somebody is sure obligingly to die and leave him another.

The clever person when down on his luck does not seek to borrow five dollars. With his peculiar gifts and temperament, it is an easier matter for him to get fifty. He wins prizes at artistic and literary contests, but is none the richer; he comes out a long first at steeple chases, yet "it tendeth to poverty" and barrenness; he can write pleasing

verses, but is never a poet. A character of this kind may be courted and admired as the fashion — or after a fashion, and yet fall to dust under the investigator's microscope and scalpel. He is, in no figurative sense, such stuff as dreams are made of; yet, coupled with all this, is a very real fund of luck of a certain sort, testifying through everything, despite Nature's seeming austerity, to her sneaking underhand admiration for the gambler's chance.

But to turn from the abstract to the concrete, let us have a look at some of the protagonists of the breed — exploring, for politeness sake, the opposite hemisphere.

The "second cleverest man in England" is to all appearance the kind of person whose housekeeper or landlady, one would hate to be. The fine, generous sort who brings a crowd of men home to dinner on impulse, never giving a thought to the state of the larder nor even to telephoning home touching the same. Mr. Chesterton does not think nor make his reader think. He disapproves of thinking; but he contrives to give you a headache all the same, which is about as bad. It is perhaps a good thing for the public health that there are not more of him in the world. How a dose or two of Chesterton might act upon a torpid liver one must leave to the medical faculty; but he is by no means the proper thing for fagged nerves or an overworked brain. Yet for those who can manage to assimilate him, he occupies a dubious throne as the twentieth century monarch of paradox, closely pressing upon the old timers of the Victorian epoch. What the petunia is to the peony; what champagne, as those whose memory goes back before war restrictions may recall, is to Scotch whiskey, such is Chesterton to Hazlett or Macaulay or even to Andrew Lang; and yet, to follow the analogy a step farther, champagne-like, he leaves no bad taste in the mouth, no ill effects next morning. It is astonishing how easy it is to recover from him — how rapidly and irrevocably all memory of him and his talk disappears: he is —

"— Like the snowflake on the river
A moment bright then gone forever."

The boon of forgetfulness, sweet to the harassed statesman or stock jobber, becomes his at once who reads G. K. Chesterton. Mr. Bernard Shaw, with his stinging humour, may compel reflection, Mr. Chesterton is the opposite of consideration, the antithesis of thought, the enemy of possibility.

This difficulty of keeping him in the memory is perhaps lucky; but, to round off his paradoxical humours, while his mannered prose is obscure or impossible, his verse is pleasing and often intelligible, and his articles about the war, dashed off before he has had time to be clever, are stirring and high minded. But it has ever been the doom of such writers to be thought of and recalled not by their genuine work but by their least sincere.

In the improbable event of our being asked for an opinion, we might tender Mr. Chesterton the advice not to be so immoderately brilliant, or, as it were, to spread the marmalade of his cleverness more evenly. We common mortals have all we can do to make a living without expending our scanty brain power on interpreting him. Let him experiment in seriousness, try to lessen instead of piling up the heavy burden of human perplexity, and get to writing something that we can be satisfied he believes himself.

Mr. H. G. Wells is another leading illustration of cleverness — a writer of remarkable force and originality. Unlike Mr. Chesterton, he is a man with a purpose and, outside his peculiar hobbies, his writings are clean cut and delightful. He is, in brief, a socialistic philosopher, yet the picture he outlines of the coming uniformity of condition is hardly attractive enough to draw many recruits from their individualistic idols. Abject poverty, it is true, is to be banished from the world, but the condition of the many will be such as to make them

welcome a little uncertainty in regard to their meals — a trifle of starvation now and then as a change from intolerable tedium. His tales of fantasy and wonder appeal to minds of a certain calibre, and the world is now having a demonstration of "when the sleeper awakes" more terrific than anything imagined even by Mr. Wells.

But plots laid thousands of years off are difficult to make attractive. The reader needs the stimulus of possibility and modern convention. The coming time, say a million years hence, when mankind will have been replaced upon this planet by a race of something like exaggerated cockroaches or ants, wanting, it may be, in the softer graces, such as hugging and kissing, for which their steely covering would hardly be adapted, but enjoying the blessed privilege of immunity from a nervous system, a time when the gentlemen will need no razors, the ladies no corsets, and when, cocktails and high heeled shoes being unknown, it will be possible to husband out life's taper to its natural close, — such a conception, the mankind of today, clinging to its electric lights, its lobsters and its darling grog, is hardly ready to appreciate. — If Mr. Wells is not actually the father of the above cosmic vision, it is but a fair development of some of his flights into the shadowy abysses of futurity.

His acquaintance with human nature however cannot be pronounced complete. After describing Marion Ramboat as a graceful and beautiful girl, whose only weak point was a certain lack of vivacity, he goes on to inform the reader that "she had no sense at all of her own beauty." *Credat Judaeus Apella!* We can swallow a good deal coming from an authority so august, but must draw the line here. The following is better, more life-like, — "No woman has ever respected the law, — ever" she said. "It's too silly. — The things it lets you do and then pulls you up — like a mad nurse minding a child." If this lady philosopher had begun her criticism with "No human being who has ever dealt with the law

has respected it," she might have been well within the mark.

This tendency of Mr. Wells to upset his own conclusions crops up in quarters other than socialistic. His favorite doctrine, borrowed from the Lamas of Thibet, is not polygamy, that were a deal too old fashioned, but polyandry, — a community of husbands among women. This plan of keeping the population down to the means of subsistence, which crops up like King Charles's head, in about everything he writes, is said to work out satisfactorily on the bleak central Asian plateau, and if we are to believe Rousseau, it was practised with success by his philosophic friend Madame de Warens; and accordingly Mr. Wells at once jumps to the conclusion that it is quite the thing for the United States and England. But that it would do among quarrelsome beef-feeding and beer-drinking Anglo Saxons is hardly to be counted on; though, if it were introduced into Germany and Bulgaria we might have no reason to object. As Mr. Wells, however, is a married man himself, and leads a reasonably tranquil existence, it may be confidently inferred that he does not practice what he preaches; and if in the years to come he should have young daughters applying pressure to make him take them out to dancing and card parties, we may look for a change in his opinions on matrimony, domestic government and social order, as great as befell the author of *Ginx's Baby* when he married the wealthy widow.

Touching Mr. George Bernard Shaw: his mordant humour is of the sort familiar in Sterne, Swift and Voltaire, that would be excellent if only it could be kept within bounds, but it is the misfortune of such as he that they cannot stop. To accustom themselves to an intellectual atmosphere difficult to breathe, they have to keep on being clever, with increasing momentum. Antagonizing the better sort without greatly attracting the worse, they drop off in the fulness of time, and leave behind a legacy —

of greatness indeed, but also of futility and dissension, which is not to be cleared up till time's obliterating fingers shall have rubbed out its object and author alike.

Mr. Shaw tells the public it is a stupid ass, and the generality receive the information with serenity and approval, because each individual making up the whole, applies the remark to his neighbour and not at all to himself. This author shows up the dissimulation and philistinism of his countrymen; and as the English at present are following, or are only just emerging from that detestable affectation of accepting as true, with sham meekness, the worst that anyone not a German, whatever his motives, can say of them, they take all his strictures for granted, hear them — and heed them not. As before hinted, Mr. Shaw possesses the gift, more to be desired than rubies, of making people afraid of him. His utterances upon Germany at the outset of the war, which no one else could have ventured, set the critics circling round him with tail erect and eyes flashing fire, yet still hesitating, till too late, to strike in.

There is a story told of Rarey the horse tamer, that might throw some light upon this situation. He was called upon to see what he could do with a certain savage horse of great value, but who had killed or maimed several people. Rarey entered the stall smoking a cigar, gave the animal a sounding slap on the hip, slipped the bit between his teeth, got him out and mounted him, all in less than two minutes, and without the slightest opposition from his horseship. Being asked afterwards to explain the phenomenon, he replied, in effect, "The creature was simply paralyzed with astonishment. He had no time to think. If I had allowed him a moment for reflection he would have kicked me into small pieces."

On Shaw's conceit, the badge of his tribe — here luring the traveller from afar, like a lonely colossus in the Egyptian desert of conventionality; of his needle-pointed wit — scratching quite unpleasantly the surface of one's mind and self-esteem; of his acrid but serviceable mis-

anthropy — also common enough, in little, among the clever, we must not dwell, even if it were possible to do so with any pretence of originality. As Mr. Chesterton puts it: "Mr. Shaw may have none with him but himself, but it is not of himself he cares. It is of that vast and universal church of which he is the only member."

But having thus seen what speckled vanity may come to, where carried to excess, let us leave this Shakespeare in *16mo* and come down to earth again and the consideration of the merely clever.

The brilliant person has a way of making your acquaintance, of shooting broadsides of his characteristic quality into you at close range, and then, while you are trying to think what you can have done to deserve such treatment, presto! he has got you sized up. The temperature seems to drop twenty degrees. He probably maintains the tolerant air of a man of the world; but all the same, as of having missed something he had come out expecting to find. With unequivocal politeness, you are to understand that you have been weighed in his balance and found wanting. When all is done, you are not greatly worried to see him go. The idea of his absence has been growing increasingly pleasurable to you. Cleverness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

But sparkle of this sort must be a drain upon the constitution, physical and mental. There is plainly some provision of nature that usually starts one with an equipment of vital energy sufficient for his needs, if rightly husbanded — a fund that can be made available, without detriment, for writing upon history and mathematics, or for making pies or pictures, but he who expends it prematurely upon evanescent fireworks will sooner or later have trouble to foot the bill.

THE WICKED TOWN AND THE MORAL COUNTRY

TOWN and country boys are shoulder to shoulder in our U. S. Army and in uniform they all look alike to the Germans as they keep step to the spirit of American patriotism and represent American determination. The army represents every strain of blood and every environment in the United States, and, notwithstanding old traditions that a farmer at Lexington fired the shot which was heard round the world, and that the brawn of the farm has made famous the fighting character of Uncle Sam, the city boys now under arms have measured up to every requirement of the examining surgeons quite as well as the country boys, while in camp they have been found more immune from communicable diseases and more amenable to sanitary regulations and military discipline. The demands for exemption of farmers that they may feed the Allies have been more numerous and insistent than have been those of the city boys that they may continue to make guns and ammunition, and Congress has hearkened to these appeals from the country by placing the farmers in the lower or deferred draft-classes; this notwithstanding the official reports showing a smaller percentage of men in the army from the agricultural districts than from the manufacturing centers, and the farther reports that there is a greater shortage in ammunition and clothing than there is in rations.

A good many people repeat: "God made the country, man made the town" without knowing that the prairies of the West were almost as uninhabitable as old Panama until man drained the wet land, turned the sod and let the sun bake the soil free from malaria germs, just as General Gorgas did in Panama nearly a century later, to change the isthmus from a plague spot into a sanitarium.

They fail to remember that it took three generations to change Ohio from an impenetrable forest to an ideal farming country, and that the trail across the Great American Desert was marked with the bones of adventurous travelers, until man applied irrigation and developed a new agricultural empire where they do not have to pray for rain. In fact, people forget that there has been only one Garden of Eden created for the habitation of man, without a lot of man-made improvements, and that even from that God-made country our first parents were expelled because they ate the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. Where we find a people who trust in God alone to make the land yield them a living, we find poor specimens, not only of man but of country.

But the old theory that the God-made country is superior to the man-made town, and that the people who live in the country are the especial care of Providence and the Government, still prevails with dreamers who are trying to reform the world, and some busy city men who take a week-end holiday in some man-made country place. So persistently has this theory been taught by preachers, professors, philosophers and poets, that a common impression prevails at home as well as abroad that the United States is the bonanza farm of the world, and that Uncle Sam is primarily if not exclusively a farmer; while many well-meaning people consider the development of manufactures and the growth of cities as contrary to the Divine Plan, and an embarrassment rather than a help to the Nation. Congress has been well to the front in this view, and legislation has continued throughout our history along lines to aid and encourage the farmer, while the city dwellers were left to shift for themselves or to be curbed in their activities and independence. The Food Administration has guaranteed a minimum price of $2.20 a bushel for wheat, to encourage the production of food, and Congress tried to increase it to $2.50; the Fuel Administration has taken control of

all fuel, to regulate the production, distribution and maximum prices; the railroads have been taken over by the President as a war measure; and we are told that other man-made institutions are to be controlled until the war is won; but nobody has suggested the control and regulation of agriculture: for agriculture, being our primal industry, in which the farmer is in partnership with Providence, should be encouraged, protected and aided by the government, not regulated or controlled.

Notwithstanding the assumption that the farmer best typifies Uncle Sam, agriculture has not kept pace with manufacture in development or in the value of products, though it has in war prices. The gross value of all farm products in 1917 is estimated by the Secretary of Agriculture at a little less than $20,000,000,000, but in volume these farm products of 1917 were less than the gross products of 1915 when the value was estimated at a little more than $10,000,000,000. Taking 100 as the index for the five-year average, the Secretary estimates the price to producers at 102 in 1915 and 214 in 1917, or more than double. The Census Office estimates the gross value of manufactured products of the United States in 1914 at $24,000,000,000, and the products of 1917 at $35,000,000,000. There was a large increase in the volume of manufactures in 1917 over the product of 1914 and an increase of less than 50 per cent in the gross value; but in agriculture there was a decrease in volume and an increase of more than 100 per cent in gross value. Still the search for profiteers is largely confined to the cities, and does not extend to the country.

The census for 1910 gave the farmer class as one third of the population over ten years of age engaged in gainful occupations. The other two thirds were engaged in other occupations; 27.9 per cent in manufacture, 6.9 per cent in transportation, 9.5 per cent in trade, 9.9 per cent in domestic service, 4.4 per cent in professional service, 4.6 per cent in clerical occupations, 2.5 per cent in the ex-

traction of minerals and 1.2 per cent in public service. The Federal Government has given away millions of acres of public lands and appropriated billions of money for the development and encouragement of agriculture, drawing millions of men from all parts of the world to convert the wild lands of the West into the granary of the world, and yet in the 120 years since the first census was taken in 1790, the population of American cities has increased 46 times as much as that of the rural districts. In these 120 years the population of the Nation increased 23.4 times, that of the rural districts 17.7 times and that of the cities of more than 30,000 increased 824.5 times.

To go back half way to the beginning, or to 1850, we find that the value of all farm property increased from $3,967,343,580 in that year to $40,991,449,090 in 1910, or a little more than ten fold; while the value of the manufactured products increased from $1,019,106,616 in 1850 to $24,246,434,724 in 1914. But the tendency of Congress has been not only to continue to treat the farmer as the favorite son in a paternal government, but to regulate manufactures and commerce with all sorts of restrictive legislation. It has endowed agricultural colleges, established agricultural experiment stations and rural credit banks; appropriated millions for good roads, vocational education and rural sanitation; and has undertaken to protect the farmer from all sorts of pests such as the boll weavil, the tobacco beetle, hog cholera, wolves, rats and prairie dogs, to pull stumps and drive artesian wells for supplying water to dry creeks, and calls this "river improvements." At the same time Congress has enacted laws to regulate the railroads and manufactures, at the command of the farmers who demand cheap transportation, cheap clothing and cheaper farm implements.

Congress holds to this old idea that Uncle Sam is a farmer, and that manufacturers and men engaged in commerce are outside the domain of government protection,

because Congress is largely made up of men who live in the country or in small towns, where they have had a very limited experience with industrial life.

The growth of the cities in the United States may not have been phenomenal or unnatural: for it has been in harmony with the history of the human family, which has ever shown a disposition to congregate at centers and live in close touch with one another. But for rapid development in population and industrial development for enlarged use of municipal government and local taxation for public works, our American cities have gone farther and faster than have municipalities in the old world.

When the first Federal census was taken in 1790 there was only one city, New York, which had more than 30,000 population. It was then given as 33,131. Philadelphia had 28,522, and Boston 18,320. Less than one per cent of the population of the United States was then found in "cities of more than 30,000." New York State was then fifth in the order of population, Virginia leading with 747,610, Pennsylvania second with 434,373, North Carolina third with 393,751, Massachusetts fourth with 378,787, and New York fifth with 340,120 people. The growth of cities changed this order and made New York the most populous State in the Union. In 1910 the cities of more than 30,000 had 32 per cent of the entire population. This growth of the cities was not, however, evenly distributed throughout the country. New England with 61,976 square miles of territory, has 34 cities of more than 30,000 and a combined population of 3,376,718; the Middle Atlantic States (New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania) with 100,000 square miles, have 49 such cities with a combined population of 11,901,436; and the East North Central States, (Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin) with 245,564 square miles, have 43 such cities with a combined population of 7,065,419. This makes a total of 22,343,573 people living in 126 cities of more than 30,000, in 407,540 square miles of territory

east of the Mississippi River and North of the old Mason and Dixon line. The southern States have 44 such cities with a combined population of 5,599,076 scattered over 878,326 square miles, and the States west of the Mississippi River which cover 1,688,024 square miles, or more than one half the territory of the country, have 43 such cities with a combined population of 4,324,766. In Massachusetts two thirds of the population is found in cities of this class, in New York, seven tenths and in the whole section called the East and Middle West a little less than one half the population is in such cities. In the South the proportion of city dwellers is about one fifth of the whole, and in the West about one fourth. In other words, one seventh of the territory of the country lying east of the Mississippi River and North of the Mason and Dixon line, has 47,000,000 population and 22,343,575, or nearly one half of it in cities of more than 30,000, while the other six sevenths of the national territory with 51,000,000 population has less than 10,000,000, or one fifth of it in cities. The States east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio and Potomac Rivers, are called urban States and those to the south and west rural States.

The great manufacturing industries, the coal mines and the congested railroad lines are in the urban States, and here will the hand of government control be most felt, but the people living in the cities of this section are not complaining to Congress. The dwellers in cities have never been pensioners on Uncle Sam, nor have they devoted all their energies to putting money in their own purses, as some of our country cousins profess to believe. They have taxed themselves for their local governments in a way that, in the opinion of many members of Congress, would have bankrupted the Federal Government. The aggregate net cost of government for the 213 cities of over 30,000, for the year 1916 was $1,043,594,297, or about the same as the net cost of the whole National government. The per capita cost of city government, $33.13

as compared with the per capita cost of the National Government, $10.36, shows the relative tax burdens in stronger light; and it should be remembered that the city dwellers pay a large part of the taxes which support the National Government. The city dwellers have not been satisfied with a simple government machine consisting of police protection, courts and common schools. They have done for themselves just what the rural communities now insist that the National and State governments should do for them. They have established high schools and kindergartens, libraries, public concerts, art galleries, public playgrounds, parks and pleasure drives as well as health departments to insure immunity from disease; with great powers over sanitation and regulation of private homes as well as public places, water, gas, electric and power plants, asylums for the poor, hospitals for the sick, and many other institutions to help make the people healthier and happier.

Some of their efforts have been extravagant, some proved to be mere fads, and some developed graft, if that was not the inspiration; but in all their efforts there has been the spirit of reliance on the principle of home rule, and the readiness to meet the expense out of a local tax budget; while Congress has followed along the same lines in legislation for the country at large, with no more discrimination between the useful and the ornamental, and put the cost on the Federal treasury.

The city dwellers have taxed not only themselves but future generations, contracting debts that before the declaration of war with Germany would have called forth loud criticism if contracted by the National Government. In 1916 the net public debt of these 213 cities amounted to $2,473,103,681.00 or two and one half times the National debt of $989,219,622.00 for the same year. The per capita debt of the Nation was $9.77, and the per capita debt of the cities $79.56, or eight times as much.

Notwithstanding the burdens of local government

which the city people have assumed without asking or receiving aid from the Federal Government, Congress has so arranged the tax schedules as to compel those people to bear the larger share of the cost of the National Government. The old internal revenue [1] taxes were paid in the cities, because liquors and tobacco were sold largely in the cities, especially since the prohibition wave swept over the rural districts. Then came the income taxes, the emergency revenue taxes and the war taxes of the

[1] The report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for the fiscal year closing June 30, 1918, shows that the states included in what I have called the Urban states — New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin — paid three fourths of the total $3,671,918,236.91 internal revenue collected in the United States and its possessions. These fourteen states east of the Mississippi River and North of the Ohio and the old Mason and Dixon line paid of this total amount of internal revenue $2,713,570,844.46.

The collections in these States were as follows:

INTERNAL REVENUE COLLECTIONS FOR FISCAL YEAR 1918

		Pop. 1916.	*Per Cap. Rev.*
United States	$3,671,918,236.91	102,017,212	$35.99
New England,			
N. H., Vt. & Me	$24,948,507.98	1,578,694	15.80
Massachusetts	191,814,297.99	3,719,156	51.60
Conn. & R. I.	94,970,181.24	1,858,794	57.09
	311,732,986.21	7,156,644	43.56
Middle Atlantic,			
New York	$838,416,781.56	10,273,375	81.61
New Jersey	103,277,287.97	2,948,017	35.03
Pennsylvania	589,073,622.38	8,522,017	69.12
	1,530,767,691.91	21,743,409	70.40
East North Central,			
Ohio	$291,076,860.94	5,150,356	56.51
Indiana	57,580,376.13	2,816,817	20.50
Illinois	362,916,458.59	6,152,257	60.00
Michigan	100,678,768.06	3,054,854	32.95
Wisconsin	58,817,702.62	2,500,356	23.62
	871,070,166.34	19,674,634	44.28
Total for 14 states	$2,713,570,844.46	48,574,687	57.92
Total for 34 states, Alaska, Hawaii and Philippines	$957,347,392.45	53,723,200	17.82

Three dollars in 14 states to one dollar in 34 states.

last session of Congress. It will be some months before it can be told where the bulk of the war taxes are paid, but the remark of Chairman Kitchen to the Democratic caucus — that practically all of the proposed taxes would be collected in the North, was a prophesy likely to be fulfilled. The report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for 1917 shows that under the law of 1916 the aggregate collections of internal revenue in the United States were $809,393,640.44, and of this $565,549,033.78 was collected in the 14 States east of the Mississippi River and north of the Ohio and Potomac Rivers, while only $243,844,606.66 was collected in the other 34 States. This means that 70 per cent of all the internal revenue taxes were laid and collected in the States which occupy one seventh of the National territory, have less than one half of the population, and less than one half of the real wealth of the country. The urban States paid nearly three fourths of the cost of the national government, and the rural States one fourth. The urban States paid 82 per cent of the individual income taxes, the same proportion of the corporation taxes, and 62 per cent of the ordinary internal revenue taxes. The city dwellers paid for their own local government and the larger part of the cost of the National Government, from which they received more interference and embarrassment than aid and encouragement. The people in the urban States also subscribed for three fourths of the Liberty Bonds, contributed a like proportion of the funds for the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and other auxiliary organizations for war work, and furnished a majority of the National Army and the National Guard drafted into the Federal service. It is safe to say that the city dwellers have been doing their part quite as patriotically as have the people who live in the God-made country while they have been regarded with suspicion by a majority of the men who make and administer the laws of Congress.

The composition of Congress may be responsible for

the tendency to write into law prejudice against the city people. There are 96 Senators and 435 Representatives, and less than one third of them live in cities of more than 30,000. Two thirds of Congress is rural, under the definition of the Census Office. The organization of the Senate and House is of the same rural character.

The city people are in part responsible for the impression that Uncle Sam, if not a farmer, has little interest in others than farmers. They accept the old tradition and the old statistics that two thirds of the American people are engaged in agriculture, and they do not claim their part in the legislation of Congress; they do not even protest with any unity against unjust and discriminatory laws which bear heavily on them for the benefit of others. They take little interest in the men who represent them in Congress — in what they do or how they vote on questions of taxation and appropriation. In short, the people who should know most about national affairs are too busy with their own personal and local political affairs to keep informed about the legislation of Congress. There is no common ground for coöperation among the great municipal peoples, each city having its own local ambitions and enthusiasms: for, as Dr. Holmes put it, "the axis of the earth sticks out visibly through the center of each town and city." This self centering of the people in each and every city in the country gives excuse for the assertion that city people are the least cosmopolitan of our population, and it is the chief embarrassment to coöperation in support of general municipal policies, as do the farmers who look to the national government as a parent to aid and protect them in their struggles with Nature, the railroads and the consumers. The income tax amendment to the constitution was openly advocated by rural statesmen, on the ground that such taxes would be paid almost exclusively in the cities, and compel the great urban States to pay the larger part of the cost of the national government. The protective tariff was repealed

largely because the farmers complained that it fostered the industries of the cities by protecting them from the competition of foreign manufacturers, and enabled them to demand higher prices for their products. At the same time Senators and Representatives from the Northwest have not hesitated to defend combinations of wheat growers to use any means of increasing the price of wheat, and Southern Senators advised cotton growers to combine and hold their cotton for 30 cents a pound or three times the average price of cotton in the prewar period. While Congressional committees were engaged in investigating alleged combines among manufacturers, members of these committees were defending combinations of farmers for advancing prices, and no one in Washington dared even smile at the contradictions of the men who are supposed to make laws for all the American people which favor none and discriminate against none.

While the cities are apparently helpless in Congress, they have almost a majority of that body. Some day they will have to get together if they would preserve the principle of home rule, and prevent Congress from enacting laws to regulate their whole lives from the cradle to the grave, governing their diet, their clothing, their religion, their amusements and their every habit of life.

There is the same apparent indifference in the cities to misrepresentation of their morals as to their economic disadvantage. The cities have been represented as centers of frivolity, immorality and crime, in comparison with the primitive virtues of the rural districts. It does not require much investigation to convince one that there is not reliable evidence to support the whole indictment which rests on prejudice and publicity given to social diversions, criticism of alleged immoralities and violations of police regulations, as well as to crime. This publicity

and criticism of city people intended to be corrective, also furnishes texts for the rural pulpiteer, the sensational Chautauqua lecturer and the reform statesman, who are anxious to preach a sermon, deliver a lecture or make a speech on the short-comings of the human race without treading on the toes of his audience. So popular history is often written. Sin, vice and immorality vary according to locality, even in this country, while changing customs and changing legislation may even change the nature of crime.

> Old times were changed, old manners gone;
> A stranger filled the Stuart's throne;
> The bigots of the iron times,
> Had called his harmless art a crime.

So ran the Lay of the Last Minstrel, and there are bigots today who call the innocent amusements of other days crime; and they have been able to change the law so as to condemn some things they once indulged in and defended.

The Census Office is no respecter of communities. It records cold facts and figures, and while these do not make sensational reading, they are capable of refuting charges made without investigation. These census records show that there is a larger real and relative church membership in the cities than in the country; that there is a smaller percentage of divorces in the urban States than in the rural States; that there is a larger percentage of homicide and suicide in the rural States than in the urban States; and that in many parts of the United States the cities are freer from capital crime than the country. For instance, the Census Office shows that the small cities of Kansas have a record of homicide four times as great as the large cities of New York; the small cities of Virginia seven times the rate of homicide that is credited to the large cities of Massachusetts, and the rural districts of California four times the rate of the manufacturing cities

of Connecticut. The record of homicide in the cities of Kansas in 1915 was 16.4 for every 100,000 population, and for the cities of New York, 4.8 for every 100,000; for the cities of Virginia, the rate was 23.7, and for the cities of Massachusetts, 3.2; for the cities of Montana the rate was 19.5, and for the cities of Rhode Island 2.2; for the cities of North Carolina the rate was 16.5, and for the cities of New Hampshire 2.1. In Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Vermont, California, Colorado, Utah and Washington, the rural districts had higher rates of homicide than the cities of those States.[1] From the Census records it appears that the crime of homicide is not peculiar to the cities, or that the large cities are

[1] HOMICIDES

Rate for 100,000 population, 1915

	City	*Rural*
California	12.2	13.3
Colorado	9.1	10.4
Connecticut	3.4	3.9
Indiana	8.3	3.7
Kansas	16.4	4.
Kentucky	19.5	10.1
Maine	4.5	1.7
Maryland	6.7	5.4
Massachusetts	3.2	3.5
Michigan	4.8	2.2
Minnesota	5.9	2.1
Missouri	16.5	4.9
Montana	18.0	9.92
New Hampshire	2.1	2.4
New Jersey	4.6	3.6
New York	4.8	3.4
North Carolina	16.5	12.1
Ohio	9.5	3.
Pennsylvania	5.7	4.
Rhode Island	2.2	6.2
Utah	8.3	8.6
Vermont	2.1	2.5
Virginia	23.7	10.1
Washington	7.5	7.8
Wisconsin	3.3	1.6

Registration area of U. S., 6.9 for 100,000 population.

greater refuges for criminals who take life than are the smaller cities. The murder which develops from a quarrel over a line fence, the seductions in the rural districts and the marital infidelities on the farm do not make as dramatic stories for the sensational press as the activities of the gun-men of New York or the alleged immoralities of so-called high society, but they are recorded in the Census Office.

There is the same discrepancy between impressions and census records regarding the despondency which leads to self destruction. We have long been fed on the stories of high pressure living, keen competition, extravagance, vice and crime in the city which breaks down the moral fiber and the courage of manhood until suicide is the result. But the Census Office tells another story. California, the land of sunshine, fruit, flowers, plenty and political reform, leads all the states with a record of 39.1 suicides for every 100,000 population in the cities, and 30.6 in the rural districts, while New York cities have a rate of 17.3, or less than half that of California cities; and strange to relate, the suicide rate for the rural districts of New York is greater than that for the cities, or 18.5 for every 100,000 population. Will some sociologist explain why the peaceful rural districts of the Empire State should have a higher rate of suicide than Greater New York, or why southern California should lead more people to self destruction than any other part of the United States? Is the God-made country more prolific of despondency which leads to suicide, than the man-made Great White Way with its lures and snares; or have we been all wrong in our diagnosis of suicide? The rural States of California, Colorado, Kentucky, Utah, Montana, and Washington have higher rates of suicide than have the States of New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Ohio; and the rural districts of Maine, New Hampshire, New York and Vermont higher rates

than the cities.[1] So again we have to reverse the stories of struggles, vanities, envies and failures among the city dwellers, which lead to suicide, and the peace, happiness and virtue of the God-made country, which lead to youthful old age and translation to heaven at the end. Then there is the general mortality statistics of the Census Office, which shows a higher death rate in the rural districts of New York, New Jersey and Massachusetts than in the cities of those States. The Census records are puzzling and embarrassing to the writers who have for years been contrasting the poverty, disease, crime and death which infest the cities of this country with the wealth, health, virtue and long life of the rural districts. But so are official records often embarrassing to the writers of fiction.

[1] SUICIDE RATE FOR 100,000, 1915

	Census Volume *City*	Vital Statistics *Rural*
California	39.1	30.6
Colorado	25.9	12.5
Connecticut	19.1	16.3
Indiana	17.9	13.8
Kansas	14.7	9.8
Kentucky	24.4	7.9
Maine	14.7	15.6
Maryland	17.5	10.1
Massachusetts	14.2	12.4
Michigan	18.2	13.6
Minnesota	22.5	12.8
Missouri	33.1	12.2
Montana	28.8	21.2
New Hampshire	11.8	19.7
New Jersey	18.0	17.1
New York	17.3	18.5
North Carolina	9.9	5.2
Ohio	18.1	12.6
Pennsylvania	15.2	10.7
Rhode Island	14.9	12.4
Utah	20.1	8.9
Vermont	12.5	17.2
Virginia	15.3	6.6
Washington	23.8	17.8
Wisconsin	15.4	12.7

The Rev. Billy Sunday of Iowa and Indiana, is perhaps the most ardent and best known evangelist who is devoting his energies to the conversion of the wicked dwellers in large cities of the East. But when we consult the census we find that the cities are the stronghold of the church, just as were the cities of Rome in the beginning. New York has a larger percentage of church communicants than has either Iowa or Indiana, gives relatively more money to church work and the spread of the Gospel among the heathen than any other city in the world, some of it going to Iowa and Indiana to maintain country churches. The impression that wickedness has a strangle hold on the cities has encouraged the rural egotists honestly to believe that they must take a hand in the struggle. They believe that only the rural virtues will save the cities, and they know of but one way to apply these rural virtues — through the force of the Federal Government. They have influenced Congress to make laws for unequal taxation in the cities, for the regulation of all business save their own, and they see no other way than to have the Federal Government controlled by rural statesmen, take away the last vestige of home rule, reform the cities from the outside, and regulate all their domestic affairs, their food and drink, their amusements and their religion. The leading way to bring this millenium is by amending the constitution, giving Congress power to prohibit the manufacture and sale of anything that is objectionable to the rural conscience. The radical reformers have progressed almost to the point where the Puritans wrote the Blue Laws, or to that of the German Kaiser, who believes himself appointed by God to rule the world.

Greene says: "The want of poetry, of fancy, in the common Puritan temper condemned half the popular observances of England as superstitions. It was superstitious to keep Christmas or to deck the house with holly and ivy. It was superstitious to dance around the May pole. It was Popery to eat mince pie. The long struggle

between the Puritans and the playwrights ended in closing every theater. Religion turned into political and social tyranny, and it fell with the fall of Puritanism." Soon after Cromwell's death, the people welcomed Charles II with such joy, he laughingly remarked that evidently he had not come back as early as desired."

Governor Bradford, in his History of the Plymouth Plantation, described the sins, vices and crimes of the colonists in such detail that his book would be debarred from the United States mails today, but he was "verily persuaded that there is no more evils in this kind, nor near so many by proportion as in other places; but they are here more discovered and seen and made public by due search, investigation and punishment; for ye churches looke narrowly to their members, and ye magistrates over all more strictly than in other places." The cities have developed the press, and the press has too often followed in the footsteps of Governor Bradford, and searched out the sins, vices, follies and crimes of the people in the city, even though verily persuaded that they are not worse than other people in other cities or in the rural districts. The reporter is not ubiquitous, and goes into the God-made country only on a special assignment or on a vacation, when he is not professionally concerned about the sins, vices and crimes of the people with whom he comes in contact. To get at the general averages of virtue and vice we are compelled to go to the Census Office, and census reports are not popular reading matter. There may be leven for the reformation of some conditions in the man-made town, but that leven has not been discovered in the God-made or man-made country. It will not be found in rural prejudice injected into legislation by Congress or state legislature, to destroy the principle of home rule which is the corner stone of this Nation.

DEMOS AND ACADEME

IN a recent number of the *Nation* there appeared a suggestion for the utilization of college professors, who during the war will have fewer students than usual and therefore more time. The suggestion was that in various centers our universities should organize groups of people who sincerely wish to study those subjects — history, political science and the like — which throw light on the present crisis, and may be made the inspiration of sound and intelligent patriotism. With Mr. Greenlaw's plan it is not my purpose to find fault. The most conservative could not fail to agree with his desire that the university should offer to the state in this crisis not only its buildings and frame-work, but also the scholars who are its flesh and blood. And to the mere popular lecture, injected at one ear and pouring out at the other, he is as opposed as any of us. But a critical mood was engendered in me by a supplementary suggestion which was made a few weeks later in a letter to the editor of the *Nation*. This was that the Women's Clubs of this country already furnish such organized centers in their "library and literature" groups, and that the colleges need only to get into connection with them to set in motion the dissemination of truth.

With this as a starting point I wish to express a few ideas about the relation of scholar and public. I have inhabited the unsatisfactory world between these two. Inclination and long training in the schools would have put me in the former, but no college ever asked for my scholarship, and unkind destiny drove me into an executive office. Now all academic deans and presidents are Janus-faced, looking back into the libraries and laboratories of scholars, and also out into the clubs and societies and audiences which call upon them to speak about every

imaginable subject, on every imaginable occasion. In addition to this hybrid experience of my past, my sex is an asset in this discussion, because that public which frequents lectures and classes is largely composed of my fellow-women. At this writing I am a transient sojourner in a very large state university expressly mentioned by Mr. Greenlaw as appreciated by the people. Of course in this year, within a student body which has contributed more than a thousand men to the direct service of the state, and hundreds more to the aviation and military courses, girls are predominantly in evidence. But aside from coeducation, it is chiefly women who come to the open lectures. The weekly calendar announces certain courses with the formula, "the public will be welcome." In many at least of these lecture rooms the women outnumber the men. The professor who most attracts the public lectures in a large auditorium, on an easy branch of his departmental subject, to an audience conspicuously feminine. There is always one such professor in a university. It may be noted in passing that this professor does not believe in coeducation, and expresses himself on the subject with the vividness which makes him so admirable a public speaker. I have noticed with amusement that the lecturers whom women flock to hear are often "reactionaries" on the subject of sex. Avowed feminists among men are more likely to be found in the ranks of the young radicals who are intellectually interested in social changes, and have no inclination to present old-fashioned subjects in a popular way. Like women feminists, they are fastidiously averse to the thoughts and ways of the multitude. But this relation of a man's feminism to his popularity with feminine audiences is another story.

I return to these audiences, and thereby also to the women's clubs of the country. For those women who have the leisure to come to morning or afternoon lectures belong (granting, of course, the exceptions to every rule)

to the same general class as do the members of the clubs. These clubs are an astonishing example of federation and efficiency. They form a body of public opinion on various practical matters which is generally sane and always powerful, and they bring hundreds of thousands of women out of the intense individualism of one home into the broader life of the community. From this point of view I wholly respect them and believe in them. In country towns they are absolutely indispensable, and in cities they take care of a large group of women who cannot come through other doors into the larger sympathies. They give outlet and scope to the executive talents which ought not to be lost within the walls of a house. Among "club women" I have many friends and acquaintances who are far more active and effective members of the body politic than I am. The thought of them almost keeps me from writing this article. And yet I am convinced that certain critical things ought to be said, for the sake of the universities which are the depositories of the intellectual life of the nation. From the point of view of this life, women's clubs might prove to be a menace rather than a help. I sympathize with the desires of the audiences who come to hear the speakers sent out by the amazing lecture bureaus of our country. I also sympathize, keenly, with the financial necessity of these lecturers — some of whom are university men of distinction — which forces them to mount the platform when they would far rather increase their incomes in other ways. But I must insist that the product struck out between them is not *intellectual.* The women's clubs necessarily must be made up largely of women whose interest in *university subjects* is amateurish. The fact that their meetings are usually held in the forenoon and afternoon automatically excludes the bulk of professional and business women. Also the feminine "intellectuals" of a community rarely belong to clubs, because they are repelled by the very organization and federation which attracts those of strong communal sym-

pathies or political temperament. The result is that a typical club audience represents a mediocre critical appraisement of a scholar's material. Every other kind of work done by these huge bodies is better done than evaluating intellectual truth. When "club women" enter the mental arena themselves, they display efficiency rather than power or suppleness. I once attended a dinner which crowned a series of meetings of "federated clubs" from one section of the country. I never heard more capable speaking. The toastmistress and her six speakers were like a well-trained team. She produced from each one exactly what she called for. Each held herself well, spoke clearly and distinctly, kept to the exact number of minutes assigned to her, did not once abandon her subject, and fitted her jokes and her points together like a careful joiner. Accustomed to university dinners, with their uncertainties and unevennesses, I listened with amazement — but with nothing else! The program was as stodgy as it was capable. Not an enlightening thing was said, and nothing was said in an enlightening way. The hour seemed to me typical. For the heights and depths, the mysteries, the cleansing fires, even for the very mistakes of the intellectual life, we must look elsewhere than to our women's clubs.

Now let us see what the influence of such a group is likely to be on a lecturer. I must argue again from my own experience, however obscure and modest. Although I have long since retired from a dean's office into the domestic ranks, I occasionally am asked to speak before varying hearers. Leaving aside college audiences, I work hardest and with intensest interest before two groups. One is made up of "working girls" from the factories and shops. To try to make facts and ideas about Greek civilization clear to them is a source of delight to me. Their virgin ignorance makes adaptation necessary, but their unconventionality and sincerity are exceedingly stimulating. The other group is made up of business and profes-

sional women. Among them I may happen to be the only one who is much concerned about Greece, but in front of me I see women who know more about finance, business, newspapers, music or art than I do about my subject. Academic degrees are lacking, but only because other forms of discipline and achievement are present. I am speaking into critical ears, and I know it and act accordingly. But women's clubs — I must say it frankly — affect me in a different way. Here I find myself tempted to hold the attention rather than the mind, to amuse for the passing hour, rather than to speak the truth soberly. The truth continuously dramatized and lifted over the footlights may approach dangerously near to error. At least the process of dramatization is pernicious to the mind of the scholar. I have occasionally heard distinguished lecturers dealing with this kind of audience, and it has not seemed to me that they meet the situation, from the ethical point of view, any more triumphantly than we of a lesser breed. I know, from private conversations, that they often consider the intellectual acumen of their audience to be inferior. It is, I submit, a tragic financial necessity which puts them into this false position. Respect for his hearers is a speaker's surest intellectual safe-guard. It is even possible that within the university itself some professors lack this protection. The teacher, who ought to be guiding students along the difficult and harsh ways of investigation to the golden heart of truth, is tempted to display the orator's power which fills the auditorium to which "the public will be welcome." In order to see in the flesh the author of a certain book, I went the other day to one such lecture, and listened (with moral satisfaction) to a fiery and telling attack upon the Hun, instead of to the advertised exposition of a book on the war entitled (in effect) "Both Sides." I felt sure that the "scholar" was making his points before an audience which might as well have been gathered at a club meeting as in a university class-room.

How long, then, will he remain the investigator, the judge?

In view of the above facts I for one hope that any plan for a sturdier university extension during the war will not be wrecked upon the shoals of "already organized" centers for the dissemination of the university spirit. It will be wiser to start afresh. From this point in the argument let us enlarge our discussion.

Learning that never reaches the people is sterile. I am passionately a democrat. That intellectual truth belongs to the masses I believe as fervently as even the makers of our New Republic could desire. But two facts concomitant with such democracy must be noted.

One is this: There will never be any truth to be distributed if some men and women do not keep away from the public, and, in study or laboratory, pile up and conserve the stores. Only very few courses in any university should be open to the audiences which come like water and go like wind. If too many teachers become platform speakers, the great reservoirs of knowledge will be drained dry through the outlets. Continuous exhaustion is necessary to irrigate the fields of human activity, but, while some minds are the beneficent pipes of supply at this end, other minds must be hard at work filling up the reservoirs themselves. And it is this work which our universities must persistently, obstinately, flamingly defend and cherish. The value of the other is known and recognized far and wide. If the executive officers of our colleges never referred to it again, it would still thrive and spread. But the isolation of the scholar, upon which democratic education depends — it is at least the tortoise below the elephant in the causation series — will disappear forever, if the universities do not use it for a bedrock foundation. The Greeks told a delightful story of Plato lecturing at the Academy on the Absolute Good, and gradually losing all of his audience except one — who was Aristotle. For-

tunately for the world, Plato preferred teaching Aristotle to retaining the Athenian public, which was as bored as any by an abstruse presentation of the absolute. And fortunately for Plato — and also for Aristotle — he ran his own university.

The other democratic necessity is this: The middleman who stands between the isolated scholar and the public, his busy hands, taking and receiving, extended toward both, must be willing to subject an audience to his own discipline. In addition to sound knowledge, warm sympathy, and the gift of imparting, he must also have a puritanic integrity of intellect, and not allow himself to become a showman before spectators, rather than a teacher among students. Furthermore, the public must do its share. It must display, not only a desire to know, but a spirit that challenges difficulties. When the "general public" is true to its name, and is composed of men and women who represent the multitudinous activities of the community, this is far more likely to happen than among people who have the freedom to come to a college room or club meeting at any hour of the day. The universities ought, therefore, to concentrate their efforts on reaching this genuine public at practicable hours (the evening lecture, of course, is already in use) and establishing with it relations of mutual respect.

Here we come to a new point. When the university has won the chance, it ought not only to teach the truth about this subject or that, but also to train people in selective judgment. No man or woman ought to be scurrying after every subject merely because it exists. The danger is appalling enough within a university, where catalogues, bulletin boards and calendars fairly groan with their wealth of differing wares. For the students, however, this does not always mean confusion worse confounded. On the whole, even under a "free elective" system, they are forced to choose. The vastness of our

greatest state universities, which seek to touch upon the interests of every tax-payer, may be saved from formlessness by departmental boundaries. But of the public which flocks to the campus, the same cannot be said. Lately I went to an evening lecture, and on the way was introduced to a "club woman" who was being taken along by a friend. "There is so much going on," she said, "and I've no particular choice, and being a stranger I don't always exercise good judgment." That she appreciated this fact was in itself something. Often the desire to choose well is as lacking as any native preference. I do not refer to the highly intelligent minority — some of whom I recognized at the Plato lecture — but to that public which flies hither like gulls pursuing a ship. Any food will attract them. They taste here and there, only to nibble elsewhere if they are not immediately pleased. They reject, but they do not select.

In this they also reject the best intellectual experience of the race. Many legacies from the Greeks we are not able to throw aside, if we would. Our minds bear Hellenic imprints, as our bodies carry about the eyes or the hair of some forgotten ancestor. But one quality of this powerful race we are at liberty to throw away, and all modern life makes it easy for us to do so. This is their intellectual chastity. The phrase is plucked out of conversation with a friend, who believes that a Greek renaissance may yet come to a world which is now in the Flexnerized cycle of ignorance and denial once exemplified by the Middle Ages. It was, of course, easier for the Greeks to be intellectually chaste than it is for us. In their fresh morning they had far less to choose from than we who are the plutocratic heirs of all the ages. But this is not the whole story. Selectiveness was an innate and conspicuous quality in a people whose level of popular intelligence and originality has never been equalled. A striking instance of it is cited by M. Cumont, in dealing with the oriental astrology which infested the Roman

world, and which is still alive and kicking in modern tracts and advertisements. The Greeks, on the other hand, confronted by the Babylonian mixture of astrology and astronomy, unerringly selected the science and discarded the superstition. Furthermore, among various truths they maintained a balance of mental power and a harmony of ideas. Always eager for new truth the Athenians found it, not by sipping here and there, but by restraint at the core of curiosity. A brilliant Hellenist, at a dinner table, once served up the modern mind and its mad uninhibited fling at one idea after another, inevitably taking in some odd or end of truth, since it gulped at everything, but never creating a true and harmonious whole. Allowing for the exaggeration of unpremeditated wit, the description fitted even some of our intellectuals. What, then, can be said of the popular mind, the mind of the public which is given the run of our university storehouses? It is to be hoped that these women (and men) in drifting from lecture room to lecture room are not exposed to both astronomy and astrology, knowledge and error; but they certainly are exposed to the loss of that creativeness which goes hand in hand with Hellenic inhibitions.

Finally, by thus touching, illustratively, upon the transmission of an intellectual quality, we are brought to the subtlest element in the relation of university and public. It is a very crass theory that the former affects the latter only through the obvious contacts of the lecture room. I hope I may say, with not too bad a grace, that it is the Janus-faced executives who are forever promulgating some such idea. The average college president looks back at his scholars only to frown at their solitude and beckon them forth to "serve" the public which bulks so large in his other pair of eyes. The middleman is the royal favorite in Academe. (Let me add that the position is often one of chagrin to himself. But this, too, is another

story.) My point here is that often the community is keener than the university executive in knowing its own needs. A certain president had once unwound a fresh ball of red tape by which the business, the churches, the society, and I know not what else in the town, were to be tied to our campus. Every professor was required to state in writing which of his courses were useful for one point of contact or another. Soon afterwards I heard a clergyman preach an anniversary sermon, and count up the assets of a long pastorate in our city. "First of all," he said, "I must mention —— University. Its presence here has kept me from ever coming into this pulpit with a hasty or ill-considered message." And by chance, on the next day, I heard a woman in the "society" which so concerned our president remark: "It is the —— Faculty which keeps this from being a banal manufacturing town, and makes it interesting to live in." (I may say that she never entered a class-room of the university.) In both cases it seemed to me a pity that the profounder understanding, the subtler and finer evaluation of university influences, had to come from the other side. But it was reassuring to find them in evidence in the community. May not the colleges in time equal this intelligence?

The times are, indeed, putting universities to the test, even as they test democracy and religion and the souls of men and women. If learning and knowledge, if all that we mean by the scholars' wisdom, has no part in guiding the state, in fortifying the people, in preserving truth under shot and shell, in anticipating the future of restoration, then the colleges might as well close their doors and own themselves mere parasites of peace, unfit to meet the trial by war. It is the fashion in certain quarters to represent college professors as inhabitants of a smug Philistia. Only the other day I noticed grouped together, by a man who considers respectability the foe of art, "Parson Manders, Deacon Scruggs, Mrs. Grundy, aldermen, vestrymen and college faculties." But even if

professors (with exceptions) rarely attack the traditional decencies, it does not follow that they are dead to the necessity of progress. Sometimes they are indifferent to the latest "lo here! and lo there!" of change, because they have learned and know that mere change is not synonymous with man's advance toward the real mastery of his world. But no other group in the entire state excels them in passionate eagerness for the realization, within all our institutions and activities, of the good, the true and the beautiful. We naturally feel curious about their specific part in this tense period, when every particle of power in the nation must be brought into play. Some have gone out to serve the state directly, being young enough to fight, or qualified to act on certain commissions. But the bulk of our scholars must stay behind in Academe. Here in the laboratories they may discern or devise things that can be immediately requisitioned by the government. But again the larger number must be content with a service less direct and obvious. Toward their utilization was directed the suggestion quoted at the beginning of this article. If the article contains any grain of truth, it is that a nation, which is fighting not only to win a war but to ensure the spiritual life of the future, demands no university distension, but an extension into all minds of the ways of thought which lead to reason's triumph. These are not ways of haste, of histrionic effectiveness, of temporary instructiveness. On the contrary, since the goal is distant and lofty, the journey demands patience, faith, austere concentration, persistent sacrifice. The college professor's first responsibility is for the students, who now more than ever are a sacred charge. But if they are few, and it is best for him to reach out, through the spoken or printed word, to a larger group, then he has at this time a fresh opportunity. The public is welded together, as it has not been for many years, for the impact of ideas. The more intellectual are willing to sit side by side with the more ignorant, whose sufferings and

hopes they find they share. Among women, whom I have felt constrained — much against my will — to criticize, there will be a decided tightening up of the mind as all kinds and classes are forced to deal at first hand with matters requiring thought. Already an encouraging sign of intellectual growth and health appears in the substitution of direct war work for a helter-skelter attendance at lectures. The most creative truth does not make its way through obvious machinery. It may easily be undesirable to plan "organizations" and "centers." But we may hope that our growing unity of experience, and enlargement of mutual respect, will prove to be a bridge for the transmission of true ideas from mind to mind.

THE NEW PSYCHIC SENSITIVE AGAIN

SINCE the report in Number 18 I have been favored with several sittings by Mrs. Vernon. With one very conspicuous exception the susceptibility has not been as active in my presence as it was during the earlier sittings. In fact it is roughly true that the susceptibility was at its height during the first sitting, and since has been tapering down, with the rhythms characteristic of all motion, until during the last few sittings, the results have had little significance.

Early in this later series, however, there was one manifestation almost if not quite as remarkable as the very impressive first one, that unfortunately, like nearly all the best experiences, was too intimate for publication. But before giving it I will give a minor one that came before it.

On the tenth of March I went to Mrs. Vernon expecting to get, if anything, more manifestations ostensibly from postcarnate intelligences: all her previous ones had been of that kind. All that came, however, were very obvious readings from my own mind.

Medium's reports of disjointed words and phrases, in quotation marks. Editor's comments in square brackets. M = Medium; S = Sitter.

The first was, substantially:

M: "Revision," "Legal." "Exclamation of surprise and pleasure."

"Legal" again. "Some new avenue of interest." "Avenue!" What a ridiculous word! Metaphorical "Avenue of interest," not actual. Word "postponed." Something suffered to be postponed — "Plans" postponed suddenly revised and developed after a dormancy.

S: You seem to be on track of something.

M: Has "legal" anything to do with it?

S: Yes.

M: There's a relative of yours interested. "Jubilation." Relatives of yours on it. "Transaction." I see old-fashioned basket work — the affair is involved; interwoven, complex, — terribly involved. [Plainly symbolic.]

S: Does any *person* say anything?

M: No. I have a word that sounds like Square — as if it might be Madison Square, or Union Square — Some."

S: That seems like a "butting in."

M: It feels so exactly. Now in reiterating "S"quare and "S"ome they may be trying to get the letter S into me. They often give me words that way, to get in the initial letter. You see I learn every sitting.

I see a satchel with a lot of papers. Somebody has brought it in and opened it for me to see. Seems to have brought them from a distance. Ordinarily one sees papers only on a desk. "Evaded." "Appertained to," and I can't get what or to whom? Any letter E connected?

S: Not that I can think of.

M: Can your Aunt S be trying to tell you something?

S: She knew nothing of the affair you seem to be leading up to.

Does delay of communication try you?

M: Very much.

S: Shall I try to help you with my will? [No answer. M. hurried on.]

M: Word sounds like "appurtenances"; no, "belongings." "Preparations." I'm not connecting things up now. I'm just grabbing out what goes by. Sort of chaotic condition, and as if out of this chaotic condition had merged some order. "Perfunctory." "Patched up." Does that fit the legal thing at all?

S: Yes, Yes.

M: It seems to be now on these lines again. A lawyer — jubilant — lawyer concerned in it?

S: Moderately so I guess.

M: Well he's pleased over it. "Several connections" it sounds like. "Incontrovertible fact." Telegrams, [i. e., various words] coming now thick and fast, but no sentences.

S: You use so many long words.

M: Always do. They keep insisting on chaotic condition, "Mess" they say. Now a word that sounds like 'rehabilitation.'

S: Always long words!

M: They always do.

S: Has anybody passed over who was close to you and used long words?

M: Friend did, though he was "close" only in this one interest. "Refurbish."

[I told her about R who was interested in the matter she seemed getting at.]

M: I'm sorry I didn't tell you that I saw an R some time since, but I'm apt to neglect letters.

Some two years ago, mainly for the sake of a "relative" I entered into a "transaction" with many "legal" complications, concerning a very old title to a large tract of land near "S." Since that title was given, many others have been set up to portions of the land, and I have had many another "transaction" concerning it. Certainly "the affair is involved, interwoven, complex — terribly involved." There is, with a vengeance, a sort of "chaotic condition," and lately out of this chaotic condition has emerged some "order" — considerable has been "patched up." But there has been and still is much need of "revision."

The day before our seance the "lawyer concerned in it," undoubtedly with his "satchel with a lot of papers" came "from a distance" "jubilant" and "pleased," with

the news that "some new avenue of interest," namely, a railroad that will favorably affect the land through "several connections," is to be built. It is to be hoped that this is an "incontestible fact," and two others bitterly litigated have lately been decided in my favor.

Undoubtedly the affair has evoked many "exclamations of surprise and pleasure."

My interview with the lawyer also covered "several connections" of various natures. But despite this favorable point, things are decidedly in a "mess," and the whole business needs a "refurbish."

An important matter has been "perfunctorily" attended to, and unduly "postponed," and in my talk with the lawyer was "suddenly revived and developed after a dormancy."

"R" is the lawyer's initial, as well as that of the person from whom I had just had a letter of "jubilation" on the subject.

This and other cases of telepathy Mrs. V. believes were got from me by her postcarnate friends who keep by her and get what they can of interest to her sitters, and report to her. That is her opinion of all similar occurrences. I suggested that such an explanation might well be fitted to manifestations ostensibly coming from other postcarnate intelligences, but that these did not; and as simple explanations have more presumptions in their favor than complex ones, it might be safer to assume that she got this set of impressions directly from me. She admitted this to be worth thinking over.

Our next meeting was on St. Patrick's day, 1918. At the outset I said to Mrs. Vernon that, assuming the manifestations at a previous meeting which suggested my recently lost relative, to be actually caused by her, it would be in accordance with the weight of previous experience, assuming it to be what it appears, that their unsatisfactory character should be due to the recency

of the death: for virtually all the alleged testimony is to the effect that the soul recently passed over is so weakened and confused by the separation from the body, and the new conditions, that it needs time to become able to communicate. Mrs. Vernon asked in return whether it is not in accordance with the records that the personality in question should get somebody else to communicate for her. This is certainly the case.

The manifestations at this meeting were more striking than most of the previous ones, and, more fortunate than most good manifestations, were not so intimate as to preclude publication; in fact they referred to matters of public record and even newspaper notoriety; but Mrs. V. is positive she never knew anything about them.

I noticed this time what must before have been the case, though unnoticed: at this meeting and the one before, she had told me to take the rocking-chair she had previously occupied, leaving her the sofa, which, she said, was her usual place. This time she put a pillow on the back of the sofa, and occasionally sought inspiration by resting her head back upon it and closing her eyes. After a period varying from half a minute to two minutes, she would raise her head and bend it forward in deep contemplation, with her eyes open. Generally a manifestation followed.

"They" began, as usual, with an expression remote from the center of the subject.

M: "Shylock exacting his pound of flesh . . . could not be more tenacious." Can't make it out: looks like capital T. Can you fit it up to anything?

S: Not yet.

[Again head back on pillow, eyes closed, then head bent forward.]

Here the words "once circuitous, now direct" [She pronounced it circuit-us] alluding to a circuit. We discussed the pronunciation and she said]:

M: Often when I'm in this trance condition [first time she had given it that name. I should not give it at all. There's nothing like Mrs. Piper's trance about Mrs. V.] words come to me without my realizing what they mean, and later I have to try to find out. [This is astonishingly illustrated farther on in this paper].

[Head back again, soon forward in musing attitude.]

It's curious I don't know what this word is: "Libel." Why should I take a word like libel? Do you know any reason?

S: No — not yet.

M: Well, I don't like to take such a word without reason. I don't know that I ought to take that.

[Compare mischief making, UNPOPULAR REVIEW, No. 18, p. 428.]

I think she [*sic?*] is different from what we started with. It sounds like libelous references, in Eighteen seventy-something.

S: Sure you've got that date right?

M: It's a man now identifying himself in libelous references long long ago. I thought it was in 1873 — somewhere along there.

S: Who made the libelous references?

M: Could this refer to the first — exacting the pound of flesh? Were the libelous references made by any one whose name began with P?

S: No. Shall I help you?

M: No. Do you know anybody who acted like that?

S: Wait 'till my notes catch up.

M: And meantime I'll grope for some more [Pause].

B. That was it, not P — He shouts Brandish to show me the B, and gesticulates. What year were you born in?

S: '40. What led you to ask?

M: I don't know: he's trying to fix a date. Now he's on to 7, trying to tell me something about 7.

S: You can't see this man?

M: No! He's trying to wave a flag — some sort of a banner. Can you understand what that means?

S: No.

M: Oh I can't understand! [Pause]. It seems to be like a flag of truce.

S: Is there but one man all through here?

M: Yes, so it seems — the communicator.

Do you think I could have it right? Was there a truce? Perhaps he wants to declare one now.

He's still waving the flag, and waiting for me to get the meaning of it. It means something I can't get at.

Wasn't there such a man years ago, and a disagreement, and libelous trouble? Does this make up into anything?

S: Yes.

M: Well that's what it is. Is the B right?

S: Yes.

M: He's trying to tell me the whole thing. Can you tell me why he waves that flag?

S: It would do for a flag of truce. Shall I help?

M: No, you might give it all away.

Was there an R connected with it?

S: No. An R looks a good deal like a B.

M: Yes, it does. [See below.]

Was it outside of New York State?

S: No.

M: "New York," he keeps saying over and over again. Something was overruled, and he reaches out his hand to shake hands with you, and he says "overruled" (by somebody). I don't know whether you were overruled or whether he was.

S: Shall I help you? — give him a message?

M: Yes, it might help along, but don't bring me in.

S: Well! tell him that if he was overruled, I'm ready to shake hands. I doubt that he was exactly overruled, but may have been influenced.

M: Well, he just says "overruled" and holds out his hand.

S: Can you get anything more?

M: I don't seem to. Why does he keep saying New York State? It seems stupid to me. There was no *e*state, was there?

S: No.

M: Perhaps he means the City of New York, but he just keeps "New York State," "New York State." Does that mean anything?

S: Suggests something. Can you get any idea of his looks?

M: No. He comes to clear away an impression. He wants it as much for himself as for you. Wants that impression cleared away.

S: Funny as Punch!

M: Isn't it? Always mixed up so!

S: Well, this is clear enough to me.

M: Had a Committee anything to do with it?

S: After a fashion.

M: Well, he gives me the idea that a number of men debated upon it.

"Butler." There's that R we couldn't locate: it belongs at the end of the name beginning with B. It often comes that way.

[This is very frequently true. Mediums often grope around with impressions of letters and approximate names before the right one comes.]

M: He felt very badly about it. *Insisted on this.*

What did that New York State mean?

Isn't it funny? You know I wander along and along.

You ask why should this man come? He came because he wanted to shake hands.

Here are some circumstances that occurred many years ago, but not in the eighteen-seventies, as Mrs. Vernon was impressed, when she said that "the 7 may have belonged anywhere in the figures — instead of Eighteen seven-something, Eighteen-something-seven."

President (then Professor) Butler said, in the *Educational Review*, for February, 1899, which my house then published, that the president of the Board of Education was "a fine old educational mastodon," and that certain men named were "not so easily impressed as are some others by the cohesive power of public plunder." The president of the Board — call him L — — and I were on very friendly terms, and he wrote to me about it. My answer was intended to be conciliatory, but, as letters so often are, was misunderstood. The disagreement was of course acute. A common friend or two intervened to adjust the matter, but Prof. Butler refused to withdraw the expressions. Rumors of "libelous proceedings" came, and Prof. Butler prepared an explanatory paragraph for the next number of *The Educational Review*, of which I sent L— a proof. But the day I sent it, Prof. Butler and I and my partner were arrested on an indictment for criminal "libel." Of course it had been true that "a number of men debated upon it" in the Grand Jury. It is quite possible that in bring the indictment, the District Attorney had "overruled," or at least overpersuaded L—: for his relations with me made it very strange that he should proceed to extremes before writing me again; but perhaps a better explanation of that word "overruled" would be that the judge "overruled" the indictment, on the ground that it did not state that the publication was issued in "New York" (so much insisted upon by Mrs. V.) and therefore under his jurisdiction. Assuming that L—'s postcarnate 'self wanted to communicate with me, he might well have used "New York" and the word "overruled," in either or both of the connections suggested, for purposes of identification, as well as extenuation.

The relations between him and me were peculiar. His character was such that under the circumstances "Shylock exacting his pound of flesh . . . could not be more tenacious," and yet such that regret for having given

me so much annoyance, when his cause of complaint was really against another man, would follow him, if such things can, years beyond the grave, and send him to seek to recover his old place in my regard. This impulse would have been strengthened by the fact that the District Attorney who brought the indictment subsequently swore that he had never seen the proof of the conciliatory paragraph which I sent the complainant, and which of course would have led to a stoppage of the proceedings.

These circumstances, whatever be one's view of the manifestations, certainly fitted Mrs. Vernon's summing up of the case: "I think the man came because he wanted to clear his record and go on developing. That shows the importance of not doing mistaken things in this life."

These proofs happen to have been read by one who knew L— much better than I did, and he says Mrs. V's impressions fit him exactly.

Granting that Mrs. Vernon got from my mind the facts just detailed, did she, apparently before getting a coherent notion of them, and apparently before knowing where she was coming out, form the opinion that "Shylock exacting his pound of flesh could not be more tenacious"? But on the other hand, did L express that opinion of his own proceedings? Or did Mrs. V's controls have a view of the situation, and express that opinion? Or — what?

And where did the flag of truce come from, and the image of the man offering to shake hands?

As we discussed all the manifestations that she had experienced before with me, Mrs. Vernon said that they seemed to her almost as if arranged, but certainly not by herself, to make it impracticable for me to account for them by telepathy.

It is certainly true that the manifestations did not, as is usually, but not invariably the case, relate to topics that were at the time very prominent in my thoughts or feelings. This has been frequently commented upon by

Mrs. Vernon and me. At one of the later sittings, as I was about leaving, she stopped me to say that she was strongly impressed that "they" had impressed her with persons not specially prominent in my mind, in order to convince me that she had not got them from my mind.

I asked if that was merely her opinion from our experiences, or if she felt that "they" were communicating it to her.

She answered that the impression was strong that they were telling her and wanted her to tell me. But we had already talked so much over this point that such an impression might easily have grown up in her ordinary consciousness.

But while I have been writing these comments, I have been struck by a fact that may be of weight in determining the laws of the manifestations. Though they generally, even the best of them, related to matters not *at the time* prominent in my consciousness, the clearest of them did relate to facts that *at one time had been* of very deep interest to me.

This reinforces an impression that I have long had, to the effect that psychic experiences are eternal things — all stowed away in James's "reservoir" or in the "Cosmic Mind" suggested by many other thinkers, and ready to reappear through the sensitives, and possibly in a wider memory which may be attained by the soul enfranchised from the flesh.

We have had four or five sittings since those described above, but for some reason that we cannot account for, the susceptibility, or power, or whatever it is, has given but faint manifestations in my presence. There has been no falling off in sympathy between us: indeed Mrs. Vernon still humorously calls me her "prize sitter," in spite of the fact that while the manifestations to me have so signally fallen off, they have been to several other sitters perhaps the best she has ever shown.

My only persistent guess is that the controls have, for the time at least, given me all that they think best. But this guess assumes that there *are* controls, which Mrs. Vernon firmly believes, while my opinion is in a very muddled state of suspense, as this paragraph plainly shows.

After going over this matter several times I have come across a fragmentary note which I have not before thought worth reporting, and to which I do not attach much significance now, but something may turn up in the future to make it worth recording.

Stainton Moses' and Mrs. Piper's old friends Imperator & Co. have turned up with Mrs. Vernon, as they have with several other mediums. They were the main stumbling block in the way of James accepting the spiritistic doctrine. I don't think they affect it one way or the other, but are merely a side issue, involuntarily created by Stainton Moses, and passed around telepathically through sitters, and perhaps teloteropathically between sensitives. "The woods is full of 'em," and Mrs. Vernon may have got impressions of them anywhere, even from me. Each of them claims to have been more than one person on earth, and probably none of them ever were on earth at all. They are a priggish lot, as will be seen even from this short extract.

M: Feel like a very wise and high company, titanic misery. (Both feet smothered.) The Imperater group don't like your attitude towards them. They say that they (hesitates).

S: Let it out.

M: They say: Why hesitate to take by the hand Wisdom and Justice. The heads of the band.

S: Tell 'em if they had Modesty with them I'd be more ready.

M: Now wait!

It sounds like

" Control with aplomb your desire to sneeze,
And you are sure to obtain what will certainly please."

They're not to be sneezed at is what they want to say. Controls may have taken that from some of the group and put it in their own language. A friend who sat with us suggested before that they were talking in my way — not in their priggish way.

M: They impress me as a group of kind and wise spirits who take charge of this kind of communication.

I think my open mind gets me what I want. I don't shut out anything unless it's mischievous. Must not be over conscious or over critical.

I have brought in this extract because it and some later expressions of theirs (?) through another sitter, to the effect that I might laugh at what they said, show that these alleged spirits are no more in sympathy with me than I with them.

Now if it should turn out after all, say in a century or two — or less, that this gang are after all actual personalities in a "spirit world," their influence (for they profess to boss communications generally) may account for the falling off in Mrs. Vernon's impressions during my later sittings. I don't believe this or think it probable, but what I believe or think probable, or what anybody does, is of pretty small account in the present stage of our knowledge of these matters. The one important thing is to keep on studying and guessing. Some of the guesses are already reaching a very suggestive uniformity.

In the sittings not reported, Mrs. Vernon got the names of three of my classmates in college over half a century ago, and gave impressions that had some appropriateness, and other impressions that had none at all that I could see.

I have lately received an account of a strange experience of another sitter with Mrs. Vernon, which unfortunately was too intimate to publish, but which gives a most startling confirmation of another strange experience from

another source, also unfortunately too intimate for publication. The reasons why these matters are not publishable will be easily realized when it is stated that they both bore on second marriages. They assert, in the ostensible next stage of existence, an astonishing absence of jealousy regarding the experience of survivors in this stage; and at the same time indicate a range of morality entirely above anything to be expected in this stage.

Below are extracts from letters sent me by two other sitters with Mrs. Vernon. Both are favorably known to me.

My husband was engaged in planning about a commission to make quite a number of drawings and paintings, which would take him to Colorado Springs — The plan was that he should go at once, as the person ordering them was to leave May 1st. On Monday afternoon [Apl. 29] in the theatre, Mrs. Vernon said: "'They' are telling me your husband's matter is deferred" — that was Monday. Today I received a letter for him saying the decision was deferred, as certain directors to be consulted, had not yet arrived — that the man ordering the drawings, subject to their concurrence, was also staying over. . . . This was something not in my mind, nor my husband's, as we didn't know it until today.

It was in the mind of the persons making the decision, and may have come teloteropathically from them to Mrs. Vernon. But isn't that way of accounting for such things becoming a little strained?

All the names in the following are pseudonyms.

On or about Dec. 6th, 1914, Mrs. Vernon gave me a sitting, during the course of which she said to me, "Do you know a man named Emerson — Hartley?" as if she were about to give another name, a surname. I instantly replied, "No, I do not know anyone with the first or last name of Emerson." This occurred, on Thursday at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

On the following Sunday, my brother came to lunch with me. Shortly after his arrival he said, "Do you know a man named Emerson Hartley?" I said "No, I have never heard of him." My brother said "Neither had I until Thursday, when he telephoned to ask for your address and my father's address,"

I asked, "What time on Thursday did he telephone to you?" My brother replied "Shortly after luncheon — about half past two or three." I asked "What did he want?" My brother replied, "He wanted to know something about Mother's estate, but did not state what it was."

(It should be remembered that at that time Mrs. Vernon had never seen my brother. She had never met my mother who died on Nov. 23, 1914.)

On Monday morning I opened a letter from my father in which the first words were "Do you know a man named Emerson Hartley?"

It seems that Emerson Hartley was a doctor to whom my mother had gone without my knowledge or that of any of the rest of the family, and that he wished to present a bill for services to the proper person.

The interest of the experience, to me lies in the fact that I had never heard of the man, and that therefore Mrs. Vernon could not have read my mind, although the man himself was trying to find me at almost the exact time when she asked me the question.

A second experience with Mrs. Vernon runs as follows. Towards the close of a sitting in January, 1916, she suddenly said "Tuberculosis." She repeated this word at least five times. I said with some impatience, "Stop — for Heavens sake — I haven't got it and I don't know anyone who has." I then left the room to get my coat, while she called after me "Tuberculosis Tuberculosis, Tuberculosis — the room rings with it."

At that time my brother had been going to Dr. ——— of ——— Ave. for throat treatment, and there was not the slightest suspicion of any trouble with the lungs. Mrs. Vernon had never met my brother, knew nothing whatever about him, and tuberculosis was the last thought in my mind. Within a week after this incident my brother consulted an old friend, a physician. He did not like the symptoms, examined the sputum, pronounced the difficulty Tuberculosis, ordered my brother South, and today he is perfectly well, as the disease was in its earliest stage.

I shall be glad to answer any questions in relation to these incidents.

CORRESPONDENCE

Some Particulars Wherein We Are Disliked

I have taken the REVIEW from the first number, and renewed the subscription again this year. I gave the magazine as a Christmas gift to Mrs. ——, as I did once before to another friend. Having made the introduction, I leave it to my friends to continue the acquaintance. This year I also gave myself the pleasure of sending it to The Commons Room of the Graduate College at Princeton. I had noticed they had there *The Outlook* and *New Republic*, and concluded they needed a little leaven.

Since you in a measure invite my criticism, and I have already given you a proof of my approval, I am inclined to admit that there are two subjects dear to the REVIEW, the one abhorrent, the other disagreeable to me. Simplified spelling I detest. I visualize words, and the spelling changed, the language is changed, even the sound for "fixt" has a different sound as an imaginary sound than "fixed." Indeed even with my tongue I think I can make the distinction. Moreover I cannot understand why the UNPOPULAR REVIEW should adopt such practical and efficient notions. Leave that to the Popular Magazines.

And psychic phenomena are to my mind, like stroking velvet the wrong way to my touch, they rasp — To be sure, I do not have to read them (the articles on that subject), and in fact I don't, after determining to read one through and accomplishing it. And they bore me. I believe I should rather like to know about Prudence (sic) Worth, but "prithee and methink" books require too much exertion to apprehend, and "Prudence" remains unread by me. [Evidently, as you don't even know her name.—ED.] However they have enough attraction—these articles — to make me dip into them here and there, and what amazes me in all these communications from beyond this world, is that those who receive them here from their friends do not break their hearts with grief, that men apparently companionable and interesting in this life, should be reduced to such pitiful and meagre communications. It is certainly no argument that can prove their untruth, but it makes their truth, if true, unpleasant.

I am afraid I have wearied you if you have read thus far.

But I must add one word to beg that you will give us some more Anti-Suffrage and Anti-Feminist papers.

We should be very glad, dear lady, to conduct the REVIEW solely to please you and other appreciative souls, if the promotion of certain causes that we believe in were entirely consistent with that end.

As to simplified spelling, we and most of its apostles do not believe in trying to force it upon a generation already accustomed to the present spelling. Having come to this attitude, we have lately said very little about it in this REVIEW, and think that your objection to our policy must date from an earlier time.

But we do want it taught to children, because we believe that to millions of them, it can save two years of effort, for other work; and above all, save them from an inestimable amount of illogicality and obtuseness to natural law, which are bred by our present spelling; and when the world grows familiar with the simplified forms, they will save millions of money now annually wasted in writing and printing superfluous letters. Beside these considerations, even the discomfort, in so small a particular, of as admirable a person as yourself sinks to comparative insignificance.

As to Psychical Research, at least that department of it investigating the phenomena which suggest communication from postcarnate intelligences, permit us to explain that the investigations are not generally made with the expectation of establishing any knowledge beyond that of the fact of survival. We think that among students the conviction is pretty well established that no other intelligence of value is to be expected, but that man's old curse, if it be a curse, of having to earn his bread — intellectual as well as physical — by the sweat of his face, will follow him to the end of his earthly schooling. But there are many holding the conviction that there would be immeasurable value, not only to philosophy and

ethics, but to character, to endurance and hopefulness, in a well founded belief, on sufficient evidence, that there is a postcarnate life, and one containing an opportunity to remedy the general mistakes of this one — the "second chance" which Nature extends even here to most of our minor errors.

And some of the best minds of the age hold that the outlook for establishing such a belief is sufficient to justify devoted attention, and to put indifference to the efforts of even the humblest researchers, in rather an unfavorable light.

As to "men apparently companionable and interesting in this life being reduced to such pitiful and meagre communications," this charge is seldom brought against the records of psychical research by anybody who is familiar with them, but is generally based on some vague casual impression. The records abound in matter just as general and intelligent as usually passes between friends here.

We have a complaint from another reader that "the things that it is claimed the spirits say are inconsequential, incoherent and in many cases foolish." Of course they are! What else is to be expected if, as is daily seeming more and more possible, a person half dazed by the strain of separation from the body is trying to communicate through an imperfect medium on that side to an imperfect medium on this? Moreover the disappointment which our reader shares with many other good people is often increased by the purely gratuitous assumption that a soul leaving the body immediately experiences a vast advance in intelligence and character. There does however appear something that looks like evidence of a vast advance in opportunity. The fundamental question, however, is not what is there, but whether any "there" exists. While to some of our correspondents this question lacks interest, to others it is the most interesting that occupies human thought.

But aside from this great question, the phenomena

which have given rise to its present phase are so strange and complicated and self-contradictory that when they have engaged such minds as those of Kant, James, Gladstone and Balfour, it puzzles us to find any intelligent mind lacking curiosity regarding their explanation. The reason probably is that as yet so few really know anything about them, or have cared to know, because the presumption has been so strong against their genuineness. But that period has now passed for nearly all intelligent people who have been at the pains to know, and it is time that all should know.

"*Please Explain These Dreams*"

Birchard Library, Fremont, Ohio.
July 21, 1918.

EDITOR THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW:

Does your contributor and interrogator on Dreams in the current UNPOPULAR REVIEW recall Spencer's presumption, — the footnote to his Autobiography, Vol. 1, page 459?

"Of late years various evidences have made me lean to the belief in what has been called the duality of the mind, implying the ability of the two hemispheres of the brain to act more or less independently. Dreams have several times presented me with phenomena which on any other hypothesis seem inexplicable; and some few years ago a seemingly conclusive experience occurred to me. Awaking one morning, sufficiently to be conscious that I was awake, I nevertheless continued to dream, and for a few moments my waking consciousness watched my dreaming consciousness. Sundry analogies support the suspicion that the functions of the two hemispheres are specialized. A limited specialization has been clearly proved to exist, and it seems to me likely that there is a wider specialization, one hemisphere perhaps taking the more complex co-ordination of ideas, the other the simpler co-ordinations, and the two co-operating. May there not possibly be a bicerebral thinking, as there is a binocular vision?"

The whole footnote is interesting. As is your whole REVIEW! I am going to read at least one paper to some friends who are coming in to tea this Sunday afternoon.

LUCY ELLIOT KEELER.

We have given the whole footnote, of which Miss Keeler gave but a part. We answered:

Spencer's comparing the two lobes to the two eyes is hardly justifiable, in fact goes toward defeating his thesis; because the two eyes do the same things, and work together, while his thesis is that the two lobes do different things and work independently. I have had waking dreams myself like those of which he speaks — one quite lately.

Our correspondent returns to the charge with a statement that Browning could read print with one eye and at the same time view a distant landscape with the other, which certainly gives food for thought.

Another correspondent writes:

Hartford,
July 29, 1918.

In your last issue the suggestive article "Please explain these Dreams," seems to me to raise questions applicable to all dreams and not merely to the entertaining ones narrated. In every dream there are two parties: the dreamer, who not only sets the stage but *acts* himself and furnishes all the other actors, if any, and their actions. Almost invariably in my experience conversation is carried on between the manager and the subordinates. Only this morning one of these subordinate characters made some remark to me and I asked him, "How do you mean?" That much I remember clearly, though I have forgotten what he said. But as he was a figment of my brain I should have known what he meant by an enigmatical remark, and even what he was thinking about before he spoke. That all characters in a dream lead an existence independent of the dreamer, think their own thoughts, though confused, and make positive statements without any suggestion from their creator, in fact carry on mental operations, though chaotic, without any communication from him, though they are derivative from him, is a matter of nightly occurrence, and quite as inexplicable as telling a story with the point concealed till the end. In fact the only thing out of the ordinary in the dreams your contributor relates is that they are coherent and logical, which in my experience real dreams never are, though "waking dreams" may be.

Charles F. Johnson.

Is not the statement: "As he was a figment of my brain, I should have known what he meant by an enigmatical remark" somewhat indicative that he was *not* "a figment of my brain?"

Isn't the fact that "all characters in a dream . . . carry on mental operations independently of . . . their creator" somewhat indicative that he is *not* "their creator," and that they are *not* "derivative from him"? Don't these two points tend to support our guess that dreams come from outside? When our correspondent writes that "the only thing out of the ordinary in the dreams your contributor relates is that they are coherent and logical, which in my experience real dreams never are," his experience is at variance with ours.

The matter finds another possible explanation in a portion of Prof. Gilbert Murray's Presidential Address before the S. P. R. in July, 1915.

There is a well-known case, printed in an old number of the *Proceedings* of this Society, of a girl who was asleep and was roused by her sister, who caught her by the sleeve and said "Boo." In the moment before she woke she had a long dream. A huge dog was pursuing her, with barks and growls. She held a door against it, but it broke through; then another door and another door; at last she was holding the last door of the house, the brute was too strong for her; it burst through and uttering a roar, seized her sleeve with its teeth. You will observe that the sequence of time is rather curious. The sense-perception which caused the dream occurs in the dream not at the beginning but at the end. The rest of the dream consists in what we may call a hurried improvisation of imaginary incidents to lead up to the sense-impression which started it. It is as though the sleeper's subconsciousness said: "A cry of Boo and a pull at my sleeve! How the dickens can I account for this?" It is just the same in a more elaborate case given in vol. xii. of the *Proceedings* by a distinguished American Assyriologist.

Concerning Carlyle and Kultur

PHILIP, SOUTH DADOTA,
July 26, 1918.

THE EDITOR OF THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW:

When the latest number of the UNPOPULAR REVIEW came, I happened to be reading the Carlyle-Emerson correspondence, and quite naturally turned first to the excellent article on Carlyle and Kultur. Going through the correspondence I noted several passages that may throw some light on Carlyle's real attitude toward the Germans and their Kultur. I enclose them. If you can make any use of them, I shall be glad.

Very truly yours,
ALVIN WAGGONER.

Concerning Carlyle and Kultur it is possible that some importance evidence has been overlooked by the various disputants who have given attention to this subject recently. Carlyle's books were written for "needful lucre," as he himself puts it, and they are no doubt marked by literary over-statement and exaggeration. His letters should be free from this tendency, and disclose the real man.

In the letters to Emerson, the hero, Frederick the Great, shrinks to rather human proportions: "The man looks brilliant and noble to ne; but how *love* him of the sad wreck he lived and worked in." And again, under date of May 13, 1855, Carlyle writes his correspondent: "Frederick himself is a pretty little man to me, veracious, courageous, invincible in his small sphere; but he does not rise into the empyrean regions, or kindle my heart round him at all; and his history, upon which there are wagon-loads of dull bad books, is the most dislocated, unmanageably incoherent, altogether dusty, barren and beggarly production of the modern Muses as given hitherto."

Of German learning, which we are told is so much a part of German Kultur, Carlyle certainly had no high opinion. In a letter of March, 1854, he says: "I make no way in my Prussian History; I bore and dig toilsomely through the unutterablest mass of dead rubbish, which is not even English, which is German and inhuman; and hardly from ten tons of learned inanity is there to be riddled one old rusty nail." In 1852 Carlyle made a trip through Germany and reports thereon to Emerson the next May in the following language: "I went to Germany last

autumn . . . . In Germany I found but little. . . . Of human souls I found none specially beautiful to me at all, at all, — such my sad fate! Of learned professors, I saw little, and that little was more than enough."

The entire correspondence between Emerson and Carlyle, extending over a period of thirty-eight years, aside from one reference to "Frederick's dumb followers, the Prussian soldiery," disclose no exaltation of the German people or their Kultur. On the contrary a recent careful re-reading of the correspondence discloses the fact that every reference is disparaging.

The Two Sides of a Shield

I have yours of February 1st, and enclose check for bill you sent me. I take this opportunity of saying that I do not like your methods of business in this matter. I send the REVIEW to friends who, I think, may appreciate it, for a year. When the subscription expires you send the first number of another year to them and the bill for another year to me, and ask me to straighten the matter out. I shall hesitate to interest my friends by giving them a year's subscription hereafter.

We thanked the gentleman for calling our attention to the defect in our machinery, promised to look to it, returned his money and canceled the subscriptions.

The machine is now geared to stop sending when such subscriptions expire, — not even, as in the case of direct subscriptions, to send the next issue on the chances.

Here is the other side:

Yours of the 1st inst., was duly received and I had rather supposed that Mr. — and Mr. — would renew the subscription which I made for them last year, but as they have not done so, I am glad to afford this small support to a literary enterprise in which I have had considerable interest since its inception.

I enclose my check for $5.00 for which please to continue to send the magazine to the gentlemen named above, for the current year.

You asked for a criticism which I am by no means inclined

to make. Little as I know about the problems of publication, I must suppose that a publisher knows more than a mere subscriber.

I presume it may be very probable that if you would devote less space to spiritualistic speculations to please me, you might displease a considerable number of readers who find interest in that kind of thing, therefore I content myself with skipping most of it without the slightest feeling that I am not getting the worth of my money in the contents of the quarterly which I find stimulating and illuminating.

A Venial Atrocity

We wonder if the Divine mercy is so inexhaustible that we can ever obtain absolution from inflicting upon you a germane pun from that German pro-ally parson who pastorizes and Pasteurizes his German-Polish flock at Urwahnfried in the wilds of Brazil, and whose letters have occasionally enlivened the *Atlantic* pages and our own. (We modestly commend that sentence to teachers.) The only excuse for putting the pun here is that it *is* germane. It requires study, however, which doubles our misgivings. But we are short of skits, and we know that after you have labored over our serious pages (and generally before) you look for skits: so here's the pun (If it is a pun: we're not sure what it is), and though you are not in the prisoners' dock, "May the Lord have mercy," etc.

"I have a very good friend and fellow-idealist at Flaxton, North Dakota, whom I regularly furnish with copies of the correspondence between myself and the editorial chair of the Unpop. He's the guy that put the U. R. in Urwahnfried Library, (by ordering a sample copy for me), for which reason he deserves more thanks than I could well express in any other way."

Got it?

EN CASSEROLE

Farther Regarding our "Proposition of Mutual Help"

IN Number 16 we offered "to give until farther notice a free subscription to any one who will send us, accompanied by the money, the name and address of a new subscriber—one who has never taken the REVIEW before."

Some subscribers have proposed to work this the converse way — to pay their own subscriptions and send free copies to their friends. As far as the money goes, this puts us in the same position as carrying out our proposition would — for the year in question, but not for the future; and for being made good in the scheme, we trusted to the future — that a person liking the REVIEW well enough to subscribe, even at the instance of an old subscriber, would be apt to continue subscribing, and so make us good for deadheading for a year the old subscriber introducing the new one. The expectation of a subscription the second year would not be nearly as well justified in the case of a person receiving a copy through a friend, but not yet having shown any readiness to subscribe "thonself."

One person who had not before subscribed at all, wanted us to send him copies for two years at the price of one!! With him we can't help coupling the other *naif* (and *naïve*, or should if be *naïfs* and *naives?*) people who write us for sample copies, and then with overflowing compliments express their regret that they have no money to subscribe — and obviously had none when they added the specimens to their collections similarly acquired.

One enthusiastic subscriber stirred up three others, and asked if we would renew her own subscription for three years. We said we would if we kept going, but that we could not promise to keep going, although we saw no immediate prospect of our stopping. Up to America's

entrance into the war, the prospects of the REVIEW were encouraging, and we do not now intend to let the war stop it.

John Ames Mitchell

THE chief justification for naming him here is that he had much to do with your caring to read this REVIEW. If it is, as so many serious reviews are not, free from priggishness, if it is natural — not hampered by that superstitious regard for "the dignity of letters" which helped the priests who once monopolized letters to fool their victims, if it has loved smiles more than frowns, if it has pitied while it condemned, and sought the "spirit of good in things evil," it has done these things largely because of the unconscious influence of Johnnie Mitchell. (Everybody spoke of him as Johnnie, just as everybody spoke of Mr. Choate as Joe — because everybody loved him.) Ever since this REVIEW was founded, and for many years before, its editor and the editor of *Life*, and a third dear to them both, lunched together every Saturday they were all in town, at the East end of the long table at the Century Club. There the editor of the most humorous periodical in America and the editor who (though you may not have supposed it) wanted his to be the most serious, exhorted and helped and scolded and loved each other for all those years. With them often sat *Life's* great leader writer, Ned Martin (Everybody speaks of him as Ned — the same story) and other friends got in the way of joining the group, until Mitchell's end of the table on the recurring day got to be spoken of as an institution.

How we shall miss him! The best things there were all too little appreciated while we had them — his steady sense on all topics where no creature's suffering was involved, his quick sympathy, his sure taste, and his abounding quiet humor.

His paper had its faults, and so had he, and so have all of us; but his paper always was, like him, honest and brave. It has not always been wise — who or what that is mortal has? — and in some particulars it has always been unwise: for Johnnie was a very lop-sided man: his goodness simply toppled him over. Keen and merciless satirist that he was, he could not think of an etherized dog on a surgeon's table, or anybody suffering anywhere, without losing his senses. But he got them soon, and used them to help: early in his career, he started "Life's Farm," to give the slum children summer holidays; and when the war came, he probably did more, through his satirical sheet, to take care of the French babies, than any one man in America, or perhaps anywhere.

He loved France almost as much as he loved children. In his youth, he spent many happy years there, studying architecture, and later painting, and with brilliant success. But his widowed mother was not happy there, and he came back to America for her sake. Although his pictures had received honorable mention at the Salon, and his etching of the Place de l'Opera had been selected as a premium by L'Art, then the world's leading artistic periodical, the first picture he painted in America was rejected at the Academy. He said: "It's no use: I can't paint away from the artistic atmosphere of Paris." So he gave up his art, and stuck by his mother.

After his *School of Philosophy at Mount Desert* a friend said to him: "Johnnie, you have a sense of humor, you can draw, and you can write, why not become the Du Maurier of America?" The result was *Life*.

But he never became "the Du Maurier of America." He gave as one reason: "I can find plenty of men to draw and write, but I can't get anybody to manage the paper." And so he put into it the business genius of his mother's family, and, purely incidentally, made a fortune.

He was in the third generation from the founder of the Ames fortunes, and if the proverbial three generations ever

made a gentleman, they made one in him. I suppose the artist, novelist and editor, who may have come from his father's side, took a great many more generations, though where to find the germ of any one of those talents in his ancestry, as in the case of some other geniuses I have been intimately thrown with, I don't know.

The readers of *Amos Judd* and *The Pines of Lory* and *Villa Claudia* are going to miss him more than the readers of *Life:* for others will carry on that in some respectable fashion, we may trust. It is some consolation to those who mourn him, that his last book was not his best; he was well over seventy, though his friends hardly realized it, and never very strong: so perhaps it was the fullness of time.

Successful as he was as business man, editor and novelist, he was first of all, as his first love showed, an artist. In his really remarkable, perhaps really great, picture — A Diplomatic Marriage — he drew one of the most majestic figures ever put upon canvas, and yet his favorite work was in drawing babies — even his terrible paper he personified as one. And yet he had no child of his own. Professor Ware used to tell a story to show what sort of a genius he was. When Ware was practicing architecture in Boston, and Mitchell was a youth in his office, Johnnie came in one morning and went to the blackboard and drew a picture of Napoleon dancing. Then he drew a woman in sabots dancing with one hand in Napoleon's, then a man with a hand in hers, and so on he continued with figures of queens, soldiers, peasants, and what not, until he had completed a circle of a dozen figures, all beautifully proportioned and in true perspective, and the last woman's hand dropped into Napoleon's other hand as naturally as if they had all been alive. Ware said it was the greatest *tour de force* he ever saw, and Mitchell was only playing with a piece of chalk.

And yet he was so quiet, so modest, that what is said of all men was far more true of him than of most — he was

not appreciated before he was gone. But he had more love than most men: for he gave more.

Our Terms of Peace

AMERICAN sentiment regarding the conditions of peace is rapidly becoming definite and united. Recently a Western clergyman gave his ideas in the conservative old Fifth Avenue Brick Church, in which most unlikely place they were greeted with frequent applause.

His first condition, which is being increasingly expressed, is one which we have urged from the start. One reason why it has not been mentioned still oftener may be that it is so obvious. It is that Germany should not be admitted to the peace-table — not only because it would be an outrage against decency for decent people to sit with her at any table, but also because agreement with her would be absurd, as her fundamental principle is to keep agreements only so long as they suit her. The only way to handle her is to put her where she can be told what to do and made to do it.

Now to this very reasonable attitude, one qualification is reasonable. A generation ago the Germans outside of the military class were decent people. Their corruption is primarily due to that class, and to sudden wealth. Under the inspiration of the aforesaid class, they have now divested themselves of their wealth, and if they were also to divest themselves of the domination of the class that has wrecked them, they might reasonably be considered far enough in the way of salvation to be admitted to the council table.

Up to our going to press, the only noticeable German answers to the expressions, by the President, Senator Lodge and others, of the terms of peace on which rational Americans are well agreed, has been that rather than accept them, the Germans will fight on. There is not now visible the slightest indication that the terms will

be changed, and there is every indication that we will fight longer than they can.

We seem agreed that Germany must put the things she has damaged as nearly as possible into their condition before the war; and bring home every soldier from territory that was not hers before the war; that she must submit to the punitive loss of her colonies; that Poland must be stood on her own feet and allowed her own head (God only knows what she will do with them: she never did much), that Austria's Slavs must be left free to work out their own salvation, that the Turk must be driven out of Europe and the Dardanelles neutralized, and that Germany must give Alsace and Lorraine back to France.

This last point is more complicated than seems generally realized. We are of those who would be contented to see the matter left to a carefully guarded plebiscite.

As to Austria's case, some think it will wait for the peace table, while some find reason to hope that her subject Slavs, with a little help from us, will settle it before there is any peace table.

Larrovitch Again

His biography, duly noticed in our numbers 18 and 19, is generally spoken of as a hoax. That is not correct. This statement does not mean that we are beginning a burlesque demonstration of the book's authenticity, like that of Messrs Jordan and Wright in the *Tribune*, but that the book was not an attempt to deceive anybody. It is merely the rounding out of a joke that was perfectly understood by the Authors Club and some of it's friends, and had yielded them much amusement.

The accounts in the papers of the origin of the joke are correct. Mr. Jordan did, in the course of a discussion, by a small group, of Russian literature, ask a frightfully learned man: "How about Larrovitch?", and set him to looking

up that author. This joke was kept alive for some weeks, during which the learned man was on one pretext and another kept vainly "looking up" Larrovitch, and one professor is said to have claimed that he had heard of him; though he had not read any of his works. Soon, however, the little deception was revealed, and the first victim of it was amused as much as anybody.

Then the fun entered upon a second stage. Everybody in the club pretended to take Larrovitch seriously, and when conversation began to lag, someone would be apt to ask if anything new had been found out about Larrovitch, and if he did not extract some frightful lie from anybody else, he would be apt to tell one himself. Sometimes the lie would be most seriously accepted by the group, or sometimes equally seriously questioned, and alleged authorities cited by name and page. When the first lie was exhausted, somebody else would tell another, the imaginations of the group would be set to work, and often the burlesque would be not only intensely amusing, but of a high order of imaginary anecdote or criticism.

The fun culminated in the club's celebration of Larrovitch's centenary, which nobody took any more seriously than had been taken the previous observance of the centenary of Munchausen. The later burlesque, however, was considered worth perpetuating in the volume which has received so much attention. Some of the papers at the Munchausen celebration were equally worthy of preservation, but of course his name had not been so much in the minds of the club as had been that of the great author who was entirely their own creation, — Larrovitch.

Semper floreat!

One Great War Illusion

Don't get into your head that America's great feats in shipbuilding and our Aladdin-made gigantic shipyards

are going to make us a maritime nation. In all probability, the plant is nearly all going to be scrapped.

No nation of great home territory has ever been great at sea: they all have too much to do on land. The great maritime nations have some of them hardly been nations at all. They were or are Phœnicia (we haven't sense enough to spell it Fenisia), Greece, Venice, two or three German free cities, Holland, Portugal, in less degree Spain, and England. Before she committed suicide Germany was getting to be one, but only through the aforesaid free cities. While our nation had only a small territory on the seacoast, we were comparatively a maritime power: as we expanded on land, we contracted at sea. Colossal Russia and China have hardly been to sea at all, except as Russia has kept up a show of a navy, which little Japan overpowered. See on this subject an article in our number 10.

A Bit of Crowd Psychology

The books on crowd psychology have, in my opinion, created a most unfortunate impression. You may permit yourself, they suggest, to become part of a large crowd only at very great risk, either to yourself or to your country; you may incur the danger of becoming responsible for vastly stupider laws than would have been possible had you been the whole legislature, or worse, you may even come to after the act, and find yourself an incendiary or an assassin. Crowds may be inevitable, but, all things considered, they are never profitable.

This is a very lop-sided way of looking at the matter, and I endeavored to make the fact clear to Laura. We were at the Philharmonic, and when Kreisler had finished, and we were all settling back in our seats, Laura said: "How nice to be a King and have Kreisler play just for you alone!"

"No," said I, "Quite the contrary. A King, — even

a King who knew and loved music could neither enjoy nor understand Kreisler in solitude as much as —" I lowered my voice —"as the fat creature next you has been able to do with the help of this audience."

"I'd like to know how you'd find out whether he could or not," observed Laura.

If you don't sweep such diversions of argument aside, you never get anywhere. "The solitary King," I went on, "loses the tremendous advantage of sharing the whole crowd's capacity for æsthetic enjoyment."

"Don't use those words," said Laura, as though I were blaspheming.

"You and I know comparatively little about music," I explained. "We know what we like, and that's pretty nearly the sum. That man over there with the long nose is different; he knew immediately what the encore was, and didn't applaud it; one can be sure that his information is overwhelming, and that he never talks about anyone's 'tone.' Now, his information he can't give us, of course, but the emotion, the spontaneous æsthetic pleasure which his knowledge has helped to clarify and enlarge and bring to a high degree of refined responsiveness, — this he can and does give us. The moment Kreisler draws his bow, the emotion leaps out of that man and runs along the backs of the seats —"

"What?" said Laura.

"It spreads from that man as a center like ripples on water, and in return he gets the emotional waves from three or four thousand others in the audience; some of the waves, like yours and mine, though potentially all right, are actually weak, because we don't have enough knowledge. But the stronger waves gather these up and sweep them on. And the net result is an intuitive appreciation for each one of us — for you and me as well as for the long-nosed man, which is deeper and richer than that which any individual, no matter what his knowledge or power of understanding, could achieve alone. Thus your

King, sitting all by himself on a brocaded throne, would miss a lot."

"Yes," admitted Laura, obviously impressed.

"Besides," I went on, "the King can't hear Kreisler and Beethoven completely if he has to listen to himself too, if he has to feel his own hands resting on his own knees, if he has to wonder if Kreisler is looking at him and noticing his bald spot, if he has to ponder whether to give him an autograph or a medal or a large bag of money. This tremendous impersonalizing force, this great lifting power of one's neighbors, which swings one up and away from oneself, he loses."

"Yes," replied Laura. "That much is true. I hope that fat thing isn't coming back, but do you know, she was poking her elbow into me—here—all the time, and I never realized it until he stopped playing."

"Precisely," I returned. "It is a commonplace experience; we have all at some time felt the power of the crowd to sweep us to a different level from that on which we move as individuals. But what is unfair in these crowd psychologists is the suggestion that the level is invariably a lower one. There are other crowds than those of the Third Act of Julius Cæsar or of the French Revolution. I admit the difficulty of making our crowd enterprises go very smoothly. Your woman's club meetings, for example; nothing is accomplished unless Mrs. Van Allen is there to 'run things' — unless, in other words, individual action subdues crowd action, and brings it around to mere passive obedience. But that's politics, and politics is individualistic. Politics means a leader with a following of submissive nonentities. Art doesn't. Art can't exist without the crowd, and not a merely passive crowd either. Its whole existence is dependent on a creative crowd — a crowd that comes to meet it half way, a crowd which does fifty per cent. of the work which the artist has proposed. The ghost could far more easily be left out of *Hamlet* than the audience. Beethoven had written but

half a symphony, could he have drawn no more than a solitary King for audience. The audience is always half the play — half the sonata — half the picture. And that's what the Cubists forget," I added.

"Cubists!" exclaimed Laura. "What have they to do with Fritz Kreisler?"

"Nothing," I replied.

"Well," said Laura, "Thank fortune for that!"

The Secret of Henry Adams

READING the article on Adams in this number has strongly revived an impression that we felt years ago in reading the *Education*. Nature is jealous of us: she sometimes gives much, but she never gives all. With all Adams's splendid endowment, something was left out. Searching all through human experience, he could find no place for confident rest. The reason was that he could not be satisfied with human certainty. He told us long ago that in the last analysis, he found every truth based upon an assumption, and instead of being ready like most of us, to go ahead and do his work on that assumption, he started off again on his wandering-jew search for a philosophy where there is no assumption. He was not content to assume that the sun will rise tomorrow morning: he must *know* it, and know it today.

Thus too he seems to have lacked his general strength in his realization of the Universe beyond phenomena, and to have inclined toward the philosophy that places all order in what we know, and chaos outside — that fails to realize that the more we have progressed into the unknown, the more order and beneficence we have found; and that therefore it seems clear that throughout the universe order and beneficence vastly predominate.

In a word, what was lacking in Adams' great equipment was *faith*. Perhaps no other virtue has been so much burlesqued, exaggerated and perverted; but nevertheless

it is a real and self-conserving virtue, and without it vision is cramped, and with vision, happiness.

A Paradox in Reform

"WHAT'S the use of writing or preaching to convert folks? Those who agree with you don't need it, and those who disagree with you won't pay any attention to it."

True, brother, but how about those on the fence, who include many of the saviors of the Republic — the independent voters?

Store Clothes Versus Fresh Enthusiasm

PEOPLE grow up in a very funny way. After they have arrived at a certain age (it varies) and have begun to look moderately mature, so that other people feel called upon to treat them as real persons, the funniness begins. Of course it would. The young man of seventeen, whom the servants call "sir," is not the same Mr. Willie who wore knickerbockers a week ago. The sedate, settled, W. H. Smith, who goes to business each morning, is not the carefree youth who took his degree at the university last month. The mannered young lady who pins her hair into a knot in the back is not the Jane whose locks found their only stay in a bow of black taffeta. And Mrs. W. H. Smith is hardly the same person who took the name of Willie Smith, last month.

Change is in the nature of things: it must occur. But what pains unspeakably those who have to watch it, is the nature of the change that occurs when people grow up. It isn't natural. It isn't beautiful. It seems to be a kind of disease, peculiar to human beings, and caused exclusively by human intercourse. At the outset it appears as an external freezing — a stiffening, accompanied by a sort of contraction of all the most charming facets

of any well-cut nature. Then outsiders observing it, call it manner — reserve — self-control — any one of a number of more or less flattering names. But in reality it is a disease.

The fact of the matter seems to be that people don't grow up at all, inside. They keep right on liking things and being surprised at things and feeling jubilant and feeling tearful over mere trifles, and most unexpectedly. And so they would, of course, keep right on *looking* what they felt, if they didn't consciously put a stop to it. Why do they? Why did we? Why, suddenly one day we discovered that people were beginning to look upon us as uncommonly clever, or uncommonly knowing, or uncommonly dignified, or something of that kind (nearly everybody has at least one friend who thinks him most uncommon in some superior way); and at that we experienced a kind of shrinking, shrivelling sensation; and we said to ourselves: "Ye gods! I am not particularly clever, or knowing, or dignified, but somebody thinks so, and now I must keep up my end of this — I must!" And that's the way people grow up—inside; not little by little, *naturally*, but all at once, and the result is perfectly dreadful, but fortunately it often wears away.

Last year a country cousin of ours came to town, all dressed up in a boughten suit. His freckled features shone with good will and soap, and he wore starched collars, just like a city chap. And yet between him and the city chaps there lay a difference. For example, he never asked a policeman any questions under any circumstances. Not he! He once wandered all day rather than ask his way. And he never hesitated before crossing a traffic-laden street. Also in all other ways he seemed perfectly at his ease. Whatever misgivings he may have felt, as to the size of his hat and the appearance of the sunburn on the back of his neck, remained quietly sealed beneath the bosom of his powerful plaid shirt. His external calm made one feel an internal chill. He observed

the city with a cold, speculative, and unsympathetic stare.

Our cousin from the country stayed with us for two weeks, apparently rather dull weeks for him, though we did our best. We wanted him to enjoy his visit, and we tried hard to please him. We failed. Indeed, we at last found ourselves forced to the conclusion that pleasure must be the last sensation, but one, germane to our cousin's icy breast. The very last sensation was surprise. Do what it might, the city could not surprise him — it just couldn't! We took him to elaborate parties. He ate heartily but left without regret. We bought tickets for the opera, the ballet, the newest plays, and led him from one to another, and thence to the cabarets. He smiled, but made no comment. Later, lowering our plane, we tried him in the most remarkable amusement park in the world. He yawned — yawned as he shot the shoots; yawned as he looped the loop. At home he smoked heavy cigars and, with his feet on the andirons, delivered himself, in a very dashing manner, of witticisms anent the intellectual limitations of womankind. Periodically he winked at his uncle. When this young man was, at last, on the doorstep, about to leave us, we asked him how he had enjoyed the city. "Oh, it's all right, I guess," he responded with superb carelessness. And, thrusting his thumbs into the armholes of his vest, he spat into the area.

But the most curious thing about our cousin from Kansas was that he kept reminding us of people we know — highly respected people — people whose methods, unlike his, are most subtle — people who have nothing at all to do with Kansas. Some of them are very great in the eyes of the world at large; some of them have never been heard of at all. Some are still on the happy ascent to greater things; some are already slipping down to obscurity. They are very many, and the resemblance between some of them and our cousin from the country

was not easy to trace. There is a gentleman (one who has travelled up a steep path to success) who knows all foreigners as Dutchmen or Dagos, and all alcoholic beverages as booze. Also, in some subtle way, he has established a bond between these two, so that he is accustomed to call noisily for beer at sight of the one, or to burst into exotic song upon mention of the other. Our cousin from the country reminded us of him. And then there is a lady who pronounces Saturday with an Italian "a," and expects one to believe that she was bred in a community where this is done. Our cousin from the country put us in mind of her. Likewise there is a man who can't sit through a symphony — and doesn't care who knows it — and a woman who feels that she really must leave the place at once when the hard-working orchestra bursts into a modern popular air. Somehow our cousin from the country brought back both of these. And there were many others, none of whom had ever been to Kansas. Only those people are, all of them, completely grown-up. And so was he.

This much one feels about them all: each one believes in his heart that the requirements of his position in life exceed, at some point, the capabilities of the incumbent. They are the people who trust themselves less than the world trusts them. And they form a kind of a brotherhood — a brotherhood whose motto is: "No one must know." Alas! our fellow men are very shrewd at reading minds: A self-confident fool has more chance for worldly success than one of these. The manner of the brothers is one of tremendous ease and super-human calm. Nothing excites them. Afraid to show emotion for fear that it may be misplaced, these unfortunates condemn themselves to look unmoved upon wonders that might well awaken ecstatic enthusiasm in greater men. And so they live behind an impenetrable veil — obviously, seriously, painstakingly grown-up. They have never recovered from the disease.

Our cousin, I dare say, back in his old blue jeans in Kansas, is not like that. Even in the city, perhaps, he was not quite the same down under the natty gray tweed coat, the starched collar and the shirt of the powerful plaid. He bought his ready made manner with those peerless store clothes in Concordia, Kansas. They represented, to his sensitive eye, a something to live up to. And he did his best. How fortunate — how unusually fortunate — he was that, having played his rôle, as he saw it, to the end, he was yet able to gather up his happiness and escape. For there are those who have to carry their bitter secret and their shabby pretenses with them to the end. To them life must be a gloomy game.

A Suggestive Reductio ad Absurdum

It looks as if we were strong enough to make Mr. Wilson emperor of Germany, and exploit the German people for his good and ours; so let us do it. Or if we don't want to, suppose he does it himself, getting the American people, by any means he can, to help him. True there might be difficulty with England and France, but we are probably strong enough to take care of them.

Was there ever a more absurd set of propositions? Think them over, and you will realize that they are just the absurdities that we are fighting against, and yet, less than a hundred and fifty years ago, any set of propositions, substantially similar would have been considered perfectly rational and natural and in keeping with general practice.

Still there are people who say that human nature has not changed, and even some who say that the world has not progressed.

For Early Publication

Except as crowded out by more pressing topics, the following articles are expected to appear in early numbers of this Review:

Relics

The Road to Industrial Peace

The Short Story Bacillus

The Professor Errant

Early Anticipations of Prison Reform

The Problem of Church-going

The Professor and the Pipes

Pickwickian Religion

On Being Hard Up

Poverty and the Modern Spirit

Pragmatism and Literature

Fine Art and the Average Man

Good Men and True

Realities Versus Romance

Tuppenny Taxation

Federal Incorporation—A Remedy

Of Flowers and Men

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